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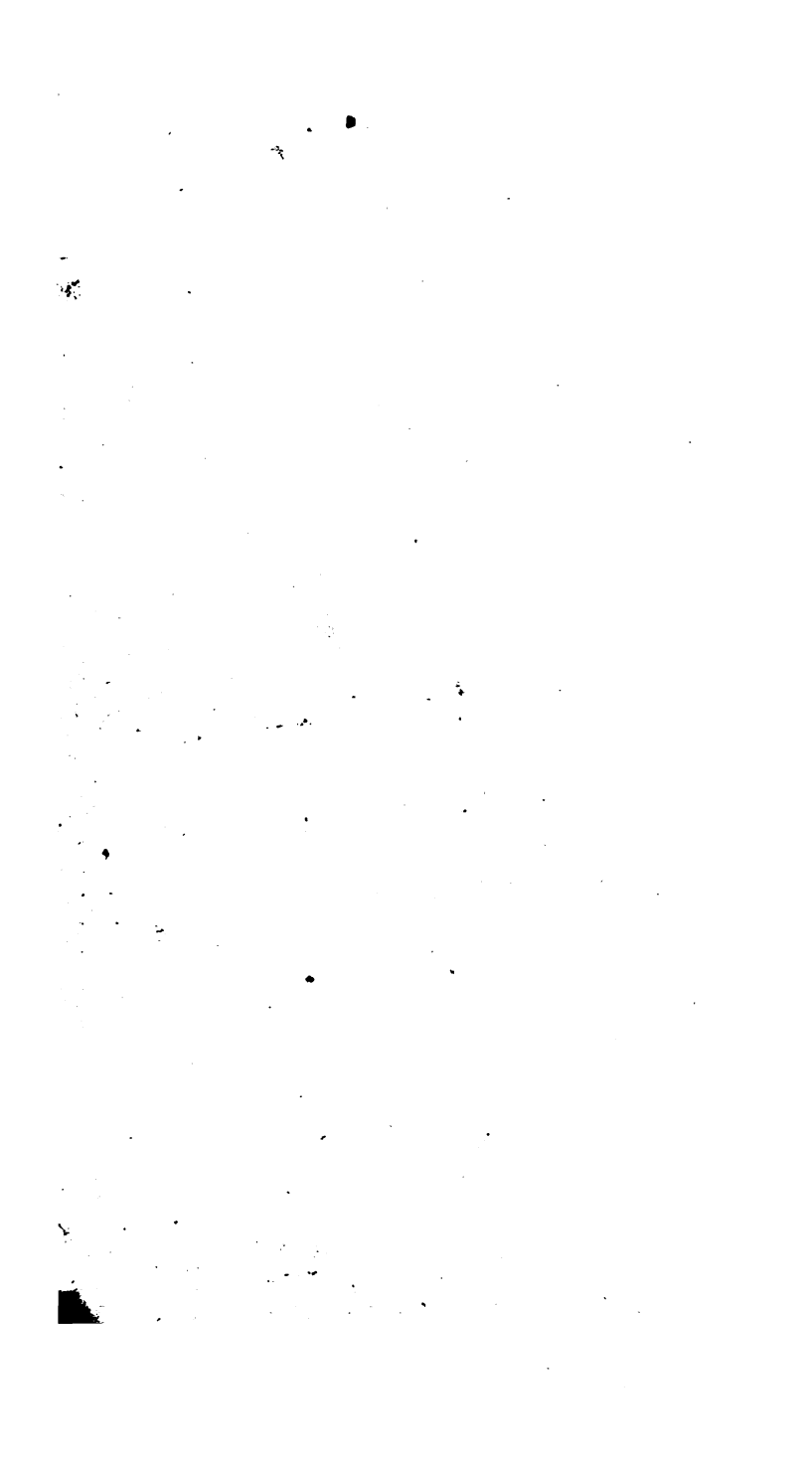
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THE WEB OF OUR LIFE IS OF A MINGLED YARN, GOOD AND ILL TOGETHER; OUR VIRTUES WOULD BE PROUD, IF OUR FAULTS WHIPPED THEM NOT; AND OUR CRIMES WOULD DESPAIR, IF THEY WERE NOT CHERISHED BY OUR VIRTUES.

All's Well that Ends Well.



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SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

Merchant of Venice.

“ONE hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling!—and all in funds that may be handled at any time! —What may not be done with one hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling!”

I could think of nothing else for several days. When I rose in the morning, “One hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds!” was my first exclamation; when I lay down at night, “One hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds!” was the last murmur that died upon my lips; and, in my dreams, divers huge cornucopias with the figures £127,000 upon them, and filled to the mouth—not with fruits, but guineas, danced *hornpipes* before me, with an agility that would have done them honour had they had legs.

Reader—it is easy to moralize upon the folly of being elated at the sudden favours of fortune,—just as easy, as it is to despise any thing else—which it is out of our power to possess—; but had Diogenes himself been left so large a sum, he would have kicked through the bottom of his tub at once, and erected a statue to Plutus. Now, I was neither an admirer of a house of staves, nor yet over twenty-one years old; so, I played the fool—as you, or any other wise and moderate youth had done under similar circumstances.

My uncle's will was dated a year after I had put myself under his protection, a time when I stood in the very noon of favour. After making most noble provision for his wife, and bequeathing to my uncle Timothy (his sole executor) a diamond ring of great value, which he had received from a foreigner of rank in return for some eminent service, the whole of his ample property was left to me—which inheritance was swelled, by the death of my aunt, to the amount I have mentioned. On the back of the will, in the handwriting of my uncle Jeremy, was a note, which appeared to have been written soon after I had so ungratefully deserted him. As it will interest the reader who is acquainted with the old man's character, I copy it verbatim :—

“Though my nephew has left me so unkindly, when
“the ungrateful puppy knows that I love him better than
“I do my life—O, Jerry! how could you treat your
“poor old uncle so hardly?—and then, to shave my poor
“Rose, when the creature never did you any harm, but
“loved you, I believe, as much as the old fool, her master
“does! I'd rather you'd have burnt my house above my
“head!—That looked a little spiteful, Jerry. However,
“I might have done just so too, when I was young—
“and, to say the truth, the dog's his uncle over again;
“———Though for all this, I can find it in my heart to
“forgive him, and make no alteration whatever in my

11200

"will.—Only, Jerry, do be kind to poor Rose when I'm
 "dead! the brute's a-growing old now, and lazy, and
 "perhaps a little gouty like her master, and needs a little
 "care to keep her poor carcass together—she saved my
 "life, and shouldn't lose her own as long as a soft rug by
 "the fire, and good victuals can keep it. And when she
 "dies, Jerry—never mind what the parson says—lay her
 "along side of me ;—there's many a worse Christian
 "lies in a church-yard, and I'm sure, at the great day,
 "God will think none the worse of the old man for hav-
 "ing an honest slut like Rose beside him.* I've left you
 "twenty guineas to bribe the sexton with. They lie in
 "the little secret drawer on the left hand side of my
 "writing desk. Don't forget, Jerry.—God bless you !
 "you were ever a good boy, and I dare say are now, for
 "all you've got a spice of your uncle's deviltry in you—
 "and you didn't do so much harm either, for the slut's
 "hair begins to grow out *again*—besides, after all, it was
 "my cursed temper that drove you from the house. God
 "bless you, dear boy! Take care of poor Rose."

* After the above was copied, it struck me there existed a strong resemblance between the passage relating to Rose and one in "The Prairie." Accordingly I procured that work ; and the blood rushed to my old cheeks when I found, in the fine chapter which closes the second volume, that "the trapper" uses almost the same language as my uncle. I could easily disguise the sentence, or leave it out altogether ; but, as there can be no possibility of my having been indebted for this passage in my uncle's will to the genius of the American novelist, I shall not alter a word of it—trusting that those of my readers, who are too proud themselves to stoop to the meanest of thefts, will believe that a strong affection for their dogs could prompt a similar wish in the breast of two different individuals—a wish so natural to a rough, untutored, yet honest nature, such as my uncle (though an ordinary character) possessed in common with that noblest creation of Cooper's fancy.

Addend. On revision, I find the resemblance is not quite so strong as I at first, very naturally, thought it. To save my readers, therefore, the trouble of reference, I subjoin the passage from "The Prairie :"—

"—— I have been thinking, too, of this dog at my feet. It will not do to set forth the opinion that a Christian can expect to meet his hound again ; still there can be little harm in placing what is left of so faithful a servant nigh the bones of his master."

"None in the least ; it shall be as you desire."

"I'm glad you think with me in this matter. In order then to save labour, lay the pup at my feet, or, for that matter, put him side by side. A hunter need never be ashamed to be found in company with his dog ?"

—“That I will!”—I exclaimed inwardly, as my eye rested on the last words of this singular codicil (if so it may be called)—“and when she dies, if the sexton will not bury her, I will dig the sod myself, and lay her beside thee, thou single-hearted man!”—and a tear, half-lingering, fell upon the precious characters. Reader, (I am bound to tell thee all my little weaknesses)—I could not bear to wipe away that tear ; so, I let it dry upon the parchment.

In a private drawer of my aunt’s were found two folded papers—one tied loosely with a ribbon ; the other close-sealed in the form of a letter, and addressed to me, with a direction *not to be opened till after her death*. This letter was as follows—and the reader will perceive by it, that even where she spoke from the heart, my aunt could not wholly divest herself of affectation ; the thoughts bubbled clear in their spring, but they flowed through a muddy channel—:

“Beloved nephew—

“How shall I ever summon words
“wherein to clothe my tale ! What language shall I call
“to my assistance, to inwrap the reluctant disclosure, to
“which the predicament, within whose meshes you yesterday discovered me entangled, compel my struggling
“pen !—but the Herculean terrour of the guspicious of
“criminality, under which, when the green sod of the
“valley enshrouds me, I must lie buried in your eyes,
“crush at once the hydra-headed scruples that hiss me
“into silence. Hear me then, and pity the infirmity of
“my unhappy sex, whose greatest weakness it is to lean
“on false, deceiving man—that broken reed, which fails
“us when we most rely upon its maintenance,—that glittering ice, to whose false promise of support we trust
“our timid steps, and trusting—perish ! Yesterday, you
“came suddenly upon me when I was seated in converse
“with the young gentleman whom, when you first arrived

“at your uncle’s house, I introduced to you under the appellation of Mr. Proxy; you found me fondling him with an affection little decorous in the wife of your uncle’s bosom. The suspicions such a situation must have generated are dreadful; but yet I have chosen, while I live, to remain subject to them rather than throw up the veil, with which female modesty commands me to conceal a tale like mine. This epistle will only be extended to you when the clammy finger of Death hath laid me ‘where the wicked cease from troubling.’ Then, when blushes can no longer streak my livid cheek, and my closed eyes shall no longer droop—then may you look upon the bare disclosure, and absolve me from the dreadful crime under whose load I could not lie easy in my grave. Know then, affected nephew, that Mr. Proxy is my own son—the child of shame—the offspring of sin and sorrow—conceived in those youthful days, when sin to me lay hidden in a borrowed nature, and sorrow was undreaded. O, my nephew! even now, while I relate it, a deep and painful suffusion incarnadines my cheek. But is it not better, my nephew, that you should know the weakness of my youth, than continue to detest my memory for a crime I shudder at? I love this child of shame—O, dearly do I love him!—In his society and his caresses (for he is the most affectionate of sons) my happiest—my only happy hours are spent;—but, should your uncle once discover it, my happiness is gone—I must forever bid adieu to my child’s society—and, worst of all my miseries, I should be exposed to the unceasing upbraidings of my husband for the shame he had wedded to his bed—; nay, I believe in his passion the old man would imbrue his aged hands in the blood of your agonized aunt. O, my nephew! in such a situation I should never have been so rash: but security betrayed me; and the foolish confidence, which your uncle’s constant confinement wrapped, like a bandage,

“round the eyes of my caution, unfolded me to your unhappy scrutiny. And much I apprehend that the servants long have had suspicions prejudicial to my character ; for, in pristine periods, they were wont to titter when my son paid his visits ; but my kindness and presents have taught them to love me, and now they are all contented to look on without seeing. *Their* suspicions must—oh dreadful !—must ever flourish unstripped of their mendacious character ; but *yours*, oh nephew, I have now denuded, that, when the angel of death flaps his dusky wings and strides upon the blast, I may resign myself to his un pitying talons without a murmur.”

“One thing, nephew, I must now ask of your tender sympathy ; and well I know, from my inspection of the gentle heart of my Jeremy, that he will not refuse it to me. In the same drawer with this posthumous epistle, you will find another paper, tied loosely in a ribbon. In it I leave all the jewels, and other valuables of which I am possessed, to you. A few of these, dear nephew, were given to me by my unfortunate son’s father ; and it is but right that my son should have them : and, as he is poor, I wish to bequeath to him all my other little property ; but I cannot do this directly, without either disclosing our consanguinity, or exposing my un reproached character to the remorseless tooth of ravenous detraction. May I then supplicate of your tender-heartedness, most affectionate and beloved nephew, to suffer the bequest to pass in your name ? Will you, for the sake of your fond and doating aunt, convey his mother’s property to my poor son—sending it according to the direction which you will find at the bottom of this epistle,—reserving for yourself the little locket with my hair, as a testimony and memorial of my never-dying affection for your virtues ?—Do so, dearest nephew—and then, may the blessings of Providence be showered upon you, in this life, in all plentifulness !

"Discharge my request—and then, may the bark of your
"fortunes float lightly on an unruffled sea, wafted by the
"spicy gales of Happiness and guided by the faultless
"rudder of Wisdom ; and, when it has reached its quiet
"home, when the hands of the numberless Hours have
"unladen it of all its cargo, and the worms of Age
"have battered on its timbers, may it be drawn upon the
"dry sands, there to moulder slowly in the blessed sun-
"shine, till it sinks into a quiet and unlamented oblivion—

 " is the prayer of your

 " affectionate,

 " shame-broken,

 " and, when this final epistle is consigned

 " to its destination,

 " your defunct aunt,

 " MARY LEVIS."

"P. S. I indite this under the mournful expectation
"that I shall leave this life before your uncle ; for, though
"his infirmities fast press upon him, he is stable and wea-
"ther beaten, and, even as the rock, only to be agitated
"from his petrous fundamental part by the uninterrupted
"washing of the surges which beat upon his rugged and
"sea-weedy front : but that nebulous assassin, the sud-
"den Apoplexy, stands muffled in obtenebration, and stabs
"at me with his remorseless, thirsting dagger, and some
"day will come upon your poor aunt, "like a thief in the
"night, and when no man knoweth it," and, brandishing
"in mid air his gleaming steel, inhume it deep in her
"mammary region, and plunge her headlong into utter
"darkness and the valley of the shadows of dissolu-
"tion."*

* If the Reader will now turn back to the Fifteenth chapter of the Second Book, and read it once more, he will find himself perfectly satisfied with what, I dare say, at first struck him as rather naughty.

Thus had my aunt suffered herself to be suspected of one of the foulest crimes, rather than have her maiden character reproached for what had been perhaps the error of youth, or the crime of another. O, strange sex!—or rather, O strange laws that regulate its outward conduct:—the adulteress, if not respected, is at least tolerated; but the poor maiden, who once falls, where the way is so slippery, and the feet so unstable, becomes forthwith an outcast from society, denied even the chance of amendment!

The circumstances attending my aunt's death were as follows:—She was on her way to her husband's apartment, when a servant came running to inform her, that my uncle had been suddenly attacked with the gout in his stomach, and that, if she wished to see him before he died, she must go to him immediately. The servant, having delivered his message, was leaving her, when my aunt, probably aware of an approaching fit, called to him to "Wait"—extending her hand for him to support her. The servant turned, and she fell dead into his arms. And this single word rumour magnified to seven:—"Tell him to wait till I come!"

I have but to add, in this chapter, that I found some difficulty in effecting a reconciliation with my uncle Timothy. The Doctor at first treated me with the most unequivocal contempt; but when, burning with indignation, I proudly referred him to the merchants, my late employers, for an account of the correctness of my conduct while in their office, and to friends of so high a character as Sir James Maitland and Lady Arne, he extended me his hand, and said:—"Now then, I may rejoice at your fortune. He only is fitted to possess wealth, who is willing to labour for it, and has morals to use it rightly."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Come hither, Harry ; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe.

Second Pt. Hen. IV.

AFTER the opening of the will, one of the first things that occurred to me was to visit my father (who, much to my own and my uncle's surprise, had not been present even at the funeral) ; for I longed to expiate my past neglect, and make my parents participators in my affluence.

Reader ! if you are yet young, or unaccustomed to analyze the motives of human actions, I fear I shall awake your scorn against me by the confession I am now about to make ; but the resolution I have formed to set before you, in their true proportions, the lights and shadows of my character, even though the picture should thereby present a gloomier scene than ever the pencil of Caravaggio did depict, obliges me to state, that my motives to this step were barely more than a desire to show the inhabitants of my native village, that I had not only lived to falsify their predictions, but could exercise a virtue rarely to be met with in those of my age, inasmuch as I forgot not, in the day of my prosperity, the hand that reared me. Sorry am I to say that I stand not alone guilty of this forgery on virtue ;—assay the actions of all other men in the same crucible, and whose shall be pronounced pure gold ? Virtue, with the most of people, is not the effect of principle, but the fear of the consequences of vice. Take away the reputation of Honesty, and his portliness will quickly dwindle down, till nothing be left the wretch, but his bare skeleton—and I am much mistaken, if the bones themselves be slow of following. No

man putteth his light under a bushel ; he had rather be without candles at all than be debarred from seeing them shine. The world's laugh as often drives us to good as it does to evil ;—Shut but its eyes, that it may not overlook us, or close but its ears, that it may not overhear us, and what a pretty pack of rascals we should become !

In pursuance of my intentions, I set out for my father's. I arrived there towards the evening of the next day.—On entering the house the first person I met was Meg Handy, going up stairs with a bowl of gruel in her hands. She knew me at once.

"Eh !" she screamed, letting fall the bowl in her surprise ; " Why ; my baby ! is that you ? you, your own self ? Let old Meg look at you. Why, you're just the same tight little fellar you was, when you used to cut capers here five years ago ! only much more handsomer, and more like a man, as I may say. And now you're a great man, and got your uncle's fortune—and you may thank old Meg for that !—you hav'nt forgot your father I see — O, there's his gruel spilt all over, and good for nothing ! What'll he say ?——But I can make him some more. And so——"

And so the old helpmate of Lucina would have run on for an hour, had I let her ; but I managed at last to thrust in a word—" And where is my father, nurse ?"

"La, now, I thought you'd come on purpose to see him ! He's sick a bed, child. I was carrying that gruel up to him—but"—

"And my mother ?"

"Your mother ?" screamed Mrs. Handy, in the utmost surprise.

"Yes, my mother—where is she ?"

"Your mother ?" Meg repeated, and looked at my black clothes,—“ And are these only for your uncle ?” I comprehended her at once ; and, though my mother had never won my esteem, the tenderness of affection she had always evinced for me, contrasted as it was with the un-

bending harshness of my father, could not but meet with some return of attachment; and though that attachment, by long disuse, had moulded till scarcely a spot remained of its primitive colour, yet the sudden announcement of her death, at the very moment when I thought to be folded in her warm embrace, came upon me with a shock so violent that for a second my senses were completely paralyzed.

"Great God! my mother gone too!" I exclaimed, covering my face with my hands.

Meg gently drew me to a chair. "Set down," she said, affectionately patting my arm, "set down, deary, and compose yourself. There—I'm sure I wouldn't have said any thing about it, if I hadn't have thought you knew it all. Mr. Levis wrote a letter to your uncle. I wonder he didn't tell you, child."

"How long since was that?"

"As much as a month ago.—You see, my baby——"

"I have been absent for more than that time; and thus—I have missed of hearing——"

I was interrupted by a voice from above stairs, calling to Meg—"Mrs. Handy! Mrs. Handy!"

"Coming, coming!" cried Meg—then whispered to me, "Run up to your father, child, and keep him talking till I can make some more gruel for him—he's wanting it now.—Coming, Mrs. Betty!—You see, my baby, they've got old Meg to nurse grown folks at last. I don't like it as well as my old business; but times are dull now in our village;—you must get married, child, and make them brisk again.—I'll be there in a minute, Mrs. Betty!" and off ran my quondam nurse to the kitchen.

It was with a throbbing heart that I ascended the stairs to my father's bed-room. Betty was standing near the half-open door, and, seeing me, screamed, "Mercy on me, Master Jerry!" My father heard her; for instantly a faint, tremulous voice, from the apartment, exclaimed—"My son!" At this name, which education makes so

dear to our feelings, the dormant fires of affection, hitherto suffered by my parent to lie unmoved in the state in which nature had first placed them, awoke from their ashes. I rushed into the room, and, kneeling by the side of the bed, bowed my face upon his hands. "My father!" I cried. He spoke not; but I felt he trembled with emotion.

There was silence for some moments, and then I raised my head and said, "Father—after four years of absence can you forgive your truant son?"

"Rise, Jeremy," he answered,— "we have both sinned; and I fear my sin has been the greater; for I should have thought upon the levity of youth, and not have held you in so tight a rein. And then my unnatural oath! my revengeful spirit, so unworthy of a mere Christian—and so unpardonable in a minister of Christ's gospel!"

"Do not speak of it, my father!"

"O, Jeremy! it would almost seem as though the justice of God has laid me thus in punishment of my crime;—I swore I would never forgive you till I lay upon my death-bed, and the hour has come sooner than I expected."

"Do not say so, dear sir! I trust you will live yet many years, and find, in the piety of my manhood, atonement for the ungracious conduct of my youth."

"God bless you for that, my boy!—But it may not be: Death hath set his seal upon my forehead. I've been confined to my bed for a week, and daily have been growing worse. I heard, at one time, you were studying medicine with your uncle Timothy; you must know something about it—look at me—feel my wrist.—There! I told you how it is—you look alarmed."

I was indeed alarmed. The tendons of his wrist were dreadfully tense; his whole skin seemed contracted, and gave to the touch a peculiar sensation—as of heat under a cool surface. His countenance, too, while I was looking at him, began to change; the eyes assumed a vacant stare, and his speech grew incoherent, and even delirious.

"So—am I not dying, Jeremy?—Oh, I've such horrid pains all over me!—I can't bear to look at you!—I shall soon be with your mother. Have you seen what a beautiful epitaph I wrote on her?—I'll show you mine to-morrow—you'll find it in the little churchyard—*Ελπίς καὶ οὐ Τύχη—μέγα χαίρει*—Mary, you women don't understand Greek—*τὸν λυμέν' εὖρον*—" and he lapsed into insensibility.

I called aloud to the servant. She had, probably, been listening at the door; for she instantly answered my summons. "Send Mrs. Handy to me immediately! and let some one go for the doctor—and, Betty, for God's sake! run to the inn where I left the carriage, and bid the coachman come to me without a minute's delay. Make haste, if you would save your master's life!"

Ignorant as I was in the science which I had pretended to study, I knew enough to convince me that my father was suffering under a violent fever; and when Dr. Pilule entered the room, and began to prate upon the case, I had no hesitation in attributing much of its violence to his mismanagement. However, there was one chance left, and that I adopted. The coachman being come according to my orders, I bade him hire horses, and proceed with the carriage directly to London—making only such stops upon the road as should be absolutely necessary—and bring my uncle Timothy back with him, with all the speed he could command.

That night I sat up, and watched my father. He slept till morning; and then, appeared so collected that I began to conceive hopes of his recovery, and Dr. Pilule confidently pronounced him out of danger. But the patient declared himself worse—a circumstance very rare in such cases.

"Yesterday," he said, "it was just so—and the day before; and each time, doctor, you asserted the same as you do now. This evening, I am confident the paroxysm will return—and God knows but it may take me off—for

I am sensible I am much worse to-day. You perceive, I can scarcely speak—my tongue feels thicker—and it pains me when I swallow.—Jeremy, while I am yet able to converse, I will give you my last directions. In the little case, which stands above that chest of drawers, you will find a slip of paper—endorsed, “My own epitaph”—and a sermon for—— I will sit up; I can talk then more easily.

I raised him, and supported his back with pillows. After some minutes he proceeded:—“It was a custom among the ancients, son Jeremy,——”; but he spoke with so much difficulty that I interrupted him.

“Dear sir,” I said, “you aggravate your disease by talking. In such cases as yours, it is particularly directed that the sufferer be not indulged in unnecessary conversation. Had I but known of your illness, I should not have done you the injury I did yesterday.”

“I tell you, son Jeremy, the fever will have its way! What little I have to say to you—I must say quickly,—while I have yet strength—remaining.—The Romans, son Jeremy,——But tell me, do you respect the ancients? have you—that deep reverence for—for every thing that bears their name—that a son of mine should have?”

“My studies, sir, have been chiefly of their works; but, ——”

“Let them be wholly so, my son—let them be wholly so.—They are ——”

“But, dear father, do not thus ——”

“I will, I tell you!—You are a fool, Jeremy,—I have but a short time to speak in—and—and—you will not let me use it!”

Opposition I saw was only attended with danger. I was, therefore, obliged to indulge him; though, at almost every word he uttered, he appeared to suffer an agony it racked me to behold. It was some consolation, however, to feel assured that my father had much at heart the matter on which he sought to converse, and that

therefore, it would distress him less to deliver it than labour in mind with its burden ; for, as the reader may remember, he was a man that never talked for mere talk's sake.

He proceeded.* "The ancients, I say—had a custom—of delivering, at the funerals of their illustrious dead,—an encomiastic oration. The orator was usually the son of the deceased, or some near relative—or a friend. Now, as I am not illustrious, my son—I would—I would not have an eulogium—pronounced—over my body ; but yet—as the custom is—like all the ancient customs—a most excellent one, and well de—and well deserving of imitation,—I would have it followed in my case—as far as regards the mere pronouncing—of—of a discourse—— Oh, horrible ! My eyes, my eyes !—— I would have it followed in my case, as far—as far as the pronouncing of a discourse over my body. We have among us a similar observance—in our funeral sermons : but, Jeremy, these too—always touch, more or less, upon the virtues, and other eminent qualities of the deceased."—He paused to take breath.— "To avoid this I wrote, some years ago, an appropriate discourse—to be delivered over me—after the fashion of the ancients—before the assemblage of my parishioners.—You, my son, are too young for the—the important office of orator—on this occasion ; so, it is my dying wish—that your uncle Timothy should discharge the duty. Timothy is a beautiful reader—and his voice ——But if, Jeremy—my parishioners—though their lamentable ignorance of ancient manners—seem to think it right that a clergyman should deliver it ——you must submit. And I shall be satisfied even in that way ; for we read—that even the pontifex maximus—did sometimes deliver the discourse—

* The reader will bear in mind, through the remainder of this scene, that my father's language, though generally connected (—except when he was in actual delirium), appeared to be delivered without a consciousness of the true tenor of what he was saying.

as you will find in my copy of Seneca, in the "*Consolatio ad Marciam*,"—where we are told—where we are told—that the emperor Tiberius delivered the *laudatio* on his own son :—"ipse pro rostris laudavit filium"—I think that's it,—the body being covered, "*interjecto tantummodo velamento*"—that he might not contract pollution—by seeing it,—which superstition, however, is not the same with us : or the clergyman may be considered in the light of a friend——"

Here my father paused for a considerable time.

"You will not consider," he resumed,—"*that I am guilty of profanity in giving the preference—to a brother—over a Christian minister. I consider there is a natural propriety—in a relation's ——— ; but I need not explain myself—to those who know me.——— My funeral sermon—you will find in the same little case—endorsed, "For myself."*—On my monument, Jeremy,—you will see that nothing appears but this epitaph. Here—read it to me,—You have doubtless seen the distich before—."

"Ελπίς καὶ σὺ Τύχη, μέγα χαίρετε· τὸν λημὲν εὖρε·
Οὐδὲν ἔμοι χ' ὑμῖν· παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.

ICH. LEVIS.

CICLOCCCLXXXIX."

When I had finished reading this curious inscription for a modern tombstone, I turned my eyes to my parent, and saw that his countenance wore something like an expression of pleasure.

He continued :—"One thing more, Jeremy. As you would have my blessing, you will have a fair copy taken—of all my writings,—and then bury the originals with me,—as Numa ordered it should be done with his.—I have no will to make—all my property devolving, by law as

is right,—to you—Only—remember one thing—dispose of my books—burn them first!—I have not to give you some little advice—my son—relative to your conduct—as—as a man—and a Christian; and I shall be done with all earthly concern,—and be ready for the last offices of our blessed religion,—my soul is already made with God.—Jeremy, my son—has been pleased to bestow upon you—affluence,—that you use it properly!—But my books, Jeremy,—you sell them—if you would wish that the earth—should lie light upon me—And, by the by, Jeremy,—do you hear, boy?—I'll tell you something for your own sake, about the earth's being light. Put upon it—be a true Roman—S. T. T. L. Sit tibi terra *Levis*—a, ha!—Oh, your clothes—your clothes! take them away!—take them away, I tell you! Sit tibi terra—that's an excellent pun—I never knew I could do one before—*τὸν λυμέν' εὔρον*—don't burn my books, boy!—I won't bless you if—if you—do—do—*Levis*—” His voice was no longer distinct; but he seemed to mutter something. I laid him on his back. His eyes stared with a savage expression, and nothing seemed to give them pain; for he frequently pressed his hands before them, as though to shut out the light. He then began to pick the bed-clothes—a convulsive tremour agitated his features—he became insensible.

In this awful situation—a father stretched in a dying agony before me, and none to help him (for the village doctor was worse than useless)—I had need of all my strength of mind to support me.

About three hours the sufferer awoke from his stupor, but his mind was utterly gone. He fixed his eyes on some object on the wall; but there was no expression in them. Suddenly he writhed in agony, apparently the most excruciating, and opened his mouth and gasped for breath, while a hollow murmuring sound issued from the

throat ; then, by an effort of momentary strength, he released himself from my arms, threw off the clothes, attempted to spring from the bed, and fell back upon his pillow—a corse.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He is dead and gone, lady;
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Ophelia's Song—in Hamlet.

THE funeral of my father was most numerously attended, as well by the gentlemen of the neighbouring villas, as by the villagers, and I then learned for the first time the real importance of wealth ; for, with the exception of a few of the older people, every one treated me with vast respect. Some of my former enemies were even fawning ; and none more so than Mrs. Maline, who, urged by the curiosity which is so powerful on such occasions in every body, and especially in women, was present, with some other gossips, to see the dead carried from the house.

She came up to me as I was passing through the hall, and begged *that we might be reconciled*. I bowed coldly, remarking, “I should say, madam, this is a very unseasonable time for such explanations.”.....“O! but I assure you,” she rejoined, “I’ve entirely forgotten the cradle business. Indeed, Mr. Levis, husband and I often laugh at it—it was such a pretty present!”.....“Certainly, ma’m,” said I, “so very appropriate.” This was a cruel cut ; but she richly deserved it.—It is singular that people will not know when their merits are duly rewarded ; —Mrs. Maline left me in a fury, and was so ungrateful

as to spread, through the whole village, the vilest reports to my disadvantage!

There are two eras in our lives, dear Reader, when we are always certain of a good character;—to wit—when we marry, and when we die. After seeing the earth close above the body of my only parent, I had separated myself from the many that would have obtruded their odious consolations upon me, and was returning wrapped in the melancholy reflections which could not but be suggested by the extraordinary succession of the deaths of a mother, a friend, an uncle, that uncle's wife, and a father, all within six weeks, when I found myself behind a party of four men, who were slowly walking—their hands behind them, and heads bent upon their chests—and, as they walked, conversing upon the character of their late pastor.

"True!" said the man on the right, assenting to some observation,—“he was a most worthy character.”

"O, an excellent man!" responded the next.

"And so charitable!" rejoined the next.

"And so good tempered!" added the man to the left.

"And then so true a Christian!" said the first speaker, raising his head.

"And above all so forgiving!" exclaimed the second, drawing his right hand from behind him. "He pardoned that wicked son of his the moment he saw him."

"O!" cried the third—drawing his left hand from behind him—"The chambermaid told our Sarah, and she told my wife, and my wife told me, that Mr. Jeremy was too great a gentleman to ask his father's forgiveness, and so he made the old man get on his knees and beg for his!—He's the greatest little rascal I ever heard of."

"Why sir, that's nothing to what I can tell you!" screamed the fourth—drawing both hands from behind him, and striking the back of one upon the palm of the other, and turning short upon the last speaker—"Mrs. Maline, her own self, sir, told me that the wretch was

drunk this very afternoon, while his father lay in the coffin before him—and that, when she reproved him for his conduct, he laughed in her face, told her it was *very appropriate*, and insulted her in the grossest manner!—“Think of that, sir!” added the gentleman with an air of triumph.

My delicacy would not suffer me to listen any longer in so covert a manner; so I coughed. The party turned, and joined me with the utmost composure.

“Ah!” sighed the first man, “you have met with a great affliction, Mr. Levis!”

“A very great affliction, Mr. Levis!” mournfully echoed the second.

“Alas! it is so to all of us!” tenderly bleated the third, “But you must console yourself, my young friend.”

“And continue,” soothingly added the fourth, “to imitate your father’s virtues, my dear young friend.”

“Gentlemen,” said I, bowing very low, “I am too drunk at present to talk with you.”—And I left them.

Certainly, we are a very amiable world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

Heir of Linne.

NEED I tell you, Reader, the usual moderation a young man displays under sudden good-fortune? Need I tell you how little regard he pays to the kind warnings of even the truest and the wisest of his friends? Need I say to you, that the tempted of Pleasure may get by heart all the thousand stories that are written of the dangers of riotous indulgence, and yet be not one whit the better for them, except his passions be fenced around with a double hedge of prudence, or he be guarded against the inroads of the enemy by the very bleakness of the land she is expected to ravage—? Surely not! For, look around you—here, and here,—and here,—and here, and you will find youth every where the same—each pursuing some phantom of pleasure, which still mocks him as he flies, yet still looks back and nods for him to follow. Nor does genius, nor education, save him from the witchery of the game; for the phantom is ever in sight, and suffers not Despair to cool his ardour and give time for Reflection to advance.

Since thus it is, and thus it ever has been—since the wisest and the best grow dizzy, when Fortune turns her wheel and mounts their spoke the topmost—you will not be surprised that one, of my education and temperament, should become absolutely light-headed at his sudden elevation. By nature gay and fond of pleasure, accustomed from my earliest day to look upon my own wanton wishes

as the sole directors of my conduct, scarcely was the birth-day over which put me in possession of my fortune (little more than a month since the death of him who had bequeathed it!) before I began to indulge in the most absurd extravagancies. I hired a suite of apartments in the most fashionable hotel, and furnished them in the most costly manner,—set up a dashing chariot with a pair of large milk-white horses, besides one or two other vehicles, before which I drove, by way of variety, two or four coal-black ponies,—kept my French valet, four other servants, and—another moveable,—formed acquaintance with the most dissipated young men about town, whom with praiseworthy ambition I sought to surpass in wickedness,—and seldom sat down at my table without being surrounded by a dozen roaring friends, who, in their honest gratitude for my good dinners and delicious wines, were sure to put me in good-humour with my own excellencies. In a word—not contented with one form of pleasure, I chased them all in turn: in the morning I played the coxcomb, in the evening the bacchanalian, and in the night—every other part that was bad. My uncle tried his best to reclaim me; but I had the insolence to tell him *that I was my own master, and that I considered his interference grossly impertinent*. The doctor did indeed refrain from knocking me down; but from that day forth we ceased to exchange words together.

—— But what has become of Miss Arne all this time? ——

I have not forgotten her, beloved Reader. As soon after my uncle's death as decency permitted, I called at Lady Arne's with the purpose of offering my hand where I had already given my heart. I found, however, only her ladyship at home. She received me with great joy, inquired into the events which had kept me so long from her house, and, after touching delicately upon the loss of my uncle, congratulated me upon my accession to a fortune which, her ladyship was pleased to say, she was

sure I would use so properly. I then said, "I hope Miss Paynthurnley and Miss Arne are well?"

"Thank you, they are quite well, Mr. Levis," replied her ladyship. "Miss Paynthurnley has lately affected a reconciliation with her father. Yesterday, she left town to visit him, and though the winter season has now commenced, insisted upon taking Miss Arne with her."

This was a sad disappointment.

"Have you heard the news," continued her ladyship, "relative to my sister's husband?"

I replied in the negative.

"As you are acquainted with the nature of Miss Paynthurnley's connection with that man, it is right you should be informed of the manner in which that connection has suddenly been dissolved for ever—though it, certainly, is not a little unpleasant to my feelings to be obliged to enter into such particulars, when, in the eyes of the world, the disgrace attached to an individual is always in some degree reflected upon the family with which he may be in any manner united. It appears that this man, at the time when he persuaded Miss Paynthurnley to fly with him, had in his possession a large sum of money, which a society of Methodists had intrusted to his care for some missionary fund. Having added my sister's jewels to this stock, he endeavoured to procure a passage to the United States of America, but, there being no vessel for that country about to sail at the time, embarked in one bound for Cadiz. During the passage he disappeared—no one knows how; but it is supposed that he drowned himself; which conjecture is confirmed by the assertions of the captain, the whole crew, and the greater number of the passengers—they stating, that he had often shown signs of mental derangement, and had declared he meant to throw himself overboard, the first convenient opportunity, with all his money and other valuables, which he constantly carried about him sewed in the lining of his vest. And, on searching his berth, the clothes which he usually wore

were not to be found, but only a portmanteau containing a few worthless articles of apparel.—This is certainly a curious story, Mr. Levis. But, whatever was the manner in which the event happened, there can be no doubt that the wretched man has perished, and thereby released my sister from an odious connection which she would have considered binding on her for life.”

The rest of this conversation I omit as of no importance to the reader, merely adding that I gathered from her ladyship, that, since the news of Mr. Snubbs's death, Sir James Maitland had renewed his visits.

In the midst of my dissipation I ceased not to remember Mary. Again I called to see her. She had not yet returned to town; and Lady Arne treated me with a coldness for which the reader will be at no loss to account.

The winter passed. My habits of dissipation had made the most fearful progress on my morals, and were striding over the broken walls to capture their last defence, the citadel heart. As they advanced, so did my affection for Mary recede. Seldom now did my thoughts revert to her, except when, after a night of debauchery, the exhaustion of my spirits would produce a momentary disgust at the life I was leading, and busy Fancy would trace for me a scene of quiet happiness, and, as she saw my jaded senses gently subsiding before its influence into a soft, still, subdued delight*—like that which sheds itself so soothingly upon our feelings, when we *study, alone*, the never-tiring landscapes of the inimitable Claude—would

* I have taken more time for these few words than I usually take for pages, yet have never been so dissatisfied with my own language. I have failed completely, to express myself as I wished. Were I a poet, I might have succeeded better. I have therefore been driven to a comparison—which, so far from clearing the matter, itself requires a note! They who have had an opportunity of *studying*—and *studying alone* (for it is only when we are alone that we can truly enjoy them)—the paintings of Claude, will remember their feelings, when their eyes rested on the mellow landscape—with its winding, quiet streams—the little shady tufts whose fragrantcy we almost fancy we inhale—the trees, whose accurate, yet light and tender foliage all but murmurs music (‘*ἀδὺ εἰ τὸ ψιθύρισμα μελίσσεται*’)—the liquid sky, in whose soft tints the hand of a painter is forgotten—and the shadowy distance, which seems to

whisper me, "Such might you taste with Mary," and bid me contrast the picture with my present mode of life, where every fit of enjoyment was purchased by succeeding regret; and then—even then—a cup or two of coffee would restore me to spirits and wickedness.

But, though seldom, there *were* times, when my thoughts would revert to Miss Arne with a fixedness so undeviating, that I would confine myself to the house for the whole day, refusing to see any of my associates, and, brooding in gloomy silence over my follies, contrast with their false glitter the mild virtues of her whose favour I was so surely forfeiting, till my affection seemed to return with even an accession of vigour.

It was on one of these occasions that I called for the third time to see Mary. Not one of the family was at home; and the servant's manner intimated that he had received orders to refuse me admittance whenever I should call.—I was turning from the door, with the hell of insulted pride burning in my veins, when I met Sir James Maitland approaching. Though at the moment little disposed to speak to any one, I bowed with a familiarity certainly warranted by the friendship with which the baronet had always treated me when I visited him. My salutation was returned in a way that told me, more plainly than words could do, it would be very agreeable to Sir

melt away as a dream. The effect upon the feelings is that of fine music, or summer moonlight. It is now thirty years, my Reader, since I saw any of the works of that master. *Then*—I often sighed as I looked upon them, and my soul seemed to ascend with the smoke of the half-hidden cottage to rest in the holy repose of the beautiful heaven; and *now*—if I sit at my window in a summer's midnight, when the moon is up, and not a sound is stirring to break that stillness which I love to call *holy*, and my fancy, assuming some of its youthful romance, conjures up a scene of beautiful quiet—such as methinks I should like to die in,—that scene is—Claude's.

—Those whose dull, clayey souls can find nothing to admire in painting, or music, or moonlight—and many such will read these memoirs—will not understand me. To such I do not address myself; let them skim over these pages, extracting all they value—the incidents,—and forget them; I speak to such as can enter into all my feelings—to my own, *dear Reader*—him, who will laugh with me, when I laugh,—weep with me, when I weep,—rejoice with me, when I am successful,—and—pity me, when I fail.

James if, for the future, I should entirely forget his acquaintance.

— God! am I already so notorious?— was my inward exclamation as, regardless of appearances, I stopped in the open street, and hid my face with my hands in an agony of feeling which remorse had never been able to make me suffer; and, as I drew away my hands, and clenched them passionately, I perceived they were marked with blood. In the keenness of my anguish I had bitten my nether lip through the skin.

And what consequence attended all this shame? The reader is but little acquainted with the human heart, or has studied my character to no purpose, if he supposes it inspired me for a moment with even a wish to retrieve my bartered reputation. Conceiving the punishment as more than proportioned to the offence, I naturally placed myself in the light of an injured person, and my blood boiled at what I pretended to think the insolence of Sir James. I say, *pretended to think*—because, as is usual in all such cases, finding the matter, when presented in a right view, not over agreeable, I endeavoured to deceive myself as to its real character by turning it round, and thus giving it a more satisfactory appearance. Just so a coward, when bullied by another, works himself into a rage by swearing; just so a pedling preacher, or a mountebank, begins by cheating others, and ends by cheating himself; just so a poodle's pup, when dared to duel by a cat, not finding his courage ready mounted for the occasion, endeavours to supply its deficiency by treating himself and his enemy to sundry imitations of its caprioles—springing forwards and backwards, and shaking his little tail and ears; and just so a reviewer, when hired to write a book into notice, calls to his necessity column after column of windy words, till, filled to the throat with the syllabic vapour, he *puffs* and *puffs* away, and rises from his table an honest man,—having actually blown

himself into a conviction of the truth of what he sat down to pen as —— an innocent fiction.

“A cold-blooded, haughty aristocrat!” I muttered half aloud! He must think his friendship a great honour, forsooth!—and he but a petty baronet! Thank God, I can supply his place with men of a higher rank than his, whenever I please!”——What success I had in filling the vacancy shall be made known in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.

All's Well that Ends Well.

LIVING in one of the most fashionable hotels of the metropolis, I found it easy, with my reputation for wealth, and prodigality in using it, to form acquaintance with several young noblemen, whose excessive profligacy distinguished them from the crowd still more than did their station. This acquaintance I forthwith extended into an intimacy, chiefly from a wish to spite the baronet;——

——One moment, Jeremy. How could you suppose that a man of Sir James's character could attach *so much* importance to a trifling difference in rank? ——

Sweet Reader, that question is unanswerable. But let me explain myself in my own way.—You have doubtless seen, at some of our print shops, a picture of the school-boy passing through ‘the lone churchyard—at night,’ ‘Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.’ Imagine the thoughts of such a child in such a situation to be expressed in words, and what would you hear?—*Who's afraid?* Now, just so it is through life. Whenever any circum-

stance occurs which tends to sink us in our own estimation, it is not sufficient that the world be ignorant of it; we must also deceive ourselves. We therefore seek to palliate the matter, and if there be no cloak at hand to hide its unsightliness, we turn it about (as I have already said) and present it in a view that may be more agreeable. I had only to call to mind, that the baronet had shown me attention when there was scarcely another being in the world to notice me, and that this attention had known no increase from my prosperity, to be satisfied of the true cause of his present estrangement (—and, indeed, you will remember my first exclamation when the baronet passed me so coldly—); but it was so comfortable to shift the blame from my own shoulders to those of Sir James, that I never stopped to look whether the burthen was where it should be.—And now, beloved Reader, presuming that, with the aid of the descending series of comparisons at the close of the last chapter, I have proved to your satisfaction how natural was my childish resentment, I will proceed to the more legitimate subject of the present page.

This acquaintance, then, I forthwith extended into an intimacy, chiefly from a wish to spite the baronet; for I did not reflect that my companions were not only despised by the few whose opinions were worth minding, but that even in the estimation of the multitude, whatsoever outward deference they might command, their rank but served to make them more contemptible. A continued round of entertainments, a purse always open to supply their wants whenever they would condescend to honour me by borrowing from my resources, and an entire subservience to all their schemes of amusement (in which the frolic was always sure to fall to their share and the cost to mine), rendered me a great favourite with my noble associates; and, as they loaded me with caresses—when they staggered from my table,—and extolled my generosity and spirit—when their own pockets being drained

at the billiard table, I persuaded them to make use of mine—or when, in our settlements with the police magistrates, I suffered them to keep out of sight, and stood forth the sole representative of our party—I was fool enough to believe I possessed their friendship—a friendship which, even had it been offered to me, it would have shown but common sense to reject.

But there were two, especially, that pretended a great affection for Mr. Levis:—one, a young baron that was just come into possession of his title—and the other, the eldest son of an earl.

One evening I had these gentlemen to dine with me, without other company. They rose from the table very early, pleading an engagement; and “Bless me,” cried the earl’s son, “I’ve forgotten my purse! Jerry, my dear fellow, I must again become your debtor.”

“How much does your lordship wish?”

“I don’t mean to be dissipated to night—I suppose a hundred pounds will answer.”

I handed him the sum.

“Levis—I wish you were poor,” said his lordship, inclining his head to his left shoulder, and looking me in the face with a most peculiarly affectionate expression.

“A kind wish, indeed,” said I, laughing. “And why so, my lord?”

“Because I might then persuade you to accept of some office, which my father’s influence can procure for you: but, damn it! you’re so rich, that all one can do in return for your many favours is to remain your eternally obliged debtor.” And so saying, his lordship wrung my hand, and putting his arm through his friend’s, left me; while, as they turned to depart, the two whispered, in tones which the warmth of their admiration rendered incautiously loud, “Dear—generous fellow!—Noble soul!—Should have been born a prince!”

— Well! there is some satisfaction in spending money for such friends! — thought I, as I looked at my

watch. It was not yet ten. So I took my hat, with the purpose of walking off the effects of the wine I had drunk.

The night was dark, damp, and heavy, and the lamps burned with a sickly glimmering ; so that, as I walked at my usual rapid gait, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within a few steps of two gentlemen whom I recognised at once as the pair that had just left me. At the same moment, I heard one of them mention my name in conjunction with epithets not over flattering, while the other, by a loud laugh, seemed to applaud the humour of the caricature.—I at first hesitated whether I should avail myself of my situation ; but the temptation was strong ; and so ———

—— And so your weakness submitted, and you dishonoured yourself!—O fie ! ——

Dear—honest Reader—I cannot help it. You must be content to curl your lip in silence at my meanness. For excuses—I know none, except that we are not on a footing. Place yourself in the situation that I was in, and make me, as you are now, coolly deliberating on the conduct of another under a trial to which I am not for the moment subject, and you shall hear how prettily I can cry in turn *O fie!* The best apology I can offer is the following (from that wittiest, but most licentious of comedies, “The Provoked Wife,”) in which, if you please, you shall act the part of Lady Fanciful, while I will play Mademoiselle :—

“*Lady F.* Curiosity’s a wicked devil.

“*Madem.* C’est une charmante sainte.

“*Lady F.* It ruined our first parents.

“*Madem.* Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans.”

You laugh. My point is gained ;—I have restored you to good-humour, and now you will listen to me in patience.

The night, as I have said, was dark. Therefore I knew, that, unless my noble friends were to turn suddenly

round, I should escape detection. Walking then gently behind them, I overheard the following amiable dialogue on my character:—

“Psha!” said the earl’s son, “he got every farthing of his money from an old rook of an uncle that died about ten months since; he’s nothing but a low fellow.”

“O no, you are mistaken there,” cried the young lord; “his family, I have heard, is very respectable.”

“But what of that! he was as poor as a rat till this uncle of his died; and now he pretends to put himself upon a par with *us*! It’s a deal of impudence.”

“And so it is.”

“But we’ll work him,” continued my *eternally obliged debtor*,—“use him, as we would any other dirty thing when convenient for our necessities—ha, ha, ha!”

“And so we will,—ha, ha, ha!”—And the noble lords crossed the street, apparently with the purpose of spending my hundred pounds at an opposite gaming-house,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women !—Help heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.

Measure for Measure.

Ferimur per opaca locorum.

Vine.—Æn.

My first thought was to kick them both into the kennel ; my second, that, besides their being two to one, it was as well to let them go to the devil their own way. So I turned short about ; and brought my nose into contact with a gentleman's hat, which was coming up the street, very unobtrusively, on its owner's head. I was in a proper mood to pick a quarrel with any one.

"Sir !" said I, drawing myself up, "I would thank you to teach your hat better manners."

Instead of knocking me down, the individual to whom this impudent defiance was addressed, burst into a fit of laughter.

"The devil !" he cried,— "Why, what has put you in so ill an humour, Mr. Levis ? It is not my fault, sir, that your nose should be *caught napping*."

Astonished at this familiarity in a mere stranger, I examined the speaker more attentively by the light of the lamp under which he stood, and knew in him the Hon. Robert Bonmot, as in the gentleman who was with him Lord George Findue ; though I had no other acquaintance with either of the party, than in as far as I had occasionally met them both, in the different coffee-rooms and gaming-houses which I frequented, and where I had heard their names mentioned, as they had probably mine.

There was an expression so truly whimsical in the countenance of the first-named individual, and a contrast so ludicrous between his own good nature and my irritability, that on me, who have ever been more ready to smile than to frown, the effect was instantaneous ;—my Anger took to his heels, and Laughter, springing upon me, thumped my sides till they ached. Mr. Bonmot continued the merriment with echo upon echo ; but his friend stood cold and immoveable.

“Upon my word,” said the former, when he found breath to speak, “this is a novel mode of introduction !—not the less relishing for that, however : and if you’ll take my advice, Mr. Levis, since our fates seem to have brought us together, whether we would or not (—and you, for your part, may safely swear you were *led by the nose* into my acquaintance—), we will take care not to thwart them.”

“Most willingly,” I replied, pressing with warmth the hand he extended to me—for there was something very agreeable in the rough frankness of his manner—“and I’m sure I shall have reason to think of this night with pleasure. ‘*Castoris* memor.’”

“Admirable !” exclaimed my new friend with a laugh, “’Gad ! I shall improve, now I’ve a competitor in punning. But, what the devil’s in his lordship here ? I believe he’s taking pattern from that lamp-post, he holds himself so upright.—Damn it, George, you’re straight enough ! One would have good reason to think you are not over pleased with our night’s adventure ; and yet, I’ll be sworn to it, I myself am not more glad of Mr. Levis’s acquaintance.”

“You do me no more than justice, Mr. Bonmot,” said his lordship ; “I have long been desirous of knowing Mr. Levis better, and I am most happy that this little affair has turned out so opportunely to my wishes ;”—but his lordship’s bow was as formal as his language. I raised my hat with equal ceremony,

"Never mind him," said Bonmot, laughing; "he is cold with every one—though honest enough in the main. Come, Mr. Levis." And thrusting one of his arms through one of mine, as though we had been friends for years, he gave the other to Lord Findue. "Come, my lord. But stop; where were you going just now, Mr. Levis, when you turned so suddenly?"

— This frankness savours somewhat of impudence!—thought I. —However, I'll humour it.— "I had set out," I answered, "to take a short walk, because I had nothing better to do; and I turned back—for the same reason,—because I had nothing better to do."

Bonmot laughed. "Rightly answered. But you must not take offence at my roughness:—my motive in asking was to know whether you were engaged; and now I find you are not, I insist upon your going with me to my hotel, whither I was dragging this statue of a lord, when your nose came so suddenly upon me. 'Gad Levis! we'll make a famous libation to-night in honour of our new friendship; shall we not?'"—And without waiting for answer, he withdrew his arms from ours, and sounding a prolonged "Whoo—oo—oo—oop!", produced by the reverberation of the voice against the roof of the mouth—such as I have heard described the *war-whoop* among the North American Indians—, darted up the street like a madman, overturning all the empty barrels, boxes, and other articles of the kind that he found in his way. I followed him, greatly relishing the frolic; though I could not but feel astonishment that a man over thirty years of age, and whose apparent rank and education claimed for him the name of gentleman, should indulge in such behaviour—the more so, that he was not in the least intoxicated; but Lord Findue, while he endeavoured to keep up with us, called out to his friend—

"Robert!—Bonmot!—Mr. Bonmot!—Stop! How can you act with so little decency?—Do, for God's sake, consider where you are! You'll have the watch upon you!

—and if so, I tell you beforehand, I'll leave you to come off as you can.— Robert ! One would think you drunk—or mad..... I've sworn a dozen times I wouldn't walk with him, if he behaved so indecently in the open streets. This is shameful..... Mr. Bonmot, I say !— By heavens, I will go home this instant, if you don't stop with your foolery !”

But it was in vain ;—Bonmot continued his Dionysian frolics—roaring, singing, punning,—occasionally turning round to laugh at Lord Findue—, till we were all three very nearly exhausted.

Just then there passed us one of those women, who are termed, by all of their own sex, *hussies*, *trollops*, and the like,—by men of humanity, *unfortunate females*. And certainly, if there is any class of beings deserving of pity, it is they ;—for they come of the lower orders of the people, and in their original situation (I mean, before their fall) are surrounded by temptations to which those of superior rank are rarely exposed—and that too, without the defensive armour with which education should furnish the latter against such attacks ; and then, when once they slip, the wrath of parents, and the contumely of the world, make them outlaws from their sex, and leave them only the alternative of prostitution or starvation. I may offend when I say it ; but, as I have already declared on another occasion,

“ ——— je ne mâche point ce que j'ai sur le cœur,”

and I do assert, that I have known women, whose weakness had betrayed them into this irrevocable false-step, that were more truly modest, and stood a better chance of heaven, than many that pride themselves on their rigid chastity, and have no one other virtue. Which, let me ask, is morally the better woman :—she who yields, in an unguarded moment, to temptations which Nature of herself is, alas ! too feeble to resist, and, even when

strengthened by Reason and Religion, cannot always withstand; or she, who scandalizes her neighbour, and, with a devil's hand, sows dissension in the midst of peaceful families?—"and such the mass are."—— But I forget myself.

Bonmot recovered the use of his lungs the instant he saw the girl. "Susan!" he bellowed, "Polly! Sally, my dear!—What the devil's your name? Why don't you stop?—Molly!—that must be it—Molly, Molly!"

"For Heaven's sake, Bonmot!" interposed Lord Findue, "don't be so silly.—Besides, don't you see you frighten the girl? She's beginning to run from you."

"Psha!" said the punster, "I know the jades better than that—they like it, George—"gaudent prænominē *Molles auriculæ*."—Molly, I say!—Why, you fool! why don't you turn when I want to speak to you? Don't you know your own interest better?"

The wretched girl, whose mode of life forced her to put up with these unmanly insults, now faced about, and the light of a lamp shone full on her countenance. I recognized her instantly.

"Mr. Bonmot," said I, laying my hand upon the honourable gentleman's arm, "you must oblige me in one thing."

"In any thing, Mr. Levis."

"Permit me, then, to decline accompanying you home to-night—I am positively engaged to this girl."

Bonmot stared, and Lord Findue absolutely drew back—I supposed in disgust. The surprise of the former, however, was only momentary. "How the deuce does it happen you have just found that out?" he said, laughing.—"But I must not be too close upon you, as you are yet a novice in my friendship. If you really must have the lady, why—I will manage to forgive your impoliteness to me.—Ah, I fear you are a sad dog, Levis!"

I had the contemptible vanity to let him think my inclinations were as low as they appeared to be. "You may not believe me," I said, in a tone which was so assumed that he *should not* believe me,—“but I really have an engagement with the wench, which you had almost made me forget. However, to show you don't bear malice, you shall dine with me to-morrow evening.—No denial! I shall expect you—and you also, my lord!”—and I extended to each a card with my address.

“I will not fail you,” said Mr. Bonmot.

“I shall be most happy to avail myself of your politeness,” said Lord Findue. And they left me—the former shaking my hand, and the latter bowing.

The moment their backs were turned, I ran after the girl, who had continued her walk during our dialogue. “Alice!” I whispered in her ear. She started, and faced me. I was not deceived; it was indeed poor Alice Smith, the daughter of my laundress, a girl whom I had seduced—or rather (—for, with all my wickedness, I was never yet capable of deliberate seduction—), of whose vanity and natural wantonness I had taken advantage, shortly after I had come into possession of my fortune.

“My God, Alice! is it you I find thus——?”

“Come, no naughty words, Mr. Levis!” she said, interrupting me; “I am the very same Alice I was, when you used to tell me there was honey on my lips. Kiss me: you'll find the hive is still there, and as full as ever.”

“The street is not the place for such experiments,” I replied, somewhat coldly; for I was as much displeased with her levity, as astonished at the refinement of her language. “Lead the way to your home; I'll follow you.—And be quick; for it's growing late.”

Without a word, Alice did as I bade her.—After passing through several narrow streets and lanes, till then entirely unknown to me, she stopped before a small building, and opening a low door on one side of it, led me, by the hand, through a paved alley terminating in a

little yard at the back of the house. In this place she left me, whispering, "Wait here, till I've seen whether there's any one in my room." In a minute she returned, and conducted me into a well-lighted apartment on the ground-floor, furnished in a manner that excited my surprise; for, besides the ordinary articles which marked it as her bed-chamber, and which were by no means plain, it contained a piano, and a small book-case filled with richly-bound volumes, and in the centre stood a round table, covered with a crimson cloth, with a handsome lamp upon it, and, beside the lamp, an open volume of—
Prior!

Alice did not give me time to express my wonder; for, the moment she had laid aside her hat and shawl, she threw her arms about my neck and attempted to kiss me. The girl was pretty; but, at the time, I was under the influence of feelings very different from what she supposed.

"No, no, Alice," I said, gently repelling her; "I am not here from the motives you very naturally attribute to me. Sit down by me, and answer to what I shall ask you; and as you answer honestly, so much the better will it be for your interest."

The poor girl looked a little mortified, but did as I desired her.

"And what shall I tell you, Mr. Levis?"

"Tell me, Alice, all that has happened to you since we parted, and how it is that you can afford to live in this manner" (pointing to the furniture of the room) "and yet are obliged to—walk the streets for your subsistence; for I cannot suppose you do so from choice."

She laughed. "O, I can explain every thing in a very few words.—When you withdrew your protection—"

I interrupted her. "By the by, Alice," I said, taking her hand, and looking her steadily in the face, "answer me fairly. You know my only reason for parting with you

was that I heard you were faithless.—Was there any truth in the report?"

She did not even blush, nor so much as withdraw her eyes from mine, but laughed outright. "How, in heaven's name, can you be so silly, Mr. Levis, as to put such a question to a woman?—But you are welcome to believe the report or not, just as you please; it can make no difference now. Now answer me a question in turn."

"Well?"

"What is the name of the shorter of those gentlemen who were with you to-night?"

"Lord Findue."

"So I thought. Well, that's the very man who took me, after you had turned me off."

"So! the murder's out! This was the reason, heh, why my lord was so reluctant to have his friend speak with you, and drew back with so much disgust when I declared my intention of joining you!—O, this still water!"

"Yes, but his lordship, in his treatment of me, was always very much of the gentleman. He settled me in this room, furnished it as you see, had me instructed in music, and spent, every day, two or three hours in improving my mind by his conversation, or by reading from the best English authors. But, alas, his lordship was too much given to sentiment;—and so—heigho! I plotted against him with my music-master."

Though I would much rather have frowned at a levity that marked her so abandoned, yet the tone of affected seriousness in which she sighed forth the last sentence was so well assumed, that I laughed in spite of myself.

"And so his lordship had nothing more to do with you?"

"And so his lordship had nothing more to do with me. Well, as I am not over economical, the sum which his generosity left with me was soon expended, and no other resource remained against present want, but to sell my furniture or go upon the town; so I chose the more agreeable alternative."

Bad as I was, dear Reader, this disgusting acknowledgment made me shudder; for the thought struck me that it was I who had brought the unhappy girl to such a state of depravity. However, I suffered her to proceed.

"But I'm in hopes I shall soon be better provided for, as I have gained, within two days, an admirer who is very pressing to be permitted to bear my expenses. The gentleman, however, is somewhat close, and will not agree to the settlement I demand; though I think I know how to get the better of his scruples. The best of the story is—that this warm lover is upwards of fifty years old, the father of nine children, and a regular communicant in the church."

This was too disgusting. I could have borne to hear of even greater dissoluteness from a man, and should have laughed at the story of the pious elder; but, in a woman! the boast of depravity is as loathsome as a sore.

"My God! Alice Smith, I cannot bear to hear you glory in such wickedness. Stop, for heaven's sake!"

The girl laughed in my face. "O, pious Mr. Levis! what another tale you sang some eight months since!—You should have thought of this before, sir."

She was right. But before and after the deed are so very different!

"I know it, Alice; and had I once thought the consequences would be so dreadful, I would certainly never have acted as I did."

"And I suppose you would not commit the same crime again?"

The question was puzzling; but I answered as I felt at the moment:—"No."

"No?" she repeated in a voice deliciously soft, and with a look of the most seducing fondness: "Are you so sure?"—and the Circe flung her arms about me, and buried her burning lips in mine. Damnation! my new-born virtue was already trembling its last. I unloosed her arms, and sprang from the pollution.

"Hear me, Alice!"—I cried,—“Are you so wedded to

evil that you would not repudiate it if you could? Would you not, if you could be restored to your former place in society, abandon a course of life which must sooner or later bring you to the lowest, the most loathsome wretchedness it is possible for humanity to suffer?" She hung her head in silence. I took her hand. "Alice—speak but the word, and so may Heaven help me! I will put you beyond the reach of evil, so far as money may effect it.—Here, take this note" (one for £100,); "it will relieve your present necessities. In ——"

At this moment the heavy footsteps of a man sounded from the yard.

"Run, for mercy's sake!" cried Alice,— "It's that old Turk. I wouldn't have him see you for worlds!"

"Where shall I hide?"

"Here—go in here—I'll soon send him off." And unlocking a door which opened into her room, she thrust me into a dark apartment. Then shutting the door after me, she turned the key.

There was a strange smell, as of new furniture, in the place in which I stood. I groped about, and laid my hand upon what I judged to be an empty box, resting against a shelf, with its open side facing the wall. This I judged would be the most secure hiding-place, in case the old fellow should have the curiosity to look into the room—and elderly gentlemen are apt to be jealous. So I forthwith entered the box. It tottered at first, as though about to fall; but my weight made it stand upright, and I found it to fit me nicely. Presently I heard some one stagger into Alice's apartment, and a husky voice, as of a man in liquor, exclaim,

"Ah, Ally, my darling! how are you? I'm come to sit with you a little while."

"But I can't have you, Potts"—answered the lady, "I expect my husband home every minute."

"Husband!" spluttered Potts. "You still stick to it you are married, heh? Well, that's right! nothing like a

good character, damme !”

“But you must go this instant, I tell you.”

“I wont, Ally, till you play me a tune on your pianner there.”

“O, do go, this once ! You wouldn’t ruin me, would you, Potts, when you know I love you so ? Do go ! wont you ?”

“No, I wont !”—and a heavy sound announced that Mr. Potts had settled himself in a chair.

“O, what shall I do ?” whimpered Alice,—“You hard-hearted man ! you don’t love me at all !”

“You lie, you devil ! you know you do. I like you as much as any woman ought to be liked. Now don’t wring your hands so, I’ll go, if I must—that is, if you’ll kiss me, you baggage.”

“O, I can’t.”

“Then damme if I’ll go !”

“Well then, will you leave me instantly if I kiss you ?”

“Yes.”

“You promise ?”

“Don’t I say yes ?”

“There then. Now go.”

The smack was given, and Potts scraped himself up from his chair.

“To-morrow night I’ll come again, Ally. And there, you trollop—there’s a guinea for you, to buy horns for your husband—husb—hiccup !”—and the brute staggered out of the room ; and all was quiet again.

In a few minutes, Alice entered *my* apartment with a light.

“Where are you, Mr. Levis ?”

“Here I am ; bring the light this way, Alice ; I want to see in what sort of box I have got—for it strikes me as being of rather an odd construction.”

The girl came round to my hiding-place. The moment she saw me, she burst into a fit of laughter. And well she might ; for I was standing bolt upright in a coffin.

“Why the devil, Alice !” I exclaimed, as I sprang out with great expedition, “Do you deal with the dead as well as the living.”

"No; I am not so fortunate. This store, which you see is full of these articles of furniture, belongs to an undertaker, who lets me my apartment, and occupies the rooms above with his wife. As there is nothing here that any one is likely to steal, and all the risk is on my side of the wall, the gentleman-usher-to-the-dead thinks it sufficient to intrust the opening between the rooms to my care—and, you may believe me, I have found my convenience in the arrangement."

"No doubt.—And is that vile beast, that just left you, the chaste old gentleman you were speaking of?"

"O Lord, no!"

"You are then the toy of the loose hours of such wretches? obliged to submit to all their rank desires, and feign pleasure in their maudlin fondness when in your heart you loath it? Surely, a woman of your good sense will catch at any chance of raising herself from such a sink of iniquity?—I am ready, Alice, to settle upon you an annuity that shall support you comfortably. Let me hear, in a couple of days, that you have removed to some place where you are unknown, and where, by a correct course of conduct, it will be easy for you to gain respectability, and I will call on you to ——"

It is not wonderful that Alice—who could not know, that I felt it my duty to restore her to the honest station from which I imagined I alone had degraded the poor creature—should be suspicious of the motives of this apparent generosity. She interrupted me, and concluded the sentence herself:—

——"to test the strength of my new virtue."

The latter part of our dialogue had passed, while the lady was reconducting me through the dark alley. Now, when we were about to separate, this nice insinuation reminded me of a doubt that had presented itself while I was stationed in the coffin listening to the delicate cooing of Mr. Potts.

"Alice—will you answer me, honestly, one question? Tell me, am I really the sole cause of your fall from virtue? or, have I acted merely to hasten your descent?"

"Ridiculous! What difference can it make now!" And this answer was from the same gentlewoman that had been so indecently candid in her confessions a few minutes ago! Let the reader consult the Thirty-fourth Chapter of this Book.

"Well—good night, Alice. Think of what I've said to you. In two days I will see you again?"

"Good night." And the alley-gate was closed.

CHAPTER XL.

Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.

* * *

There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

Art of Preserving Health.

THOUGH it did not diminish my criminality in the least, there was some consolation in reflecting that I was not the sole cause of Alice Smith's ruin, and that probably it had been the same with the poor girl had I never known her: I, therefore, retraced my way homeward with somewhat lighter feelings than I had experienced when following Alice to her abode. "O, that vile abode!" I muttered to myself, as I entered a miserable lane; "An undertaker—one who provides for the last necessities of nature, and who may fairly be said to *stand upon* the grave—to let an apartment to a harlot! making his own dwelling a convenience for lewdness! Familiarity, indeed, must breed contempt, when even the most sacred

things by too frequent handling become deprived of the character that makes them revered."

Just then a little child passed me, crying as if his heart would break. I have all my uncle Timothy's fondness for children. I stopped the boy.

"What is the matter, my little fellow? What are you doing in the streets so late at night—and alone too? Are you lost?"

"No, I a'n't lost," sobbed the child; "let me go! let me go!"

"Where do you want to go?"

"O, don't stop me! don't stop me! father's a-dying, and the doctor wont come to him because he's no more money to give him—I must go for another one—do let me go!"

"Show me where you live, my son; I will see your father."

"Will you, sir? Are you a doctor?—O, mother will be so glad!"—And the delighted child, with the endearing familiarity of his age, as well as influenced by the feelings of the moment, took my hand to lead me to his home. Finding, however, that my walk, fast as it was, did not keep pace with his anxiety, he started off to run before me, then turned back upon his steps to hasten my progress. So I was obliged to suit myself to his impatience, and run with him.

We came to a low, and most miserable habitation—as well as I could distinguish it; for the street was so scantily furnished with lamps, that, on such a night as this, it was almost impossible to see one's way. The little boy knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman of very decent appearance;—for, as the door led directly into the single apartment, where the whole family was collected, a farthing-rushlight, which burned upon a table, threw a feeble gleam that sufficed to show the person of the female.

"The doctor's come, mother! the doctor's come!"

"God bless him!" replied the woman, in a tone that showed she meant what she said; and I was admitted.

You, who, lolling at your ease, find time to read these memoirs, and when wearied lay them down—to yawn, and stretch, and then resume them; you, whose gentle heart is wont to melt at a scene of misery—described, will honour with a tear, perhaps, the remaining pages of this chapter; but the tear will dry, the chapter will be ended, and you will forget it;—for, dear, indulgent Reader, you cannot see, as I saw it, the scene I am about to picture; were it coloured to the life, the colours themselves would soften to your eye the very harshness they were meant to represent,—no touches, however forcible, can give the palpable wretchedness* of the reality. To hear poverty described—is one thing; to see it as it is—another;—but to feel it!——

I found myself in a room, whose dimensions were about eight feet by five, with a ceiling so low, that, had I my hat on, I should have touched it. The floor was bare, and the walls, by their frequent yellow stains, showed that the damp was no stranger to them. On one side of the room stood a bed, of which the frame part seemed to have been bought in better times, but the thin mattress was scantily covered with an old camlet cloak eked out by a strip of carpet; while on the other side, in a recess formed by the projection of the chimney and the wall next the street, lay a heap of straw, on which were spread a narrow piece of worn and faded baize, the skirt of an old black stuff gown, and a bit of tarred sail-cloth. In this miserable substitute for a bed, lay two pale, but beautiful children. They were sleeping; and the arm of one, white and pure as new-fallen snow, rested on the naked shoulder of his brother, whose cherub lips, half-open, seemed to smile delight at this token of affection.—Hap-

* Were I about to describe poverty such as it ordinarily appears, *squalidness* would be the word.

py childhood, that can sleep, unconscious of the cares that weigh on older eyelids yet will not let them close!—In the bed, on the opposite side of the room, lay the sick man. In the other recess formed by the chimney stood a cupboard, and the space between the cupboard and the head of the bed was occupied by a sea-chest. The unpainted deal table, on which the rushlight was burning, stood near the hearth, whereon lay a few dead coals, which, from their soft glossiness and unbroken forms, were evidently the relics of such bits of pine board and shingles as the poor are wont to gather from the rubbish of new buildings; while, beside the coals, stood a small empty iron pot, of which one of the legs was missing, the handle also gone, and a large piece broken from the lip.—Yet, in the midst of this want of every thing that was comfortable, there shone a cleanliness, that told for the occupants of the hovel they had once been accustomed to better circumstances. If the furniture of the bed, was miserable, yet it was wholesome; the strip of carpet looked bright, the bit of baize seemed newly washed, and the tar in the sailcloth was spotted on a clear ground. And then, the skin of the children, I have said, was pure as new-fallen snow. The floor, too, of the room was without a stain, the solitary table was scrubbed to a most seemly whiteness, the very ashes were carefully swept to the back of the hearth, and the little black pot looked as though a cambric handkerchief might be rubbed upon it and contract no soil. Moreover (—I have omitted to mention it in its proper place—) a quarto bible lay open on the table.

The reader will understand that all these circumstances, though they have occupied some minutes in reading, were taken in at a glance.

The woman handed me a chair. It had but two sticks of the back remaining; yet was it, with the exception of the sea-chest and a candlebox near the children's bed, the only seat the room afforded.

"I am not a physician, madam," were my first words. Their effect was as I might have expected. The poor woman started back, and clasped her hands, and her pallid features became of a still more hueless cast, as she faintly exclaimed,

"Not a physician?"

"No; but I can be of more service to you than if I were—and if your husband require medical aid, he shall have the best that can be procured."

The wretched are ever ready to welcome hope. The countenance of the woman brightened on the instant, and she bent forward with eagerness, as I continued.

"Sit down now, and confide to me plainly all your circumstances—the distresses under which you labour,—and perhaps you will have no reason to regret the mistake which has introduced me here."

She did as I desired her (—the best way to express her thanks). Seating herself upon the box, at a little distance from me, "My husband," she said, "was, for many years, the master of a vessel trading with the West Indies. Being much liked by all the merchants who employed him, he was able to support his little family very respectably; but, about eight months ago, his health became so bad he was obliged to give up his business entirely; and ever since he has been stretched upon the bed in a most helpless state. I, at first, was able to make up in some degree for his inability to help us, by taking in needlework; but my poor James became so poorly, that all the little money I could scrape together was consumed upon the doctors, and, then, we were obliged to sell our furniture by little and little, and remove to this miserable place. James then daily grew worse; my own strength became much less than it was, and I couldn't devote so much time to my work. A week ago, I sold the last decent article we had, to buy bread; but, although the doctor saw how sore I was pressed to keep my husband and our three little boys from starving, he was so

feeling as to refuse any further help unless I paid him as usual. This very night, I thought James was dying, and I sent to him, beseeching him to come, if only for a minute ; but he pushed poor Dick from his door, and bade him tell me *his time was too precious to give for nothing*. Not knowing what to do, I sent the child for the apothecary, that lives at a little distance ; and he was on his way, sir, when you met him, and so generously came to our assistance."

This little narration, though homely in its language, was told with a conciseness very unusual with persons in her station of life ; and when she had finished, she looked at my face with an expression of confidence, which, flattering to every age, certainly lost none of its power for being directed to so young a man.

"Now, ma'm, will you let me see your husband?"

She took the light, and approached the bed where the sick man lay. "He fell asleep," she said, "when my little boy went for the apothecary. I'm in hopes it will do him good." The invalid lay, indeed, lapped in a tranquil sleep ; for, as every one, when he enters a sick room, naturally assumes a cautious step, and sinks his voice to a tone scarcely audible, my presence had not in the least disturbed him. He was a man between thirty and forty years of age, apparently. His sallow, meagre face showed the marks of a slowly wasting disease and physicians' counsels ; but there was nothing in his appearance that indicated either present danger, or that a struggle for life had been lately undergone. The woman, evidently, had been frightened without cause.

As I looked upon the hollow eyes and sunk jaws of the invalid, and the miserable hand which extended its skinny joints without the cloak that covered him, it struck me that want of proper nourishment might have served, as much as disease, to reduce him to this state.

"What does he eat?" I asked the woman, as we turned from the bed.

"Alas, sir!" she answered, "I cannot give James what he wants. This morning he ate a bit of dry bread ——"

"My God! —— Have you a basket?"

"No sir," she answered, with some surprise at the question.

"No matter. Here, my little fellow, take this guinea, go—but no, it will not do to trust you alone—come with me." And I hurried little Dick from the hovel.—His mother, who now comprehended me, could not speak; for her heart was full.

Luckily, at a little distance, I found a grocery which was not yet closed. There I bought a loaf of bread, some oatmeal, sugar, and a basket in which to carry them. I then went to a tavern, and added to these articles a couple of bottles of the best wine.

The moment we re-entered the house, my little companion, who had not opened his lips the whole way (—indeed, I gave him no opportunity—), cried out "Mother, mother! he's brought us bread! he's brought us bread!—Charley!—Georgy! see here!"

The mother endeavoured to stop him; but it was now too late. Both the brothers leaped from their straw, and the father, startled from his sleep, opened his languid eyes upon the scene.

"O, mother, mother! mayn't we have a bit of that nice bread?" cried the famished children—the first object that fixed their eyes being, of course, that which they most coveted; but the next moment, seeing a stranger, they hurried under their wretched covering.

"Sarah," faintly uttered the invalid, "how is this?"

"O, I can scarcely tell you, James!" answered his wife, moistening his shrivelled hands with her tears,—“We owe it all to this gentleman—we owe it all to him!”

The poor man raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed earnestly in my face. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed,—"So young too!"

as too much for me to bear. I took him by the
"You owe me nothing," I said,—“nothing at
; if you would indeed be grateful” (—perceiving
about to speak—), “only do as I wish you,”—
asking for a cup, I poured out some of the wine,
listening with it a bit of bread, I put the morsel to
his lips.

“this is too much!” he cried, averting his face,—
“much!—Sarah, take it from him—do; I can eat it
better from your hands.”

“O, little Dick, mistaking the meaning of his father’s
hastily interposed. “O, father, father—do take
him! This is a good doctor I’m sure, if there
as one!”

“Sweet boy!” I exclaimed—turning the child from
me (—for I felt how difficult it must be for the poor
to eat, while I observed him, the bread I gave);
I kissed the lids of his beautiful eyes as he bashfully
closed them. I then gave him, and each of his bro-
thers, some portion of the loaf. To see the eagerness
with which the poor children devoured their simple
—It filled me with a delight more real than I had
known before.—Little Dick ate his share standing
beside; and, at each mouthful, the charming boy
grew still nearer to me, and looked up in my face with
an expression of so much thankfulness! I felt as though
I hug him for ever; while the two younger chil-
dren could bite a piece from theirs, as they lay hidden in
the coverlet, stretch their little heads above the coverlet,
and gaze with that gaze—half bold, half timid—
which is so delightful in childhood, and again conceal
their faces till they had again filled their little mouths.
Then I sprinkled some of the sugar upon their bread.
The sweet innocents could scarcely express their won-
der. “O, mother, mother! only look here!”; and little
Dick cried out, in his joy, “Mother, see what I’ve got!

—just what I used to have before father was sick!" I was forced to turn aside to conceal my tears.

— And all this happiness has been purchased for little more than a guinea! How many have I squandered to buy me torture, both of mind and body!— I tore off the back of a letter which I had in my pocket, and seating myself at the table, took my pencil and wrote the following lines to my uncle Timothy:—

"One, who, though at present a stranger to Doctor Levis, is not ignorant of his real benevolence; ventures to appeal to that virtue in behalf of a most wretched, though most worthy family.

"It is to Doctor Levis, *as a physician*, that this note is addressed. The bearer will further explain its meaning."

I handed the slip of paper to the woman, who had just finished feeding the invalid. "Take this to ——" (and I told her the address). "If there is any physician that can restore your husband to health, it is he.—I would go for him myself; but I am, unhappily, at variance with him, and my application would not be listened to."

"God knows I wish to thank you, sir," said the woman; "but—I can't!"—and she burst into tears.

"I am already more than thanked." I spoke from the heart. — "But stay! you must not go at this late hour" (and my caution was not idle; for the woman was still young, and her emaciated features showed the remains of beauty,)—it will be only needlessly exposing yourself; for I am confident your husband is in no immediate danger."

"O, I must go!—there is no risk—no one would harm such a poor being as me."

"Sarah, you must not—you shall not go!" cried the sick man, exerting his feeble voice. His wife threw on her hood, and rushed from the house as though she feared to be prevented.

"God make me worthy of such goodness!" exclaimed the husband, and fainted from weakness.

oured some wine into the cup, which stood constantly upon the chest, and bathed his face and temples, standing in such a position as to prevent the men's seeing the situation of their parent. With difficulty he was recovered. He attempted to . "Hush!" I said, gently placing my hand upon his mouth, "I know all you would say. Be silent, now, for my sake. A day may come when I shall need a like service to that I now render you, and you may have it in my power to make me an ample return."—I little knew how early I was prophesying then.

"God forbid that you should ever need it!" said the sick man; "God *will* forbid it; he cannot suffer one who is kind to me to need such help from others—one too young." Poor man! he did not know that this was one bright spot in a life where all the rest was darkness, or without polish.

"Well, do one thing to oblige me at present:—let me have you without thanks." And, leaving him, I went to the hearth, broke the candle-box into small pieces, made small sticks of kindle them, and placed upon them the iron pot, which I put some water that he brought me from the garden. I then set my little assistant, who was delighted in his office, to watch the water, bidding him tell me when it should boil, that I might stir in it some of the oatmeal I had bought. Returning to the sick man, who all the while had entreated me to desist, "You must let me stay," I said, "as your nurse, till your wife returns. This, with the addition of a little of that good wine, and sugar, you will find will do you more service than all the medicines in the world; and I am much deceived if Mr. Levis does not tell you so too."

The man sobbed, oppressed by his emotions. "Shall I now at least take the name of my benefactor?" "My dear sir, that can be of no importance whatever. I satisfy you, that I esteem myself fortunate in being permitted to attend to you, and in procuring you the attentions of a truly honest

physician—one, in whom you may place the most implicit confidence."

"Let me then study your features. *Them* I would never forget."

For the rest of the time, until the return of his wife, I sought to divert the invalid's thoughts from his obligations to me—a subject which, however agreeable to the one who spoke of them, was sufficiently unpleasant to him who was forced to be the listener. I talked to him of his health, flattered him with the hopes of a speedy recovery, and drew many bright pictures of the future, when he should be reinstated in the possession of his former comforts, till I actually produced a very sensible change in his spirits.

In about a quarter of an hour, the woman returned. My uncle Timothy was with her.—The doctor's eyes instantly met mine, and he started back in complete amazement. I had, however, no desire to observe what would be his subsequent behaviour; so, as the children, the moment they saw him, began to cry out "Here's the doctor, father! here's the doctor!—Now, dear father, you'll get well again!" and press around him, I managed to escape in the confusion, first slipping beneath the bible a note for £50—the only money I had left about me, with the exception of a few loose shillings.

That night, I slept—as I never had slept before.—But the next night!—and the next!

CHAPTER XLI.

The deal, the shuffle, and the cut.

SWIFT.

Καὶὸν τὸ πίνειν. ἀπὸ γὰρ οἶνου γίγνεται
Καὶ θυροκοπήσαι, καὶ πατάξαι, καὶ βαλῆν.

ARISTOPH.—*Vespe.*

But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl.

ARMSTRONG.

“O, don’t go yet, George!—don’t go yet, Mr. Feinton; we can have a game at something before we part,—for it’s not little over ten o’clock, and I know my friend Jerry loves play.”

This was said by the Hon. Mr. Bonmot, as Lord Indue was preparing to follow Mr. Feinton, the last of the party which I had invited to meet my two new acquaintances.

What could I say? “Mr. Bonmot is right, gentlemen—cannot think of letting you go so soon. You must turn back, Feinton—O, I insist upon it!—My lord, I will not suffer you to leave us.” It had been the same, were I ever so tired of my company. Such is the advantage of those pests of society—your *affable* gentlemen, who make themselves at home in every house and on every occasion.

The gentlemen suffered themselves to be persuaded, and laid down their hats; and the door was closed.

“Now gentlemen, what will you play? Shall we adjourn to the billiard-room?”

“No!” roared my friend of a day, constituting himself master of ceremonies, “not billiards—we have enough of them every day. Let us be vulgar for once, and play cards. We are just four—Whist for me!”

"Well, my friends, what say you to Mr. Bonmot's proposal?"

"I have no partiality for any particular game; I therefore vote with Mr. Bonmot," said Feinton.

"The choice of my friends is always mine," said Lord Findue.

"Then cards it is. John, bring us cards, and some more wine."

"No wine for me, I beg of you!" cried Bonmot; "I have already drunk more than I ought. I will join you in your cups; but it must be with a cup of something else."

"Well—what shall it be?—Any thing that can be had you know is at your service, Mr. Bonmot."

"A cup of tea, then."

"A cup of tea?" I exclaimed, with a laugh.

"A cup of tea?" echoed Feinton—but in a tone of strong distrust—which, though it struck my ear, I did not however particularly notice at the time. Lord Findue remained cold and silent as usual.

"O yes, a cup of tea," said Bonmot smiling. "Why, Jerry, you seem to think it odd I should prefer tea to wine; but wine, man, makes my head ache, and tea refreshes me. George well knows what violence I did myself in drinking so freely at table, in order to avoid the appearance of singularity: now we are alone, I mean to consult my comfort. Give me nothing but tea, my friends; you shall find I can be as merry as the best of you, though you wine it ever so much. Why, I can match Dr. Johnson himself!"*

tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens."

* The reader remembers the pun, which the learned Doctor perpetrated upon this line of the *Georgics*—

"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat,"
by aid of a parody. —

"Te veniente die, te decedente requiro."

This is, certainly, very grave authority for a classical punster like the Hon. Robt. Bonmot.

"Well said! Your wit has saved you.—Bring in the teapot, John."

The cards, the wine,—the tea was brought.

"We will not cut for partners," said Bonmot, shuffling the cards; "let it be a game of pure skill—party against party. My lord and I will play with you and Feinton or a hundred guineas."

"Done!—for two hundred," I exclaimed; for I had already drunk beyond prudence. Feinton, however, who had been more temperate, appeared reluctant.

"Two hundred?" repeated Bonmot, slowly shuffling the cards with an air of reflection. "'Tis a large stake for the first—However, I don't care: what say you, my lord?"

"It's a matter of indifference to me," answered his lordship.

"Well then— but Mr. Feinton seems dissatisfied?"

"Why," said Feinton, with hesitation,—"I—I think the sum too large."

"The devil, Feinton," I exclaimed,—"don't hesitate about a trifle! Come, indulge yourself for once." I could be thus familiar with him; for, though I have had no occasion to introduce him before, he was the one I liked the most of all my acquaintance—indeed, my intimate friend.

"I am perfectly willing, Levis; but you well know I cannot afford to stake so highly. Let it be a hundred."

"A hundred, then," cried Bonmot. "And now for the deal.—Ah, confound it! there go the cards!" he added, as the whole pack fell from his hand upon the floor. The servant stooped to pick them up. "No matter," said Bonmot, "I have them now—they were not much scattered"—and he raised apparently the same pack, and began to shuffle it.

The deal came to me, and Lord Findue cut.

The game commenced. I drank my wine, and laughed and talked; Bonmot sipped his tea, and laughed, talked,

punned, sang, and roared. Feinton could not keep us silent. Both himself, however, and Lord Findue played as they should,—the former drinking moderately—the latter to an excess that made me wonder; for it had no more effect upon him, than if it had been so much coffee, or any other moderate stimulant.

The first game was mine and Feinton's; the second turned out for our antagonists; and the third again was ours. So the hundred guineas were won.

"Now double the stakes!" I exclaimed.

"Agreed!" cried Bonmot, still laughing.

"Done!" added my partner, forgetting his caution. And his lordship said nothing, but looked as cold as ever.

The second rubber we lost. Feinton became again distrustful, and proposed to reduce the stakes; but I roared, and swore, and forgetting, not merely the deference I owed to the wishes of my guests, but even common decency, exclaimed, "I'll be damned if I play any longer, unless the stakes be doubled!"

"But"—said Feinton anxiously. I would not listen to him.

"It is but two hundred apiece, Feinton; and if we lose, I hope we are friends enough to settle it without difficulty."—And Feinton suffered himself to be persuaded, or rather, out-talked.

"Four hundred guineas, then!" roared Bonmot.

"Four hundred," quietly repeated Lord Findue, with a cold smile—the first of any kind I had yet seen upon his lordship's lips.

"Four hundred!" I added, echoing Bonmot; and filled myself another glass—though my brain was already reeling.

Feinton said nothing; and the third rubber commenced. We lost it.

"Levis," said my partner, in a voice affectedly calm, "I'll thank you for the wine." I was about to push it to him; but he extended his arm, while my hand was yet

upon the bottle, and took it from me, pressing my fingers in a manner that declared, at once, his motive in asking for the wine was but to attract my attention. I looked at him. He glanced his eye quickly upon Bonmot, and then upon the cards—which the Honourable gentleman was shuffling, with his head bent over them, so that he did not observe us. I understood the glance, and my hot temper, already kindled by excessive drinking, burst at once into flame.

Without stopping to reflect that Feinton's hint might be but a mere suspicion, I sprang from the table almost out of my senses, and threw my chair with violence to the opposite side of the room.

"Why, what's the matter, Jerry?" asked Bonmot, with some surprise; for the action was so sudden that the whole party around the table started simultaneously from their chairs.

"*The matter, Jerry?*" I exclaimed with bitterness, mimicking him. Then, raising my voice—"Mr. Bonmot, sir, best knows what the matter is."

"How?" cried the Honourable gentleman, with a laugh—but not a laugh of good-nature;—"you have drunk too much, Mr. Levis."

"Drunk too much!—And you, sir," I added, with particular emphasis, "have—*played too much.*"

"Mr. Levis," said my antagonist, with the sneer of a devil, and in a voice affectedly cool, "—when you have recovered your senses, I will listen to you. Your brain, sir, is too soft at present."

Had he met my rage with rage, I might have gradually cooled, till I was able to listen to reason: but—this sneer! — I reached my arm across the table, and muttering between my gnashed teeth "Scoundrel!", struck him directly in the face. He staggered; but, being a strong man, did not fall.

Feinton and Lord Findue, who had hitherto stood by inactive, now threw themselves between us.

"Unhand me, my lord!" cried Bonmot, in a voice of thunder—at the same time extricating himself from his friend's grasp—"I am perfectly cool." Then, leaning his head toward me, "Mr. Levis," he said, in a low, hollow voice,—“you shall answer this with your life.”

"Not only to you," I roared, "but to your friend there! I'll fight you both—now—this moment! John, bring me my pistols!"—and I attempted to spring forward and again strike my provoker; but Feinton held me tightly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you see how it is with my friend—— Stop, Levis! let me speak—— I pledge you my honour he shall answer you, Mr. Bonmot."

"That I will!" I cried, gnashing my teeth like a madman, and tossing my arms in my vain efforts to escape.

"If you, my lord," continued Feinton, "will retire to the rooms below, I will join you in a few minutes, and settle every thing.—Will that satisfy you, Mr. Bonmot?"

Bonmot bowed in silence, and left the apartment; and his friend, saying he should "wait below to see Mr. Feinton," immediately followed him.

Feinton now persuaded me, but with great difficulty, to go to bed. Then, whispering something to my servant John, and bidding him, aloud, attend his master, he descended to the interview with Lord Findue.

CHAPTER XLII.

By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But, if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Hudibras.

I SLEPT like a beast all that night.

In the morning, I was awakened by a hand that shook me violently, when opening my eyes I saw, by the dim light of the early dawn, my friend Feinton, completely dressed, standing by my bed side.

"Up, Levis," he said; "we have but an hour."

"But an hour?" I yawned,— "For—what?"

"For what? Is it possible you have forgotten last night?"

I rubbed my eyes, and turned over on my side. "Last night?" The recollection shot through me like an arrow. The pang was dreadful; but Feinton had his searching eyes fixed upon my countenance, and Pride drove back the weapon and steeled my breast with firmness.

"I remember, now.—Are all things arranged?" I asked—calmly, but without affecting an indifference which I could not feel, and would not have wished to feel.

"Every thing," he answered, with a look which showed him satisfied of my courage. "But rise now, and dress yourself,—we have not a moment to spare. I'll wait in the next room, till you are ready.—When you are, call me." He left the room.

Merciful God! what a moment was that for me! I was not deficient in animal courage. Young as I was, I

could have prepared to die on the instant, and unshrinking, had it been where men meet sudden death without a chill—in a field of battle. There, where Glory is triumphant on the blood-stained crest, and visions of never-dying fame play round the throbbing temples, and fan with their wings the burning lips—there, I could have smiled at Death, nor sighed to think upon my youth and all my hopes of happy years to come, so blasted in their budding: but, *thus* to perish! thus—in a private duel—with the consciousness that not even one sigh of regret would be heaved by the few that knew me, or worse—that they would pity him who had fallen in a *drunken quarrel*! it was horrible.—Or, should it be my fortune to escape by the death of my antagonist—him whom I had forced to this extremity, perhaps without cause!—Either way to think was maddening. A cold sweat broke out upon me. Something then whispered, *Pray to God*: but how could I pray, when I was meditating the crime of murder?—and to make my peace with my Maker, by avoiding the commission of that crime—it was now too late. Pride forbade it,—She, who seldom parted from me, pointed with finger terribly precise to the shrugged shoulders and sneers of my acquaintance, the contempt that would every where greet my presence; and she whispered in my ear, *Coward!*

The struggle was over. I wiped my brow, and looked from the window. The dawn was now fully broke. With a quick, but careful hand, I dressed myself. Then, stepping proudly across the apartment, I called to Feinton, in a firm voice, "Come in."

He entered; and, immediately after, a servant came with coffee and a slice or two of dry toast.

"I thought it right to order this," said Feinton, when the man had left the room; "for it's no trifling matter to fight upon an empty stomach."

I disliked his levity. However, it might have been assumed from the most amiable motives.

"Thank you," I said in reply. "Wont you breakfast with me?"

"I'm obliged to you; but, to save time, I breakfasted while you were dressing. While you take your coffee, then, I will run over the arrangements I have made with Mr. Bonnet's second. We had some difficulty in agreeing. You are the challenged party, and as such I claimed for you the right to have the first fire; but, as the provocations are almost wholly on your side, and some of them, you will allow, of the grossest kind, his lordship objected to allowing you that advantage. After much argument, we agreed that the two parties should be put more on an equality by your consenting to wave your right. We are therefore to fire together, facing one another on a given signal."

"I am glad of it from my soul! I could not shoot at a fellow-being as I would at a target."

Feinton smiled at this remark in a manner that did not escape me. It was, however, the only way he noticed it; and he proceeded to mention the other arrangements he had made.—I will not trouble the reader by detailing them. Suffice it, that every arrangement was so ordered, that, in case I should be the survivor, I might make my escape to France without difficulty.

I was moved by Feinton's kindness; for the appearance of a favour was always sufficient to excite my gratitude,—never stopped to analyze it. The reader, who remembers my desertion from my parents and my uncle, and my return of Mr. Townsend's hospitality, will smile, perhaps, at this assertion: but the inconsistency is easily explained. Where favours are shown us habitually, we cease to regard them as such—we look upon them as our right. Hence, parents are fools, when they reproach their children that they never show themselves grateful except where the kindness conferred is rare or unexpected. This explains my behaviour to my relations—the two first cases. In the last case, I have but to say, that those who are very

susceptible to impressions, and especially the young, are with great justice compared to wax, on which if it is easy to stamp any image we please, it is as easy to efface it and supply its place by another, and that I, who have ever been more or less the creature of impulse, was peculiarly so at an age when neither reason, nor education, nor experience was sufficiently strong to hold the reins of my feelings.

"And now, my friend," said Feinton, rising, and affectionately taking my hand, "is there any thing you would have me do for you, in case this affair terminate—otherwise than I hope it will?"

I did not dare to think, lest my emotions should make me tremble; for I dreaded to be laughed at for feelings that would have done me honour.—Of this dishonest shame sorry am I to say I stand not alone guilty in the world.

"No, not any," I answered quickly, pressing his hand with warmth.—"I thank you, dear Feinton."

"Well then, it is time we started.—Your pistols are ready, I presume?"

"I have not thought of them," I answered, opening the case.

"They are superb!" exclaimed my friend, handling the weapons with an air of admiration,—"*magnificent!*—Upon my word, I have never seen the like!"

"They are then yours, Feinton. Keep them for my sake:—and may you never need them!"

"You are too generous to die, Levis!" cried my friend—his eyes sparkling with a delight which was certainly somewhat mistimed.—"But, bless me! one of them is loaded!—the charge must be drawn."

"Here, I will do it, Feinton—there is no need of your troubling yourself." I took the pistol from him, and carefully drew the charge.—Had my hand trembled in the least degree, I would have turned the weapon on my brain.

The carriage was waiting before the door of the hotel. As I took my seat, I felt my heart beat violently.—Silence had been dangerous to me.

“Feinton,” I said, “do you really believe Mr. Bonmot guilty of the villainy I charged him with?”

“Do I really believe?”

“Yes—I mean had you any thing but suspicion to found such a charge upon?—Not that your answer can have any bearing whatever on the affair, as it now stands between Mr. Bonmot and myself,—nor do I desire it should; but it would be a satisfaction to know the truth; ~~for~~ I must say I fear I was too hasty in accusing him.”

“You shall judge.—Without repeating the strong circumstantial evidence with which a moment’s recalling of the conduct of our opponents last night will furnish you, I will mention one direct fact, which you shall acknowledge confirmation enough of my suspicions. When, at the end of the third rubber, just before I asked you for the wine, I rose to conceal my agitation at the loss of a sum which to one in my circumstances is no trifle, I saw, though accidentally, by a single glance, Mr. Bonmot draw the cards from the table and substitute, with admirable adroitness, another pack—no doubt the original one. You were engaged at the time in conversation with Lord Findue, and therefore did not observe the manœuvre.—But this is not all. Afterwards your servant informed me, of his own accord, that when he stooped to pick up the cards which had dropped from Mr. Bonmot’s hands, he observed Mr. Bonmot change the pack for another which he took from his pocket. Are you satisfied?”

“And Lord Findue, I suppose, was concerned in this vile plot?”

“No doubt of it. For my own part, I believe his lordship is the greater scoundrel of the two.”

“Singular, that men of their birth and education should level themselves with common sharpers!”

"Why so? Do you suppose that lords and gentlemen are never born villains. Let me tell you, there is as much bad blood flows in noble veins as taints the systems of the vulgar. Exclusive of their being seldom subjected to the temptations of necessity, the pride of rank deters the higher classes from indulgence in the petty vices which sully the lives of those who are neither so sensitive, nor so liable, to disgrace; but when your gentleman can practise a little roguery in the dark, he seldom minds the fatigue of stooping. Why, Levis, I have known a prince of the blood to be guilty of a meaner act than Bonmot's!"

"My God! can it be possible?"

"Possible?—You are young indeed, not to know yet what a dirty world it is we live in—where the only difference between the nastiness of the vulgar and that of better men is, that the one is covered, while the other reeks to heaven in the open sunshine. Alas, my dear Levis! before you are much older, you will learn to keep a guard upon your pockets even when you mingle with your friends."

Here the conversation dropped for a minute or two; but I soon renewed it, by asking,

"Do you suppose, Feinton, the roughness of Mr. Bonmot's manners is affected?"

"Partly so. He knows it is a good lure to the young and inexperienced, who will never suspect a man of his apparently open heart."

"And Lord Findue's repulsive formality?"

"Also partly affected, by way of shadow to the lights of his associate's character;—and you cannot deny that the chiaro-scuro is perfect of its kind. It may be, however, that the manners of both are purely natural. If so, all I can say is—they are the best matched company for mutual protection I have ever known."

We arrived upon the ground, and, to my mortification, found the opposite party already there.—My antagonist was not the man of yesterday. He was standing erect,

with folded arms, and a stern composure in his manly form and bold features that amounted even to dignity. Feinton whispered, "I had no idea he was so much of the gentleman."

The usual arrangements being made by the seconds, we took our places. At that moment, I felt as if my heart had ceased to beat;—it seemed as though I were deprived of all the powers of sensation, and yet was I conscious of every thing I ought to do, and aware that I did it well.

Back to back we measured from each other five paces—turned;—the word was given—we fired. I took no aim; but, on the instant, my antagonist uttered a yell of agony, sprang upwards from the earth, and fell flat upon his face.

They raised the body, and turned it on its back; but it was utterly lifeless,—the ball had pierced the heart. I stood gazing on it, without the ability to move—the fatal weapon still grasped in my hand. What would I not have given for the power to undo what I had done! Gladly, at the moment, would I have laid down my own life to recall the breath to that poor body. Feinton took my arm. "Come," he said; "we must go." I heard him distinctly; but I did not stir. "Are you mad?" he added, shaking me rather rudely,— "It is done, and cannot be altered now. You must hasten, unless you would get yourself into difficulty."—I looked for the last time at the unfortunate Bonmot. "I will never fight again," I said in a low voice,—and resigning my pistol to Feinton, I followed him to the carriage.

As we rode, my friend made repeated endeavours to excite my spirits; but, finding them all ineffectual, he at length desisted, and I spoke not a word till we had arrived at the first stopping place. Here, as I prepared to enter another carriage, which his care had provided that I might proceed without interruption, Feinton took my hand—

"We part here," he said. "I would willingly accompany you further; but I must now shift for myself. Farewell, my friend."

"Farewell then, Feinton. I shall never forget your kindness to me in this unhappy affair."

"Farewell!" he repeated, warmly returning the pressure of my hand; and he left me. But instantly coming back—"O, Levis," he said with an appearance of some confusion, "I have a favour to ask of you;—my necessities compel me to it.—Can you accommodate me with a thousand pounds till your return?"

"Gladly!"—for I was delighted with the opportunity of making some return for the favours under which I stood indebted to him. I entered the little inn, and drew him an order on my banker.

"Once more—farewell!" he said—his eyes filling from a sensibility that did him honour. "May you soon recover your spirits, and be as happy as—as you deserve to be."

I shook my head despondingly. "Good b'ye, Feinton. I shall hear from you often?"

"That you shall!—Good b'ye."—— I received not so much as a line from him, nor ever saw him afterwards.

Alas, my dear Levis! said the prophet Feinton, before you are much older, you will learn to keep a guard upon your pockets, even when you mingle with your friends.

BOOK THIRD.



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers—
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound—
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime ;
But, when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar,
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

WARTON.

A WINTER's dissipation, and I was sick of Paris—sick to the heart's core ; for, not satisfied with drinking of pleasure till my cloyed palate refused the cup, I forced the draught upon me—seeking relief, from the bodily lassitude and mental depression consequent upon my debauchery, by applying as remedies the very causes of the disorder. Hence my health began to sink rapidly, and I became subject, during the intervals of my rioting, to fits of melancholy, which alarmed me the more that

they were so foreign to my natural character. Often, in these moments, would the image of poor Bonmot come before me, and his dying cry ring fearfully in mine ear; and, then, I would rush into the crowd to smother the sense of the torture. A change of life was necessary to save me from utter ruin; and it came.

In one of those short lived paroxysms of disgust which seize on every one of depraved habits, where the mind is not deficient, or rendered wholly swinish by wallowing in the same mire of sensuality with the body,—in one of these paroxysms of disgust for the vile things with which I had surrounded myself under the false idea of pleasure—I mounted my horse, and, attended only by my French valet, rode out of the metropolis, with the sole motive of fleeing from the sphere of their influence. The atmosphere of Paris was as loathsome to me as if it were tainted by a pestilence, and I fancied, that with the purer air of the country I should inhale a purer spirit.

For three hours, and more, I rode without intermission, only varying the gait of my horse according to the humour of my thoughts,—letting the bridle hang loosely on his neck when they assumed that pensive shade which is so far from unpleasant, and when they sank into the darkness of night spurring him to his utmost, with a suddenness that called from my servant many a half-smothered “mon dieu!”—for Le Gant could accommodate himself to all my humours, with a flexibility of character which I have never found in any but French servants, and though the fellow loved chatting as well as his meat and drink, he knew well when it was necessary to observe a fast.—Every one, who has visited Paris, must have remarked the difference between its environs and those of our own metropolis. If you go out of London, you may travel for some miles, and still find yourself amid the press and bustle of men;—the frequent habitations, the constant throng of carriages, and passengers of every description, coming and going, announce the neighbourhood of a

mighty city : but, beyond the precincts of the French capital, almost the first step places you within the solitude of the country. I stopped to admire a cottage, situated in a romantic little dell, a few yards from the road. There was something singular in its appearance, as seen in France. It was evidently not a gentleman's villa, nor yet the ordinary cottage of a French peasant. It resembled strongly the dwelling of a substantial, or I may say wealthy, English farmer ;—and in these few words I have presented the reader with a picture sufficiently forcible for a work which aims to describe little else than men and manners.

A scene so striking to an Englishman in France could not fail of arresting my attention. At any other time, perhaps, I might have stopped, gazed awhile, felt happy, and passed on ; but now, I did more,—I thought. I drew for myself a picture of the happiness which I supposed must be enjoyed in such a place, and contrasted with it the foolish vices of my own life, which never failed to bring satiety and consequent discomfort, and I said to myself—“ Here then might I be indeed happy ! Here, where no temptation can assail from without, and all is peace and moderation within,—here might I learn to lead a new life, and abjuring my past sinful indulgences, as unworthy of my manhood and ripening judgment, sit down to acquire, amidst the calm enjoyments of seclusion, that contempt for grosser pleasure which would enable me to pass through the world both happy and respected.” With me to think was to resolve, and the performance of an act was almost the same thing with the resolution. Therefore, filled with these silly, romantic notions, and without stopping to reflect that I might seriously offend by the proposal I was about to make, I rode up to the house, with the intention of offering myself to the family as a boarder, on any terms, however exorbitant, which they themselves might propose.

My servant was assisting me to dismount, when a man came running from the house, crying in a voice of joy, "It is *Monsieur* ! it is *Monsieur* !" I did not recognise him when he first approached me.

"Ah, Mr. Levis,—my benefactor !—You have forgotten me I see ! Ah, *mon Dieu* ! I have not forgotten you."*

"A thousand pardons—I did not indeed recognise you, Mr. Le Bonhomme."

"No, you have not the same reason to remember me that I have to remember you, *monsieur*.—But, you are come expressly to see me ? is it not so ?"

"I have just dismounted for that purpose, as you see."

"Ah, that's true ; how rejoiced I am !—But come, you shall see our wife and daughter. O, *monsieur*, they will be so delighted to know you !"—and the honest man conducted—or rather, dragged me into the house.

"Madelene—Nannette—this is Mr. Levis, the young gentleman who saved my life, and afterwards treated me with so much kindness. *Monsieur* has done us the honour to visit our cottage."

The wife thanked me, not merely with the vivacity of a Frenchwoman—her warmth was of the heart,—and the language of the heart is much the same all over the world. Nannette, without a word, turned her full dark eye upon me, and extended her little hand as though she meant to place it in mine ; but she only gave it to the old man, while the blush that dyed her cheeks spoke her shame at having suffered nature for a moment to step be-

* The reader will comprehend the necessity of thus corrupting the vernacular. There are two other ways of preserving the character of the dialogue—either by giving it wholly in French, and then it is not English—or wholly in English, and then it is not French. He will therefore reconcile himself to the expectation of finding a few of the untranslatableables scattered through this Third Book.

re propriety. "He is very young, my father!"*—and I had only saved a fellow-creature—an old man—from being run over in one of the streets of Paris, and shown him some trifling attentions until he was perfectly covered from the fright,—no more than I should perhaps have done for a lame dog, that was in similar peril! Curious as is the tract of human nature, it is dotted here and there with a few grateful hearts;—and, while there is such a spot for the strained eye to rest upon and be refreshed, I shall never fear to sicken of the waste.

Yet may there be, among my readers, some who will smile at Nannette's gratitude. *He is very young, my father!* "There," they will say, "behold it all explained! Had Mr. Jeremy Levis been fifty-two instead of twenty-two, Mademoiselle Nannette's sense of obligation would have been less deeply felt, and compliments had found their way to her lips with sufficient ease." Very probable. But what then? Shall we withhold our admiration from the rainbow, because we have learned to regard its beauty no longer as supernatural?—*He is very young, my father!* Poor Nannette! the roses have long since withered on thy grave; for they that planted them, and kept them from the weed and the worm, have all allowed thee; but while life remains to me, thy beautiful words, and the music of the voice that uttered them, will often steal upon my memory—one of those few remembrances that better our condition, like the delicious night-breezes which impart coolness and vigour to the languid frame at the close of a sultry day in summer.

"No, no, *monsieur*," said the old man, as I rose to take leave, "we have got you now, and you shall not quit us so easily. No, no, you are very good, *mon*...

* Though the *my father* of the English and the *mon père* of the French are so very different—the one being of familiar use, and the other always carrying with it a certain tone of solemnity,—I could not resist the inclination to give the words as above, as admirably conveying the softness of sound which made the simple remark so beautiful from the lips of Nannette.

but you must not cheat us out of the exercise of our hospitality." Madame Le Bonhomme added her entreaties to those of her husband.

"Well, my friends," I said, "it rests with yourselves entirely whether I remain or not;—I have a proposition to make. When I alighted from my horse, it was not because I knew this house as yours, *monsieur*; but I was pleased with its appearance, and had determined to make it my home, provided the family would receive me as a boarder. Now, if you will take me as such—very good; I shall esteem it, sir, the greatest favour which you and Madame can possibly do me."

"Favour!—and we? we should be but too happy, *monsieur*; *mais, mon Dieu!* not on such conditions."

"O, no—God forbid!" added madame.

"But——"

The old man drew himself up. "I am sorry, Mr. Levis should think it necessary to balance, himself, the benefit he has conferred on me. I am aware I can make no adequate return for it; but, *Monsieur*, I am not so proud as to feel uneasy under an obligation."

I saw he was really offended, and I hastened to make amends.

"Be assured, sir, I would never have made the proposal, had I conceived the possibility of its proving in the least degree offensive. But, *Monsieur*, we are but strangers, and to voluntarily put one's self upon a stranger's hospitality, seems to me an intrusion of no very delicate kind."

"When an act of such generosity passes between two individuals, as you displayed towards me, Mr. Levis," said the old man, bowing very low, with his hand upon his breast, "Time has the decency to withdraw, and the work of years is done in an instant."

Of course, to this bon-mot I had nothing to oppose. So the matter was settled, and I retired to make some arrangements with my servant.

Le Gant heard my intentions with the utmost amazement. "How, *monsieur*!" he exclaimed, with a look of horror, such as he might have assumed had I told him I meant to cut my throat,—"*Monsieur* is not serious?"

"Indeed I am, Le Gant."

"My God! will *Monsieur* immure himself in this place here?"

"Undoubtedly."

"*Mais*—immure one's self?—How droll!"

"And why so, Le Gant?"

"Because, *monsieur*, I have heard that the devil turns hermit when he's old; but I never heard of any one's becoming so—whether devil or man—while there was a single black hair on his head."

"And so, you have no taste for the sweets of the country, Le Gant?"

"Yes, *monsieur*; but I love the sweets of the city much better."

"And do you never tire of them?"

"*Eh!*—*mais*——, No, *monsieur*—I change too soon for that. I take them all in turn; as soon as one begins to lose its flavour, I throw it aside and taste another; so I am never cloyed. And—with *Monsieur's* permission—if *Monsieur* would adopt the same plan, he would never lose his appetite, and be obliged to come to this horrid place to diet upon herbs. But," added the fellow, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a very peculiar smile,—"*Monsieur* knows best!—and we must allow that certain sweets are much fresher in the country."

"What do you mean?"

"O!—*mais!*—*Monsieur* has taste—*c'est un homme à bonnes fortunes*; *Mademoiselle* is certainly a charming girl—*faite à peindre*."

"Silence, scoundrel!"

"Well! just as *Monsieur* pleases!—But"—(lowering his voice)—"if *Monsieur* desires, I will manage it all without any trouble to him!"

"Silence, I say—this instant!"

"*Eh! mon Dieu!—mais—diable!—Monsieur must be obeyed—mais*"— And Le Gant—having listened in silence to my directions as to the articles of apparel I should need, and received my orders to return for me in a week—set off to rest himself and horse at the nearest inn, wearing, as he rode, an expression of countenance that our old acquaintance Mr. Snubbs would have considered the perfection of his art.—Had I suddenly become pious, I believe Le Gant would have done nothing but fast and pray from morning to night.

Before closing the chapter, it will be proper to make the reader better acquainted with the family in which I was now temporarily settled.

The good man himself was upwards of sixty years old, and somewhat under the middle size, though rather full in person. His head might have served a painter for the model of an apostle's. The high, benevolent forehead, which Time had left unwrinkled, the quiet blue eye, and the mouth ever placid, save when a smile of amenity curled it for a moment, harmonized well—or, to use a technical word, which those flies that light on every thing to spoil it (I mean the reviewers) have converted into a mere cant phrase, were in excellent *keeping* with his bald crown and its venerable circlet of silver hairs. Nor did the manners of the old man disagree with his appearance; for, except when unusually excited (—as, for instance, when he rushed from the house to meet me—), he was rather grave in deportment—though without austerity.—He was the son of a rich and respectable banker, who, being involved in the failure of another, destroyed himself in a fit of despair, leaving this, his only child, almost destitute of the means of existence. The young man, who was then on his travels, was thus obliged to accept the first employment that offered. After suffering many reverses during the whole summer of his life, the greater part of which period was passed in England, he at length

settled himself in this spot. Here he had now lived for twenty-one years—having earned, by his own unassisted industry, sufficient wealth to enable him to enjoy at his ease all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, and happy in the possession of an amiable wife, and a daughter, who was in her parent's eyes all that a parent's heart could desire.

The wife was at least twenty years younger than her husband. She was a woman of considerable natural talents, though evidently very little improved by education, and was possessed of a more than ordinary share of beauty. There was, however, nothing remarkable in this latter quality. It was of the usual character to be found in her countrywomen—set off by that peculiar vivacity which never leaves a Frenchwoman, however old, till the day of her death, and which I have noticed flourishes never with greater luxuriance, than at that period of life, when an Englishwoman generally settles down in an armed-chair by the fire-side, the fat, dozing, good-natured grand-mama.

Nannette struck me as uncommonly handsome—uncommonly, even in a country where I never saw a female that I thought decidedly ugly,—except, perhaps, it was an old or a blind one. A figure short, but formed in the finest mould, and possessing, to an exquisite degree, that flexibility which we look for in vain in the stiffly-laced belles of fashionable life,—a head turned with a beauty I never saw equalled—(but in her, of whom it must be my melancholy task to speak in the Fifth Book), and set upon a swan-like neck with a grace, of which I can give the Reader no better description than by referring him to some fine statue he may have seen of female loveliness, or bidding him take the pencil of his imagination, and portray what he would consider the perfection of gracefulness in that part, which gives more effect than any other to the female form,—a forehead moderately high, and even as the polished marble,—eyes whose dark

beauty was ever changeable, at one moment sparkling with gaiety, and the next softened to that melancholy expression which is so fascinating, because it always excites in us a wish to console the party thus apparently distressed in mind (—and pity is a dangerous feeling towards women—),—a nose whose only fault was its being a little too large,—a mouth, though not small, well enough formed for the mere matter of lips, and beautified with a child-like innocence of expression, somewhat singular in a girl of twenty,—and a chin turned in a manner that corresponded well with the rare symmetry of the head and neck—were certainly points which would have been considered admirable in any country. Yet these were not all; for Nannette's understanding was a fine one, and, though it had not received much regular culture, the care of her father had improved it to a state that would have done credit to many women of a higher sphere of life. And then her manners were so attractive—half artless, half coquettish; nature, or what she wished to do, ever seeming to contend with her knowledge of decorum, or what she had been taught to do. And lastly, she loved her parents so truly!—"If this picture be accurate," you will say, "Nannette wanted but little of being a perfect beauty." I cannot answer—I may have exaggerated; but, if so, I am excusable, as you will promptly allow ere you have read much further.

Such were the individuals composing the little family in which I was now an inmate. And, as such, could they be otherwise than happy? They were happy. When I entered their dwelling, it was the house of gladness; but with me, though innocent, came the accursed blight, and I left it—the abode of wretchedness so pitiable!—better had it been desolate, the rank grass choking up its doorway, and the owls hooting in its chambers!

CHAPTER II.

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offering; and wither'd Murder
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Macbeth.

THE last day of the week I was to spend with my kind entertainers was drawing to its close, when a stranger of some importance arrived at the cottage. He was unaccompanied by friend or servant; but, to judge from the soiled state of the little one-horse carriage in which he came, and the jaded appearance of the animal that dragged it, he had journeyed from some distance; and a large trunk, attached to the vehicle, seemed to announce its owner's intention of making no flying visit.— In answer to my host's salutation and look of inquiry, he extended, with great awkwardness of manner, a sealed letter; which the old man opened, and read aloud, as follows :—

“ Dear friend,—

“ With this you will welcome no less a person
“ than my son Charles. You will find him, I trust, every
“ thing that a parent could wish his son to appear, or
“ that you can desire to meet in the future husband of my
“ little favourite.— I will write none of the thousand
“ things I have to tell you, as I wish not to deprive myself
“ of the pleasure of relating them with my own lips,
“ when we meet two weeks from this day.

“ Wholly yours,

“ dear friend,

“ CHARLES LE GENDRE,”

This letter was dated four days back.

"Ah, my friend! my son!" exclaimed the old man, when he had finished it, rushing into the stranger's arms, and kissing him repeatedly on either cheek,—“how delighted I am to see you!—— But,” he added, with an air of disappointment he could not wholly conceal, as he held the young man from him in order to study his countenance, “you do not resemble your father at all, Charles! However, I recollect now, he wrote me to that effect long ago;—but he said you were the image of your mother—and she had, I think—— but it's of no importance. You must know our good wife; and here, this is our daughter, my little Nannette—kiss her, boy!”

Le Gendre shook hands with the mother, but touched the cheek of his future wife with, as I thought, an indifference that did him little credit, as shown towards a girl of Nannette's beauty.

“And this young gentleman,” continued Mr. Le Bonhomme, “you must learn to esteem and love for my sake, Charles. It is Mr. Levis.”

Charles bowed low, eyeing me with a rapid and suspicious glance. I returned the bow, without paying any regard to the look that accompanied it; for, I thought,—It is very natural that he should feel some jealousy, finding me established here on such good terms with the head of the house.—

The ceremony of introduction thus over, my venerable friend put some questions to Le Gendre, relative to his family, which the latter answered with a singular closeness—as though he were unwilling to use more words than were absolutely necessary,—as for instance:—

“And how did you leave my old friend, your father?” asked the old man; “I have not seen him but twice since the day we agreed together upon the union of his little boy with my Nannette, and that is— let me see— twenty years ago, when you and she were infants in the cradle.

Does he still enjoy the same robust health as formerly ?”

“I thank you, sir, the same.”

“And I suppose he is as devoted as ever to his business ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well ! it will be the better, Charles, without doubt, for you and my Nannette ; but I would rather your good father would give over his exertions, and settle himself at ease with me, as he has promised ; for, thanks to God, I have enough for both of you, my children—and that, with what he may be able to afford, will enable you to live with every comfort. But your father was always industrious, my Charles ?”

“Always, sir.”

“Industry is a great virtue, certainly ; yet even the ant takes repose in winter.—But tell me, Charles, why does your father defer his coming till two weeks later ?—I’m surprised he is not here with you.”

“He would have accompanied me, sir ; but a particular press of business detained him.”

“Yes—and then Mr. Charles was troubled with a very natural impatience to see Miss Nannette,” said the old man with a happy smile,—“eh ? is it not so ?” Mr. Charles thought proper to hang his head, affecting the decency of a blush ; but his face did not colour the breadth of a pimple. “O, but—never be ashamed of the feeling, my son ! I like you the better for it.”

At the supper table, however, Le Gendyre behaved with more ease ; but it was the ease of an awkward man ;—that is to say, it was not the ease of manner which some men have from nature, nor yet that which others acquire by good breeding, but the ease of one who, finding himself in a society superior to that to which he has been accustomed, and knowing that if he suffers his feelings to get the better of him he shall meet with ridicule, puts himself into a worse plight by assuming an indifference he does not labour under—thinking, thus, to outface the difficulty.

The young gentleman naturally addressed the principal part of his conversation to Nannette ; but it was mere fustian, and produced no other impression upon his intended than that of disgust. With the mother, however, it passed current—much to my surprise ; and even the father, though he occasionally manifested certain equivocal symptoms of discontent, seeing in Le Gendre the son of his ancient friend, listened with delight to what, under other circumstances, he would scarcely have tolerated.

Nannette's disgust, indeed, may be attributed to another cause besides the one above mentioned. The appearance of Monsieur Le Gendre was not altogether such as a girl of her temperament would admire.—He was tall, and rather slender,—and well enough shaped, as far as regarded the mere breadth of his shoulders, waist, and hips, in their relative proportions, and the outline of his limbs was sufficiently correct ; but then, the former parts were deficient in the point of thickness, and the latter could not be considered complete as long as the outline needed filling up. Moreover, the machine was so abominably ungraceful in its movements. It was active, to be sure ; but so is a steam-engine.—The man's head was a very good head—for the bow-window of a barber's shop :—The complexion was immaculate—but inanimate ; the forehead was smooth, but not of that kind which betokens intellect,—for the organs of vision certainly stood full as far in advance of the countenance ; the pale blue eyes, overarched with light-coloured brows (so regularly pencilled, that, had they belonged to a lady, the tweezers might have been approached and found useless), projected like those of a crab, but without the lustre of the crab's eyes,—for no eyes of painted glass could be more cold and dead in their expression ; the nose thin, and straight, and most unexceptionable in the angle which it formed with the rest of the face, would have been thought beautiful, if seen across Grosvenor-square, or Lincoln's-Inn-fields,—but, when you approached it, you discovered it was too sharp

emity, and that the nostrils were disproportionate, crescentic in shape, and dilated like those; and the mouth, though small, was a mere slit of flesh, *turned in* (as a semstress would say) and *r*—totally devoid of expression—and almost of colour.—His age I should set down as full twenty years, but for my old friend's intimation the same as Nannette's.

My own opinion of Le Gendre—I took a dislike the moment I saw him. And this dislike was not lessened by his indifference to the charms of beauty. Even now, in my old days, I feel little

for a youth that is insensible to female love. At that time, I thought that to show no delight at beauty was to prove one's self a mere tortoise of a

the poor, living clod, whom woman could not doze away his existence in a like listlessness of inner feeling of our nature, a moral sluggard. As, I would rather have seen the fellow's eyes as Nannette with the beastliness of lust, than rest a beautiful face with so dull and leaden a stare!

For the man justice, there were, however, some touches which did brush the ashes from the coals of his elicit, the heavy teapot, sugardish, spoons, and knives of plate upon the table; and once, when Le Gendre drew from his pocket a magnificent watch studded with diamonds, which his father, in the height of his prosperity, had given him just before he went on his travels, and which the son, with a noble pride, refused to part with, even when struggling for subsistence,—when our host, I say, displayed this to the pupils of Le Gendre's eyes shone with a meteor which every body knows is a glare very brightly transient.

A few little circumstances passed unnoticed by the law elect; and, after supper, Monsieur the innkeeper, so cunning enough to engage him to tell the

history of his own life, which occupied the old man's bed time, and made him so happy, that, when the family parted for the night, he bade God bless Le Gendre, with a fervency that would have brought tears into my eye had the benediction been bestowed on any other object.

The apartment assigned to the new guest was directly opposite to mine. On turning to answer my "Good night," Le Gendre repeated the look of jealous scrutiny with which he had thought proper to honour me on my introduction to my acquaintance. I would have returned the compliment with one of contempt; but the respect owed the family restrained my spirit;—besides it was evident, from Le Gendre's manner, that the look was meant to be covert. — Poor fellow! — I said to myself, I closed my door and commenced the operation of dressing, — he is sadly jealous! —; and my last reflection, as I blew out the light before my looking glass, was —and he has reason to be, poor fellow! —

I lay on my bed—but not to sleep. To-morrow was the day, when, according to my arrangements, I should leave the hospitable family in whose society I had passed a week of real happiness. It was as if I had to leave a land of verdure to pant amid the sands of a desert. To tell the truth, I feared to re-encounter the temptations of the city; for I knew that my present goodness was but a mere fit, which might last a week longer, or two weeks or three—or even a month perhaps, but would certainly have its termination at no distant period, and I felt assured that, by remaining for some length of time isolated, as I now were, from these temptations, and thus forced to be good in despite of myself, habit would furnish me with arms of proof against the insidious attacks of pleasure. This inducement, to the course of virtue I thus proposed to myself, was not merely the internal satisfaction arising from the consciousness of duty performed,—nor the great exemption from bodily ills, and consequent increase of cheerfulness of spirits, attendant upon temperance,—

yet, that all-powerful motive to every decency of life, the respect of men,—but an inducement somewhat more substantial. My affection for Mary Arne had its origin in that happy season when Virtue first made her resting place within my bosom, and its hours of sickness and recovery were all dated with the latter's departures and returns. Hence at the present time it glowed with more than usual vigour; and, as I had often before flattered myself, the possession of Mary occurred to me as the only positive means of effecting a change in my unsteady habits. That it was highly improbable I should ever have this means within my power I did not regard; it sufficed me that it was not impossible:—the very height at which the prize was held increased my eagerness to climb to its possession. — From my own fanciful marriage my thoughts naturally turned to the approaching union of Nannette with Le Gendre; and I found full matter for reflection in the unsuitableness of the match, and the folly of the parent in betrothing his daughter when an infant. — Under these circumstances Sleep found no opportunity of approaching my eyelids.

The clock in the hall struck twice, and found me still wakeful. I was listening with a pleasurable melancholy to the last stroke of the second hour, as its dying sound vibrated through the silent house, when suddenly a faint light glimmered from beneath the door of my apartment, spread itself upon the floor, then, flickering for a moment on the walls, abruptly disappeared, as though the flame which produced it were hastily extinguished. Directly afterwards, my attention being roused by this incident, I heard that peculiar half heavy, half crackling* noise, which is often given by the planks of a staircase; when we attempt to ascend or descend it cautiously on tiptoe, and barefooted. These circumstances were not worth

* The word to express the sound exactly would be *crunching*.

regarding, as they were easily accounted for, by supposing my neighbour was going out on some occasion, and was considerably regulating his steps so as not to disturb the family ; but, as I turned over on my pillow, I heard the same sound at the door of my room, and then a convulsive breathing, as of some person listening at the key-hole with an anxiety that increased the very agitation he sought to suppress. I lay perfectly still. Presently the breathing ceased, and I thought I could distinguish the footsteps taking the same direction as before. A horrid suspicion rushed across my brain—of what I know not,—nor knew I then ; but, though undefined, it was of something horrible, for I well remember the icy shivering that passed through my cheeks at the moment.

I rose, and, throwing my morning-gown around me, opened the door. The passage was utterly dark. I listened attentively ; no sound could be heard save the ticking of the clock in the hall below. I felt my way along the walls to the staircase, when, leaning over the balustrade, I saw a light shining which appeared to come from a remote part of the hall. It was stationary for a moment ; then it seemed as though the candle or lamp were taken up and carried into a room, or around the angle of another passage ; for the bright light, which had partly illuminated the hall, moved rapidly, yet regularly, along the floor and walls, then disappeared, leaving merely a feeble glimmer like that of dawn, so that I could just distinguish the foot of the staircase.

For one moment I hesitated. Then, recollecting the suspicious breathing at the door, I gathered my gown around me, and softly descended the stairs, gently placing, every now and then, the palm of my hand against the wall, to prevent my stumbling. Luckily I reached the bottom without making the least noise.

I now perceived, with alarm, that the light issued from the room occupied by my host and his wife.—With a beating heart I glided rapidly through the entry. I entered

the room. There, by the side of the bed where lay the good old man and his partner, stood the figure of Le Gendre completely dressed as for a journey. His back was towards me ; but the light, from a little dark-lantern on the hearth, showed his left hand on the old man's watch (which hung at the head of the bed), and his right armed with a long poniard, which however he held beside him. I saw this at once, the moment I set my foot within the room ; the very next moment, before I could advance another step, the robber withdrew his hand from the watch, and rapidly elevated the poniard as if to strike. It is probable that this action was merely used to discover if the old people were really asleep ; for the man could not have been fool enough to design an unnecessary murder, which must immediately alarm the house and place his own life in jeopardy. But I had then no time for this cool reflection :—I saw the weapon elevated, and I sprang forward with a loud cry. The villain attempted to turn ; but it was now too late for him—his arms were already encircled in mine.—At the same moment Le Bonhomme and his wife awoke, and the former sprang from the bed.

I found in Le Gendre I had to contend with a much stronger man than I had supposed him. His was one of those deceptive figures, which, to judge from their skeleton appearance, are scarcely able to support their own weight, but, in reality, are all nerve and muscle—and, in the absence of fat, possessed of prodigious activity. His arms, as I held them down, felt like iron. Besides this advantage in strength, the weapon he still held prevented my changing for a better the awkward hold I had upon him ; for, the moment I should relax my grasp, my fate was certain.

The struggle was fearful. Le Gendre spoke not a word ; but he writhed his iron frame in every direction, endeavouring to throw me backward. However, if his strength was far superior to mine, his activity, great as it

was, yielded to that which I possessed, and his efforts were for a few moments idle. At length he entangled one of his feet in my long morning-gown, and I fell backward, drawing him upon top of me. Just then, the old man cried out, "Hold him one moment longer, monsieur, and we are safe!" This cry precipitated my fate. The villain threw all his powers into one violent effort. My strength was already nearly exhausted;—the attempt succeeded. He relieved himself from my arms—turned rapidly round—planted his knee upon my stomach—and, driving the poniard deeply into my left breast, near the shoulder, sprang upward to his feet. But at that instant a pistol was fired, and his brains were mingled with the blood that flowed profusely from my own wound.

I was suffocating. The old man drew the dead body off me, covered decently my limbs, and supporting my head on his knees, staunched the wound with a handkerchief, while his wife, kneeling opposite him, tenderly wiped the mingled gore and matter from my face. By the side of her mother stood Nannette—her features white as the night-robe, which enveloped her beautiful limbs—, with her hands crossed before her, and her tearful eyes fixed upon my countenance with an expression that almost made me slight the pain I suffered. Around, on either side, were the domestics—with horror, anxiety, or curiosity depicted in their various faces, according as they stood affected.—No one spoke. There was a dead silence for some seconds, when the gardener asked if he should not go to Paris for a surgeon.

"O,—this instant! in the name of God!" exclaimed his master. "O monsieur——!" the old man then added; but his looks expressed even more than these simple words, and his tears fell fast upon my cheeks. The wife too wept over me, raising my hand to her lips and kissing it. But the daughter stood still, as before.

Luckily, to interrupt a scene like this, I recollected sufficient of my surgical studies to prescribe what ought to

done in my case, under its immediate circumstances. Nannette went for the requisite articles. I was lifted, and laid upon the old man's bed. Nannette returned, and bound the bandages, herself, with a steady hand. The next minute she fainted in her mother's arms.

The surgeon arrived at daylight. He had skill, and was a man of some humour.

"You have narrowly escaped, monsieur," he said; but in a month I trust you will be well, with God's blessing—and so good a nurse," glancing his eye with a smile upon Nannette. For that time Nature completely triumphed with Nannette:—she looked at her mother inspiringly.

"Yes," said Madame, "we all will nurse him—and God will aid us."

The old man could only utter "O monsieur!" as before, and burst into tears. The surgeon turned aside,—he was a man of feeling too!

"Tell me, monsieur," said I quickly, to my venerable friend, while I took his hand,—“how did you discover the real character of that unfortunate impostor soon enough to render me such prompt assistance?”

"By his dress, the pistol thrust in his coat (—which you did not perhaps notice, monsieur—), the poniard, and the little dark-lantern. And then, monsieur,—we knew you."

"True; I had forgotten the circumstances you mentioned."

"We hope you will forget all, monsieur, but the gray hairs you have twice saved, and the little family you have since made happy. We never shall forget."

"*Peste!*" swore the surgeon, taking a monstrous pinch of snuff, "I will be off without my breakfast, unless you quickly drop the curtain."

CHAPTER III.

Et plus quam vellem jam meus extat amor.
Ille quidem malim lateat—

Sed male dissimulo ; quis enim celaverit ignem,
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo ?

Ov.—*Epist.*

THE catastrophe of the preceding chapter is easily explained.

The trunk which the false Le Gendre had brought with him was found open, and partly filled—the rest of its contents being, probably, the valuable articles of clothing which were discovered packed up, together with a casket containing a necklace of noble pearls (doubtless, originally intended as a present to Nannette), in a small port-manteau, which the gardener and coachman, on going to the stable with the purpose of preparing the carriage to fetch the surgeon from Paris, found fastened on the finest of Mr. Le Bonhomme's horses,—the thief having saddled the animal and tied him to the stable-door ready for flight. The horrible suspicions excited by these circumstances were all confirmed the next day, in the following manner. Two young boys, in wandering through a wood, some miles distant from Mr. Le Bonhomme's residence, were surprised to find a deep cylindrical hole, which had long been their favourite place of amusement, and which they had themselves partly dug, filled up, apparently with earth. Their curiosity induced them to throw off the earth for some inches, when they discovered a dead body buried, with its head downwards. This was identified, by many particulars, with the person of the real Charles Le Gendre. Moreover, the body of the robber was sworn to by an innkeeper, and several of his family,

is that of a man whom they had seen set out in company with Le Gendre, having heard the latter imprudently offer him, though not an hour's acquaintance, a seat beside him in the little carriage. It is probable, that, during the ride, the unfortunate youth boasted, in the gayety of his heart, of the wealth he had with him and his prospects of approaching happiness, and shewed his companion the letter to Mr. Le Bonhomme—which, by inspiring the villain with the hope of a second spoil, was the means of bringing him to a just punishment.

The surgeon had not overrated Mademoiselle Le Bonhomme's abilities as a nurse ;—she was, indeed, but too attentive for her own happiness.—I had not been many days under her care, when I discovered certain peculiarities in Nannette's deportment, which forced me to conclude, that the poor girl had unfortunately conceived a strong attachment for me. Generally, one or other of her parents passed the greater part of the day in my company, and, not unfrequently, in the afternoon the whole little family—father, mother, and daughter—would be seated in my apartment, endeavouring to divert me by every means which their grateful hearts suggested. On such occasions (—when the old man, perhaps, was reading aloud for my amusement, or conversing with me, and his wife sewing as she listened—) whenever I suffered my attention to stray to Nannette, I invariably found her eyes fixed on mine with a tenderness of expression I could not but understand ; and then, when thus detected, she would depress them, in a confusion apparently most distressing. At other times, when she brought me in some little delicacy, which she herself had made, thinking I might relish it,—if, in extending it to me, her fingers happened to touch mine, I could perceive her whole frame quiver with delight, while a blush, partly of shame, would mantle her cheeks with the richest crimson. Again—whenever I addressed her particularly (which, from the terms of intimacy and affection that now existed between me and the

family, I always did by her Christian name, as though she were a sister), her face would become radiant with pleasure; and if at such times I added any endearing epithet, her dark eyes would sparkle for an instant, and then, by a rapid change, become quenched in tears.

I saw these indications of attachment with sorrow—not that I affect to say I was not flattered by them; for whom, dear Reader, would they not have flattered?—but because such attachment could only be productive of misery to the unfortunate girl, in as much as it was out of my power to make her any return. However, it occurred to me that the conclusion I have above mentioned might have been too hastily adopted, being drawn from no other premises than mere suspicions. I therefore endeavoured to forget it. But it soon proved to be reasonable.

One afternoon Nannette remained alone with me.—Her mother was confined to her room by sickness, and the old man, being obliged to visit the metropolis, had desired his daughter to stay and find me amusement.—After talking on many trifling subjects, on all of which Nannette appeared unusually dull, it struck me to sound her feelings on the marriage which her father had proposed for her, and which had been so awfully prevented when almost on the point of celebration; and, without stopping to reflect to what the question might lead, I said to her,

“Tell me, Nannette—did you ever see the ill-fated young man who was betrothed to you?”

She replied in the negative.

“No? And yet you were prepared to love him?”

“Love *him*?” she answered, with a look and an emphasis I but too well understood, “O, no! never!”

“And why not?”

“Because, monsieur, love is not made at pleasure. It depends upon the will of neither father nor mother—nor upon our own wishes. I would have married Mr. Le Gendre, because by so doing I should render my father happy.—Besides, I could never be miserable with a man of my

other's choosing.—But to *love* him ! O, no ! never, monsieur—never !”

“ And pray,” I asked, with a smile, “ what may be Miss Nannette's notions of *love* ?”

“ You jest,” answered my fair nurse, pouting her beautiful lips half playfully, half in anger,—“ I will not tell you.”

“ Well then, Nannette, I will be serious.”

“ Love, monsieur—but you must not laugh at me !—Love, real love, is that one passion within whose vortex all others of the heart are swallowed. *These* may rule with divided power, or alternately ; but *love*, the moment it enthrones itself in the soul, treads all other feelings in the dust, and sways us with a tyrant's sceptre. The source of virtue or of crime, love raises us above our nature, or sinks us below the brutes. It is a fire—which, if it be not quenched at once, consumes every thing within its reach, and burns until the fuel that maintained it be exhausted,—when nothing is left, save the dead ashes, to mark the spot where it once raged.”

This was singular language for Nannette. I knew her mind to be of no vulgar order ; but I had never heard her speak before with so much energy. Her eloquence was alarming ; for it marked the strength of the passion that had set it in motion.

“ You are very romantic, Nannette ; yet you talk like a philosopher.”

“ You laugh at me, monsieur ; I have done.”

“ Nay—but proceed. Only tell me whence you derive those sentiments.”

“ From their fountain-head—the heart. That is,” she added, in some confusion, “ I know—I feel such must be love when it has once crept to the breast.”

“ And could you feel such love, Nannette ?”

“ Could I ?” she exclaimed—Nature resuming all her former supremacy—“ could I feel such love, you ask me ? O ! for him I love—him, whom I hold enshrined in

this little heart, the idol before whose altar all my thoughts and feelings bow,"—and as she spoke, she folded her small hands upon her bosom and raised her glowing eyes to heaven—"for *him*! there is no sacrifice I would not make,—with him, there is no toil I could not undergo. Leaning on his loved bosom, I could wander through a desert, nor feel the hot sands that scorched my footsteps; by his side, I could toil amid rocks, nor grudge the suffering which must earn from their scanty soil our meagre subsistence. For him I could forsake every thing—father, mother—heaven!—all, all, for him! 'His people should be my people, and his gods my gods.'" The enthusiast paused gasping, and, turning her eyes upon me, became deadly pale. But it was for an instant only; the next, with electrical quickness, she had assumed the air of a coquette; and she added—"But you shall have no more of this fanciful picture; for I cannot see, monsieur, what right you have to twist her secret thoughts from a silly girl like me." And she danced, or rather ran, from the room.

—My God!—I exclaimed inwardly, —has it already come to this? Can I be indeed loved by this poor girl with a fervour that is almost madness?—and, for a moment, reason, and the image of Mary sunk before the thought; but I shut my eyes to the dangerous fascination, shuddering to think of the precipice, down which a moment's dizziness might tumble me. —Psha!—I said, —It cannot be! The girl is an enthusiast!—she is young, and has read too many novels.—I was yet to learn.

In about an hour Nannette returned, with a cup of tea in her hand. As I had just laid myself upon the bed, it occurred to me, that, by counterfeiting sleep, I might perhaps discover some less equivocal evidence of the real nature of her sentiments than any I could gather from her language. Accordingly, as she approached, I shut my eyes in such a manner, that, while I could see suffi-

tly, their lids should have the appearance of being pletely closed.

Nannette drew near. "Are you asleep, Mr. Levis?" whispered. I lay perfectly still. She set down the cup upon a stand, and softly approached my bed's side. 'Twas the last hour of the day. The red light of the setting sun shone through the half closed shutters of the windows upon her soft cheek, adding a deeper hue to the blush that already tinged it. She leaned over me, and seemed to listen to my breathing. "He sleeps," I heard her murmur,— "I will not disturb him." One of my hands lay open over the edge of the bed. Nannette approached her own to it timidly, and touched the palm with her velvet fingers. The touch was light as an insect's; but I could feel the hot arteries beating as if they would burst the delicate skin, and my own began to throb with a force that threatened to betray me. She removed her hand with a gentle sigh, and bent her face near to mine. Her eyes were glowing with a feeling whose expression I durst not trust myself to look upon, and I was obliged to close mine own. Presently I felt her warm breath upon my cheek; but the next instant it was gone. Though I could hear, distinctly, the loud beating of her heart. I looked again. Nannette was gazing timidly around her, as if she dreaded some person might be watching her actions.—Again the beautiful girl bent over me; and again I closed my eyes. A second time I felt her breath upon my cheek; and, the next moment, her burning lips were lightly touched to mine, then instantly withdrawn. She was in a delirium. I too was in a delirium:—my heart beat so audibly, she must have heard it had she not been, for the moment, in a manner insensible.—I ventured to open my eyes once more. It was just time to see Nannette snatch with eagerness the little crucifix which always hung from her neck, and kiss it devoutly. "Holy Virgin!" I heard the poor girl exclaim, "save me from these sinful thoughts!" Then,

rushing to the window, she threw herself upon a chair, and sobbed.

I waited till the violence of my own emotions was somewhat abated; and then I said, softly, "Is that you, Nannette?"

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, stifling her sobs.

"Come near me, Nannette." And my beautiful nurse was in a moment by my side.

"Are you not well?" I asked, with tenderness, while I took her trembling hand. It was barbarous in me thus to probe her feelings; but I was a man—a young man too—and I could not resist the temptation to know how well I was beloved by such a woman.

"Do not ask me," she murmured,—“I am—I am very well—indeed I am,”—and, turning aside her head, burst into tears.

"Nay, dear Nannette," I said, sinking my voice to its softest tone, "you are unhappy—your eyes are red with weeping. Tell me—what is it, dear Nannette?"

This was too much for the already overcharged heart of the girl. All her feelings rushed at once to her lips, and nature completely triumphed.

"Too cruel!" she sobbed—drawing from me the hand I still was holding—"Do not call me by that name again!—and in that voice too!—I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot!—it will kill me!"—and the unhappy maiden rushed from the room, burying her face in her hands.

And was I contented, now that I had torn the secret from her bleeding heart?—Ask at your own breast, my Reader.

That night there was a fever in my brain. The images of Mary and Nannette alternately swam before me, in visions—not of happiness—but of almost damning torture,—and when I woke the next morning, I resolved to save, if possible, both myself and the daughter of my kind host from the gulf over which her passion had placed us both, by the only means still left in my power—by fully

ning to her the impossibility of my returning her
on, and then departing from her father's house for

The step was a bold one; but beneath was yawn-
ing abyss—and I took it.

CHAPTER IV.

Think it not pride,
Or my new fortunes swell me to condemn you;
Think less, that I want eyes to see your beauty;

but—

* * * *

— ask the stars,

Which have imposed love on us, like a fate,
Why minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all beauties cannot move all hearts?
For though there may
Be made a rule for colour, or for feature,
There can be none for liking.

Marriage A-la-Mode.

r the execution did not immediately follow the re-
; for, in all that day, Nannette appeared not,—nor
on the next. I became alarmed. Could she be

The violent excitement her feelings had undergone
ery likely to produce such a result upon a frame so
te as hers. But then, were that the case, her
ts would inform me, I thought.—Her absence was
plausibly accounted for, by attributing it to a shame
e exposure into which she had been betrayed, or to
dent intention of avoiding a danger she had not
th to overcome. I determined, therefore, to wait
er day, and then, if Nannette came not to me, to go
; for it was now the third week of my confinement,
e rapidly convalescent state of my wound permitted
move about with sufficient ease.

e third day came. The morning—the afternoon
1; yet no Nannette appeared.—It was the beautiful

caught her trembling wings, and, with a struggle, broke from the fascination that bound me.

"Nannette!" I exclaimed, in a whisper that would never have been heard but in the deep silence that surrounded us. The voice was not monitory, but the appeal was,—and Nannette, no more the child of Nature, in an instant withdrew her hand and sprang from her seat.

"God of Heaven! have mercy on me!"—The next moment she added, vainly struggling to stifle her emotion, "But you must not mind me, Mr. Levis,—I am a wild, silly girl."

Just then, to the relief of both parties, the father entered the room.

"My dear son!" cried the grateful old man, with mingled surprise and delight,—*"You are at last recovered! How happy it will make us all! — But stay, where are you going, Nannette? What means the foolish girl? — Come hither, my daughter."*—Nannette approached, and laid her head upon the old man's bosom, and wept. Her fatal passion seemed to have destroyed all feelings of womanly pride.—*"Poor child! she is most sadly changed within a few days, and we know not what to make of it—nay, Nannette! you must not be offended; consider—Mr. Levis is one of us now——. During the day, monsieur, she preserves a gloomy silence, interrupted only by sighs; or, if she speaks, in answer to her mother or myself, the effort is succeeded by a burst of tears; and then—she takes no nourishment, monsieur: and at night she sleeps not; or, if her eyelids close for a moment, she moans like a sick infant, or appears to suffer with horrid visions, from which she will start to pray in agony for relief. No words, however, escape to betray the cause of this state of mind; nor can all our entreaties, nor the affliction she sees she is heaping on us, induce her to intrust the secret to our confidence. Hush, my daughter! I do not say it to reproach you; for I have ever found you as pious and affectionate as the heart of a parent could wish.—— I*

told you this before, monsieur ; but I feared it would grieve you."

Whether Nannette was willing that I should learn, thus second hand, the extent of her sufferings on my account, or fearful, that by appearing too anxious to conceal them she should give rise to just suspicions in her father's east, I cannot say ; but she never once offered to interrupt the tale, except where her parent seemed, for a moment, to insinuate a want of filial piety on her part.

"And look now, my son," continued the old man :—here, in this close room, with every window shut down, as the silly girl been sitting for hours,—though it is now the middle of May, and unusually warm for the season ! cannot persuade her to take the least exercise, poor thing."

"The evening is beautiful," I said, throwing up one of the windows, and looking forth,—“perhaps I may have influence enough with Miss Nannette to persuade her to enjoy it with me ?”—for the distressing picture my venerable friend had drawn had brought my resolve anew before me, and I determined to execute it without delay.

"O, yes ! Nannette will go with you, monsieur,—she must ; she cannot refuse *you*. — Besides, the air will be good for both of you, my children ; you both need it."

The appeal was not idle. With any one else Nannette would probably have declined going ; but she knew, if she refused *me*, she would seriously offend her father's feelings.—Without a word she took my arm, and I led her trembling to the long piazza at the back of the cottage.

The hour was the most favourable I could have for such an explanation as I was about to make—for the twilight was fast sinking into night, and in the obscurity I should be saved from the torture, which the exposure of Nannette's feelings would as certainly inflict upon me, be an unwilling witness of it, as upon the unfortunate girl herself ; yet we had walked many minutes, in silence,

before I could collect myself sufficiently for the painful task. At length, I said to her,

"Do you remember, Nannette, the definition of love you gave me a few days since?"

"I am sorry you remember it, Mr. Levis. You should pay no regard to such things. I am a foolish girl, filled with many romantic notions; and I am aware I often say what I ought not." And a sigh seemed to attest the honesty of the last part of this remark.

"I am serious, Nannette. Listen to me. What I have to say will certainly offend you: but you must make up your mind to bear the offence, as I have mine to inflict it:—delicacy now, on my part, would be wicked.—Nannette—you —— you have conceived for me an unhappy affection ——"

"Stop, sir! this is most unmanly!" My companion was about to quit me.

"Nay, Nannette—you must hear me out—for both our sakes. Indelicate it was, what I said; but not unmanly. I spoke it, believe me, in the bitterness of necessity—a necessity which bids me open the eyes of both of us, ere we stumble blindfold into misery. —— Nannette, do you remember you said to me that love was not dependent on the will? that we could not assume it, or lay it aside, at pleasure?"

She did not answer; but I knew, from her bending forward and her eager pressure on my arm, that she was listening with the most intense interest.

"Nannette —— I cannot return your love!"

How I brought myself to inflict that blow God only knows! The poor victim sought not to quit me now,—she grasped my arm convulsively to support herself from falling. I felt it would be most merciful to proceed.

"Yes, Nannette—did it depend upon the wish, God knows I would throw myself at your feet at once, believing, as I do, that I could offer up my heart at no purer shrine than that of your virtues: but, long before I saw you, I

**angry?—Poor Nannette!” And the unhappy girl
e for her own room.—These were the last words I
ver to hear her utter.**

CHAPTER V.

——τέθνηκε θεῖον Ἰοκάστης κάρα.
 XO. ὦ δυστάλαινα· πρὸς τίνος ποτ' αἰτίας ;
 EX. Αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτῆς. —————

* * *
 ——κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναῖκα' ἐσείδομεν,
 Πλεκτῶς ἑώρας ἐμπεπλεγμένην. —————

SOPH.—Æd. Tyr.

————— subito mentem turbata dolore,
 * * *
 Purpureos mortura manu discindit amictus,
 Et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.

VIRG.—Æn.

Is there one, among the readers of these memoirs, who, acquainted with the incidents of the preceding chapter, will not suppose my affliction even greater than that of the parents? The latter, ignorant of the true nature of the case, happily deceived themselves by such conjectures as were least unpleasant; with me the hope of curing Nannette of her unfortunate passion no longer existed: they found relief from their sorrow in communicating it to the sympathy of a friend; I durst not even hint the extent of my suffering; but was forced, in charity to all parties, to act the hypocrite—affecting an entire ignorance of a secret of which I knew I was at once the sole subject and depositary.

Such being the circumstances, it will be readily conceived what I endured in the hour or two, which decency obliged me to pass with the respectable old man and his wife, immediately subsequent to my last interview with their daughter.

When at length, retired to the solitude of my own room, I reviewed the events of the evening, it was with a reversion

feeling which the reader will not, perhaps, wonder at. Nannette's extraordinary beauty, her excellent mind, the amiability of her disposition, and the fascination of her manners,—and, above all, the strength of her passion for me, which, attacking my heart in its weakest point, left it most defenceless,—all these charms were repeated before my heated fancy, again and again, and each time with heightened colouring, till my pulses throbbed with a tumult that threatened rebellion to Mary Arne.—Why could I leave this poor girl to pine with a hopeless love, when I might so easily secure her happiness without prejudice to my own—perhaps with advantage to it?—Merely because I once made a declaration to another! But may not that other—, I thought,—be already married? or engaged?—It is not improbable. Or, at least, it is not probable that she has forgotten my very existence—or remembers me as one too worthless to regret?—It is very probable.—“Yes! very probable,” I repeated, and without a sigh—for the conclusion was drawn to suit my present feelings.

It was long before Sleep laid his seals upon mine eyes; and then, my fancy still pursued the image of Nannette. Once more I gazed upon her beauty; once more listened—and with rapture—to the involuntary breathings of her attachment; once more I felt the soft pressure of her throbbing fingers, and her light yet burning kiss upon my lips. Many of my youthful readers will know the effect of dreams upon a passion so dependent on the imagination as love. Thus, when I descended to the breakfast room the next morning, it was with the fixed intention of seeking the first opportunity of declaring myself to Nannette. But Nannette did not appear; and her mother stated that the unhappy girl had passed a restless night, and was consequently so enfeebled that she purposed keeping her room during the whole day. This was a most distressing disappointment, not so much on my own account—but, because it condemned Nannette

to another day of suffering ; for I knew, that if I made my offer through the medium of her parents or a letter, she would attribute the sudden change in my sentiments to a mere feeling of compassion.

Such a day as that I had never passed before. I was truly in a fever of impatience. A hundred times, at least, I consulted my watch, with all the anxiety of a child, as though I could hasten by a look the flight of the loitering hours, and so frequently did I picture to myself the transport of the love-sick girl, at this sudden elevation from the lowest depths of despair to the very summit of her wishes, that I could scarcely refrain from violating the sanctity of her chamber, and immediately throwing myself at her feet.—That night I did not attempt to sleep. Imagination, dipping her pencil into her brightest colours, retouched the past with a fresher tint, and drew a glowing prospect of the future. But Mary had no place in either scene :—the past was of Nannette, and Nannette's love for me ; the future of Nannette, and my love for her.

———The truth is :—the emotions that at present actuated me, were little more than those of mere desire, kindled into an almost uncontrollable fury by imprudent indulgence and the irritation of a temporary obstacle upon an impatient temper ; while for Mary I possessed that happiest of all attachments, which, never rising to extreme heat, nor sinking to absolute coldness, burns with a gentle and equable warmth, that dies not, save in the destruction of the hearth within which its pure flame is lighted. Forgotten it might be for days, or months ; but it was to my feelings, what the home of his childhood is to him who travels in foreign lands,—the one object to which my thoughts invariably flew for repose when wearied of all else.

Another morning came, and, with a heart beating from anticipated joy, I took my seat at the breakfast table. But Nannette was not there. To my anxious inquiry respecting her daughter's health, Madame Le Bonhomme

that, as she and her husband had not been disclosing the latter part of the night, they conjectured that Nannette's exhausted nature must have sought rest in a tranquil sleep, from which they expected a favorable change.

"How did you find her this morning, Madelene?" the husband,—"You of course visited our daughter."

"I did not;—I listened at her door, and hearing whatever, and perceiving through the key-hole that the room was darkened, I thought it a pity to disturb her."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the father with clasped hands,—"We may hope some change at last."

An hour elapsed,—and another,—still Nannette slept.

"This is singular," said Monsieur Le Bonhomme, in a low tone.

"Not at all," replied his wife. "It is not uncommon, when it falls upon persons in this condition, to sleep many hours beyond the usual period."

"What does my son think?" asked the father, turning to me—whom he now always addressed by that appellation.

"I am sorry the question was put; for I felt very undecided and knew not what to think. However, I answered as I agreed with Madame."

"I added," I said, "would it not be well for Madame to leave the room, if she can do so without noise, and see whether this sleep be altogether natural." My words became more uneasiness than I intended they should.

"Go, do go, Madelene!" said the good man,—and he left the room.

A few minutes she returned, with strong marks of distress on her countenance.

"O, I don't know what to make of it!" she cried, almost in tears,—“the door is fastened, which I never knew it to be before.”

“My God!—Did you call Madelene?”

“Repeatedly; but I received no answer.”

The old man sprang from his chair, and, without a word, was making for the door.

“Stay, my dear sir,” I said, detaining him, “you had better let me go,—perhaps I can persuade Mademoiselle to answer me. You must not be alarmed; she is probably fallen into one of those fits of abstraction which of late have been so frequent with her, and did not hear Madame Le Bonhomme.”

“Go then, my son,” said the old man. “God reward you for your kindness!”

Although I had spoken so confidently, I was so alarmed I could scarcely drag my steps along the hall.—When I came to Nannette's door, I stooped my head and whispered at the keyhole, lest the parents should overhear me.

“Nannette!” There was no answer.

“Dear Nannette!” I continued in a trembling voice, yet with a tone of tenderness,—“It is I that call you! I am come to tell you that I am no longer the same.—Dearest Nannette, will you not answer me? You do not know how much you terrify me—and your poor father and mother!—O, do speak!” Still she did not answer.—Great God! what can be the matter?—

“Nannette! Nannette!” I called aloud—at the same time knocking repeatedly and forcibly upon the door. I paused for some minutes: but there was not a sound to be heard from the apartment.

I did not dare to think, but ran back to the parlour,—retaining, however, a kind of mechanical presence of mind, which made me choose my words so as not to excite the worst fears in the breasts of the parents.

"My dear friends," I said, "be not alarmed—Nannette, I fear, has suddenly fallen into a fit. The door must be forced."

With a piercing shriek, both the parents rushed together to their daughter's room. I stood by the door of the parlour, and listened,—my breathing restrained, and the chills of death upon me. I heard the old man rush against the door of the room with the whole weight of his person :—The lock gave way to the blow—and the next instant, there was a loud and fearful cry, followed by the fall of some heavy body. I sprang to the scene. The mother lay in convulsions on the floor—the father was standing a statue, gazing, with stiff distended eyes, on the corse of Nannette, which hung, suspended by a ribbon, from the wall of the apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
 Pale as thy smock !

Othello.

Tollite, Ô pueri, faces,
 Flammeum video venire.
 Ite, concinite in modum,
 Io Hymen Hymenæe io,
 Io Hymen Hymenæe.

CATULLUS.

ON the evening of that very day, the stupidity of the servants permitted an English carriage to drive up to the door of the cottage.

Miserable, I was seated with the miserable father. We were alone. And we sat in silence :—for the old man had not shed tear, nor spoken word, ever since the moment when he discovered the melancholy fate of his only daughter, and even had it not been mockery to offer him consolation, I was too much engrossed by my own sad reflections to attempt the task.—The mother was in another room, attended by two of her female friends, and the honest surgeon mentioned on another occasion,—I, fortunately, having had the thought to send for these three individuals.

The instant I heard the wheels of the carriage, I suspected the arrival of visitors, and ran out to prevent their entrance—knowing I could explain the reasons for this apparent inhospitality, more properly than a blundering domestic. I repented of the step almost the moment after I had taken it ; for, in the occupants of the carriage, I beheld the persons of Sir James Maitland, Lady Maitland (our friend, Miss Paynthurnley that was, whose marriage

with the baronet I had seen announced, about three months before, in one of the London journals received at Paris), and Mary Arne. But it was now too late to retreat, as a cry of joyful surprise from Lady Maitland told me I was recognized. Sir James returned my formal salutation with a haughty bow; but her ladyship, forgetting in her singleness of heart that my conduct had ever given her cause to be ashamed of acknowledging me, extended her beautiful hand with all the friendliness which had once marked our acquaintance. Mary turned pale, and shrunk back on her seat to avoid my notice. It was the best acknowledgment of all.

"We were attracted by the appearance of this place, Mr. Levis," said Sir James; "and as a servant at the outer gate informed us that his master is always happy to see any strangers—and especially English—we have taken the liberty to examine it nearer;—but I assure you, sir, we did not expect to find it in the possession of an Englishman."

— And that Englishman Mr. Levis, you would say—I thought;—or our curiosity had never led us so near.—

"You are deceived, sir; this property does not belong to me," I answered.—"I assure you, my surprise equals yours—I as little expected to meet a former acquaintance as you did, Sir James. I am merely come to express my regret that your party cannot view the place at present, owing to a most distressing calamity which has befallen its owner this day in the sudden death of his only child."

"Stay!" exclaimed a voice behind me, in French. I turned. What was my consternation to behold the old man himself coming towards us!

"My son, you do wrong," he said—then, addressing Sir James's party in English, added, "I have never yet suffered any stranger to pass so near my dwelling without receiving some attention from its owner, nor will I now.—Madam, will you permit me to assist you?"—offering his hand to Lady Maitland to help her from the carriage.

Her ladyship looked irresolute ; but I heard the baronet say, in a low voice, "It will not do to refuse him," and the whole party alighted.

When we had entered the house, the old man continued to speak with a calmness that astonished me, who was yet too young to understand the many phases under which the human heart presents itself.

"I have lived long enough in your country, sir," he said to the baronet, "to have a taste for English habits—as you will perceive by every thing without and within this cottage—, and when I knew what it was to want friends, I found that in Englishmen which has taught me to love the very name——and that love will never die," he added, turning to me abruptly, "while I hold thee in my memory, my son;"—and the feelings so long pent up bursting through this sudden vent, he fell upon my neck and sobbed.

For some seconds there was a deep silence, to me most painful. My venerable friend then raised his white head, and, seeing the surprise of the strangers,

"O," he exclaimed, "you know not all I owe to this dear friend! Twice has he saved these gray hairs at peril of his own young life; and now—hush, my son! you must not interrupt me—and now, when I have scarce another being left in all this world to love, I feel I should sink under my afflictions, if I had not his young arm to bear me up." His words stabbed me to the quick. Wretched old man! had he known I was the murderer of his child, he would have cursed the fatal benevolence which had rescued from the grave the scant remainder of his years to plunge it into misery by the extinction of a life more precious.

"It is not more than I can readily suppose of Mr. Levis," said Lady Maitland, whose heart was of that generous kind, which, not contented with magnifying the most trifling favour at the time of its reception, retains the impression in that state scarcely effaceable.

“ You know him ? O, you must love him then ! he is so good !—My poor Nannette—she loved him too.”

They who have studied the workings of human passion, must have observed that the heart when filled to overflowing—no matter from what emotion—will eagerly discharge itself by the first outlet that offers, even though that be the most remote from the natural one. Thus, the feelings of the old man, threatening every minute to burst forth in a flood of grief for the loss of the being he best loved, sought to relieve themselves by the eulogium of the individual who, perhaps, stood next in his affections, and, in their haste to escape, broke down the barriers which the presence of the strangers had raised in their course.—But though, had these praises been delivered elsewhere than in my presence, I should have been delighted at the effect which they must have upon the minds of persons whom I had latterly given no great reason to hold me in respect, they were now most distressing to me—especially as I thought how little they were deserved. Besides, I observed, by a covert glance, a sudden change in Miss Arne’s countenance, which I attributed, perhaps fancifully, to a misconstruction, on her part, of the meaning of Mr. Le Bonhomme’s concluding words. I therefore sought to terminate a scene so unpleasant.

“ Permit me, dear sir, to change the subject,” I said to the old man in a low voice ;—but his own mention of his daughter’s name had sunk him once more into gloomy abstraction, and he did not hear me. I took advantage of it, and immediately turned to Lady Maitland.

“ Does your ladyship return so soon to England ?—or are you but now on your way to the south ?”

“ We have been as far as Lyons, Mr. Levis ; and it was Sir James’s intention to proceed to Italy ; but the troubles of Paris, daily increasing, oblige us to return immediately, while yet——”

Before her ladyship could finish the sentence, the old man suddenly started from his forgetfulness.

"You never saw my daughter, madam? O, you cannot know what a loss is mine!—But you shall see her—what remains of my poor little Nannette."

"My God!" I exclaimed in horror, throwing myself before him, "you cannot mean it! No—you must not, dear sir!"

"I must, my son," mildly answered the old man, while he gently put me aside.

Lady Maitland added her entreaties to mine; and Sir James even hinted the indelicacy of such an exhibition to strangers; but the old man persisted.

"You know not," he said, "a father's feelings; or you would know that the most effectual way of relieving a father's sorrow is by indulging a father's pride."

The party could no longer refuse, though the reluctance of even the females was evidently far stronger than the curiosity which impelled them forward. I was mad enough to follow.

The old man, with a firm step, led the way to the room where lay the body.—I could not distinguish the features of my innocent victim, for my head was dizzy, and a dimness swam in my eyes as I ventured to turn them upon her; but I saw the father lay his hand upon the forehead of his child, and withdraw it with a shudder.—The shudder, as if it were electric, passed round the whole circle.—"She is cold now," said the poor old man; "but I remember how those temples would beat with joy, when I kissed them and called her proudly, 'my good child'; for she was every thing that is soft and womanly—she never disobeyed me—she never did an unkind act—and once——" his voice began to break—"once, when I was testy and reproved her unjustly—she ran into my arms, and weeping, hid her angel face in my bosom—and said, 'Father—you must never speak so harshly again to your poor Nannette—it will break her heart.'—She was a good girl!" The old man still struggled with his emotions, and stifled them; but he ceased to speak. "How beautiful

she is still!" whispered Mary Arne to her aunt. The voice was so low, that I, who stood beside her, could scarcely hear it; but the ears of the parent caught at once the praises of his child. He leaned over the corse, and, exclaiming with eagerness, "Is she not?", burst into tears.

The strength of my constitution, previously shaken by debauchery, was become too enfeebled by my recent injury to bear up against the successive shocks which the last few days had brought against it. Thus loosened throughout to its very foundation, and threatening every minute to topple headlong, the restraint I had imposed upon my feelings, during the whole of this mournful day, had only upheld the pile for awhile in specious safety in order to precipitate it with greater ruin; and now a violent struggle to repress the emotions, which the scene before me called too powerfully forth, shook it to its centre, and the entire fabric was at once overthrown. I remember well, as the deadly qualm shot through me, and my brain reeled, and the bed with the corse upon it, and they who stood around, swam before my vision, and I stretched out my arms for support, I heard the shriek of Mary Arne, "He is fainting!" and felt her touch as she extended her hands to give me help,—and the next minute I fell. I know not whose arms received me; but I believe I was indebted for that kindness to the baronet.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself on the bed in my own room, and supported by the surgeon.

"What is become of the poor old man?" was the question which immediately sprang from my lips.

"He earnestly desired to be with you, Sir," answered the surgeon; but I would not suffer him; for I knew his presence would only distress you, and you have already been exposed to too much danger.—Perhaps, however, this last shock, as it has not done you as much harm as I apprehended it might, monsieur, is not to be greatly regretted, in as much as it diverted the old man's

thoughts from the more painful subject that then occupied them, and enabled me to disperse the curious party which, much to my horror, I found assembled in *that* room."

"And could they leave me thus, without knowing what my fate might be?"

The surgeon either did not remark the peculiar tone of interest in which this inquiry was made, or was too polite to notice it, for he merely answered:—"No, monsieur—they would have awaited your recovery; but I begged them to depart while they could do so without notice—knowing that, the moment he should recover from his alarm at your situation, the old man would lead them back to the melancholy subject which now engrosses his thoughts, and perhaps excite himself too violently.—But, Monsieur, I must take care of my reputation—you are the most dangerous patient I have ever had; for you are constantly making yourself uneasy. I must forbid all further conversation."

"Only one question more.—I am seriously alarmed at the singular manner in which the old man endures his affliction. Did his grief take a like course with his wife's, I should rest contented that it is as it should be; but this gloomy quiet is so unnatural. It is awful to look upon, and strikes me as like the calm that precedes the tempest. Have you ever known such instances before, sir?"

"Yes; but not often. Madame Le Bonhomme, you will find, will soon recover; but the old man has received a deeper shock, whose violence is the more to be dreaded as it is as present smothered. It will, most probably, stretch him on a bed of sickness.—But enough, monsieur; you must talk no longer. Your constitution is wonderful; but, Monsieur, you are my patient."

The excess of any passion is often its relief:—the wretch condemned, after passing through the worst agonies which the fear of death can make man suffer, has been known to sleep through the whole night previous to his execution, and only then to be awakened by the

voices of those who came to conduct him to the scaffold. All night my harassed nature lay buried in a deep repose.—When I awoke, the light of morning was stealing through the joints of the closed shutters. I passed my hand across my forehead and thought of the preceding day. Suddenly, it struck me that it would be good to look once more upon the unfortunate Nannette, ere the earth should hide her from my sight forever. I rose, and dressed myself. It was madness in my present weak state ; but I cared not—for my resolution was taken.

I dragged myself to the chamber where the body lay. There was a solemn stillness around me, that suited well the house on whose threshold the feet of Death had so lately trodden.—For one moment I paused, with my hand upon the door ; for there was a choking sensation in my throat, and the palpitations of my heart sounded distinctly with a slow heavy sound that frightened me : but the next, I stood within the room, and by the coffin, in which they had now placed all that remained of the once living—and once happy, Nannette.

She was still beautiful ; for there was but little change in her complexion—considering the circumstances of her death, and the time that had elapsed before its discovery—and in the features there appeared no trace of pain, except a slight curl of the innocent mouth. She lay by an open window, and the cool air of the morning blew aside the border of her cap, sporting upon the cheeks it might no more refresh. “Nannette!” I whispered, as though the poor corse could hear me ; and I knelt beside the coffin, and looked upon the dead. A single lock, dark and glossy as the eyes once shone that were now fixed forever, had escaped from the prison of her cap, and lay, in beautiful mockery, upon the stony forehead, or played gently to and fro before the breeze, as if in triumph over the other charms whose bloom had been so short-lived. There lay a scissors upon a toilet near by (—for this was Nannette’s own room—and these too were Nannette’s

own scissors—). I took them, and severing it placed it into my bosom. "Poor Nannette!" I exclaimed half unconsciously, and using her own last words then, I bent over the coffin, and without a shudder pressed my lips lightly to the cold, damp brow. "Thy poor Nannette, is now in heaven," I said in a low voice, as the soul of the maiden were indeed hovering near me,—“but it will look down, and accept this last—all that I can pay to the form whose living love I have slighted.—*Poor Nannette!*”—and I stole from the tomb with a cautious tread, as though the body were breathing.

God knows how I supported myself through this time. I am not ignorant of the power which a high excitement has over the system, infusing, for a moment, the strength of a giant into limbs that were before as feeble as a child's; but I still wonder, when I think of all I have endured.—The moment I had regained my bed, my strength threatened to forsake me; but I pressed the lock still closer to my bosom, and then I burst into tears, and felt relieved.

All this may seem ridiculous to the sober-minded, even the imaginative, while they like the tale, may call it an exaggeration; and all will censure it as nonsense;—but, if I do dream, in thus retracing the vicissitudes of my youthful weakness, let me dream on—a slumber from which I would not be awakened.

The surgeon had pronounced truly. Madame de la Roche soon shook off the violence of her affliction, and attained a more moderate, though settled grief; but her husband, the hour after his daughter's burial, took to his bed, where he lay for a fortnight dangerously ill. I could not leave him then. Almost my whole time I spent at his bed's side, in company with his wife; and it is almost a pleasure I took in conversing with the dear parents on the merits of her of whom I had dreamed.

At the end of that time, a melancholy, respectable-looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, arrived at the cottage. He proved to be the father of the unfortunate Le Gendre.—Le Bonhomme threw himself into the stranger's arms. They mingled their tears.

"Charles!"

"Pierre!"

"Now, we are brothers."

"Brothers indeed!—in affliction, Pierre."

"And from this time we will ever be united. You shall have more part from us, my Charles."

Now then I could leave my venerable friend; for he had with him a more suitable companion:—the two childless fathers could renew to each other the never-tiring story of their griefs, lightening the burthen by bearing together.—My carriage was waiting at the door. I had parted from the motherly caress of Madame Le Bonhomme, and the kind embrace of Monsieur Le Gendre, and taken leave of the weeping domestics (—who were all become much attached to me), giving them, what servants value so from their superiors, a pressure of the hand,—with certain more substantial tokens of my favour, at which their honest tears broke forth afresh:—I had still to part with the head of the family.

"My son," said the old man, as he drew me into his private apartment, "I could almost wish you were poor in worldly wealth, for then I could adopt you as my own, and we never more should part; but you are wealthy, and this is perhaps the last time my old eyes shall rest upon you—But I am ungenerous! society, I know, has claims upon your youth that must be satisfied.—Yet you shall not forget me—I will bind your remembrance by a gift I hold most precious." He paused in great agitation, and opening a drawer, drew forth the little crucifix and ribbon I had seen Nannette wear. "You are not a Catholic," he said, as he hung it, with trembling hands,

about my neck,—“but it will do you no harm to look upon this sometimes, and think of *her* and heaven.”*

* * *

Three months from that day I stood at the nuptial altar with Mary Arne. As the last words were pronounced that made us man and wife, the image of her who had died for me traced its melancholy shadow across my memory. — “*Poor Nannette!*” — I turned aside to hide my tears. The crowd of gay friends were gathered round my blushing bride to offer their congratulations. I drew the little crucifix from my bosom, where it was henceforth ever to repose, and pressed it to my lips. No eye saw me but God’s.

* The old man knew that Nannette loved me; but he thought it was with the affection of a sister.—It is one of the occasional true pictures the reader may meet with in novels, where parents are represented as blind to the attachment of their children—perhaps owing to this, that dead themselves to the passions of youth, they forget they have ever been young (—a fault too common with parents—). Thus, fortunately, the old man never suspected the real cause of his daughter’s strange distemper and the fatal act with which it terminated. He evidently attributed it to that disposition to occasional fits of insanity which sometimes descends in families from one generation to another—hurrying fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, in awful succession, by a like act to a voluntary grave:—When his friend asked him if he had any suspicion of the cause of his daughter’s melancholy death, he merely answered—impressively—“My father died so.”

BOOK FOURTH.



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

Vale, conjux dulcissima.

Anc. Mon. Inscription.

WHEN we parted at the close of the last book, dear reader, I stood at the marriage altar with the woman who held the highest place as well in my esteem as my affections. Look now upon this tomb-stone, and learn the instability of human happiness:—

MARY,

WIFE OF JEREMY LEVIS.

DIED—October MDCCXCII,

AGED XIII YEARS.

CHAPTER II.

And now I give my sensual race the rein.

Measure for Measure

Prologue or epilogue—I'm the man!—I'll write you both.

The Dramatist.

STILL another. Thus, through life, have I been doomed to see all I loved drop from me in decay, when I had learned their true value, and begun to cling to them with most attachment.—Thirteen months of perfect happiness I enjoyed with Mary; for her virtue grew upon acquaintance. I might say, indeed, and pardon the exaggeration, that every day served to unfold some amiable trait of character that I had not supposed to exist, or to place in a new and beautiful light the excellencies I had before admired and thought unsusceptible of further lustre. A son had blessed our union; a noble child, whose birth increased my affection for my mother, as it added new ardour to that mother's love for me,—for Mary's attachment to her husband differed from that which bound him to her; her's was *love*—real love such as is implied when we speak of it as existing between the sexes; mine was rather a fervent friendship, the growth of pure esteem, deriving its occasional pleasure merely from temporary excitement.—Such was the happiness which I was scarcely permitted to taste, before it was snatched from my enjoyment. A month's sickness parted Mary and me, and left me to grieve. My sorrow was not like that, which, in another land, was so bitter to bow me almost to the earth; but yet it was sincere. My ever husband was afflicted with, for never wife was deserving of it.

It must be pardoned me that I dismiss this subject with much haste. As I presume that no reader (that is worth writing for) travels through any book, and especially one of this nature, without occasionally stopping to indulge in contemplation of the scenes presented to his view, I have thought that merely to mention the death of my poor Mary, as in the preceding chapter and the paragraph immediately above, was a better way to excite the sympathy I desire, than to mix the pure silk of the subject with common stuff, in order to weave a tissue of such sentimental nonsense as may be gathered ready made from a schoolboy's essays. If my own reader has not, hitherto, thus perused these memoirs, I hope that what I have now said may serve him as a caution for the future ; for no work, (that is not mere patchwork,) can be perused with profit, or even with real enjoyment, except the mind be employed much more than the eyes.

I have now to disclose the broadest stain that marks my history.—Not four months had the sod pressed the bosom of my Mary, before I relapsed into my old habits of debauchery. The morality on which I had so prided myself had been owing merely to the absence of temptation : now, that I was once more unmarried, my former dissolute companions again sought my society, and I was child enough to be laughed out of virtue and applauded into its opposite. My little boy, to whom I had given the name of Edward-Clayton Arne, had been placed immediately on his mother's death under the care of Lady Arne. During the short period of four months above mentioned, it was my custom to visit him daily ; but, as my dissipated habits grew upon me, I became less punctual in my attentions, not so much from a decrease of affection—though paternal affection, like every other proper feeling, shrinks before the selfishness of debauchery—but from a dread of meeting the just reproaches of my mother-in-law. This restraint acted very unfavourably ; for I felt ashamed that I was ashamed, and as it is

your rankest coward that makes the best bully, so I carried my debauchery to a greater excess than I should otherwise have done, because I was ever chafing on the bit of pride—which he, who pretends to be wicked, should throw off instantly, nor give a single opportunity to hold him in check. And as your coward, too, by breathing nothing but big words, must at length puff himself up with a vapour which, if not exactly the substantial quality itself, is very much like it and will subserve the same purpose for the occasion, so, by affecting to despise shame, I at last set myself completely above its power. The Maitlands, and Lady Arne—connections whose respectability, before so valued, was now my reproach—I no longer durst visit. Yet, for some time, I continued to make regular inquiries respecting my infant, through the nurse,—for I was well pleased to have the boy remain under the excellent care of his grandmother—; but even this poor remnant of moral feeling gradually wore thinner and thinner, till not a single thread remained. Thus the last stay gone that bound me to virtue, I launched at once upon the full ocean of iniquity.

When was there, ever, cloud so thick a gleam of daylight could not reach us through it? Dark as my life was, there shone through its gloom one good act, which I mention with feelings of peculiar pleasure; for, when my bones are rotten, it shall canonize the name of Jeremy Levis, as foremost on the list of the illustrious patrons of the literature of the last ten years of the eighteenth century and the first ten years of this.

I was kicking my heels, one day, very leisurely together, when a *Mr. Drammer desired to see me*. “Mr. Drammer, Mr. Drammer! And, pray, who the devil is Mr. Drammer?—No matter; show him up, John,—I’m in want of amusement.” In stalked a marvellously long human animal, very like a yellow-legged snipe. It was no other than my bottle companion at the Bull, Tom Drammer.

"Mr. Drammer ! Really, I am very happy to see you, sir. Sit down."

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Levis," answered my visiter, with a majestic gravity that marked either the intellectual or the moral man no longer the same—"I see you are engaged. I have merely to show you something, in which, from my knowledge of your good taste and munificence, I hope you will take an interest ;"—and Thomas drew from his coat pocket a roll of paper, which, when extended, proved to be almost as long as himself.

"And now I will unclasp a—' Bah ! old habits are hard to be eradicated, Mr. Levis. Poor Will Shakespeare ! though I have forsworn his society, he will still haunt my memory.—However, that is nothing to the purpose. I am about, Mr. Levis,—to set up a review with your old friend Sergeant Splint."

"A review ? Sergeant Splint ?—O, I suppose you mean a military review, Mr. Drammer."

"Not at all, sir. The sergeant has retired from the service—being, in fact, served out of it,—and we have entered into partnership in the literary trade."

"The devil ! But surely, you are not serious ?"

"Indeed, by cock I am, sir ! never was more so. I am to conduct a review as I have said."

"A review ?"

"And why not a review, sir ? I flatter myself I have as much impudence as any man, either in or out of the profession—and then, sir, I measure exactly six feet, four inches, and seven eighths, in my stockings, so that, without presumption, I think I can overlook or look down upon any author—no matter of how high a standing he may be."

"Bravo !—But Sergeant Splint !—the man has had no education."

"And what of that ? It isn't needed ; he can pretend to have had one. A man you know can quote from a

book he never read ; and just as one knows my Such-a-one, and his Grace of So-and-so, by having their names, so he can talk of his acquaintances T Virgil, and Cicero, with a familiarity truly edifying to common readers.—Besides, Mr. Levis, the sergeant a deal of wicked humour in his composition. It is a rough diamond to be sure ; but then it is solid, and, with the aid of a little cutting from me, we can make it brilliant.—Are you satisfied ?”

“Satisfied ? Glorious !—I suppose you would have subscribed ?”

“Exactly so, sir.”

“Let me see your list.—Why, this is prodigious ! Three hundred already !—and some too men of the latest fashion !”

“Yes, ’gad !” said Tom, resuming his good humour, “the two noblemen who head the list subscribed, I got out of *friendship* for your humble servant, and partly because I had played, at their particular desire, the part of Cressid’s uncle in the green-room ; and the rest I got their names out of *friendship* to the two first (though the matter of the friendship, I believe I have already defined its species).—O, they couldn’t refuse, Mr. Levis—no more than you can.”

“No ; that is true.—It is to be published quarterly, I presume ?”

“Of course.”

“Well, set my name down for ten copies ; and leave blank spaces for twenty more—which I will take care to fill up, and be answerable for the payment.”

For many years the firm of Splint and Drammer conducted the best Review that has ever appeared in Britain : but, alas ! in an evil hour the Quarterly offered a large bribe to Drammer, and he enlisted himself under its banner. The Edinburgh, hearing of this powerful accession to its rival’s force, immediately made a like overture to the sergeant ;—and thus the firm was broke

two friends became of course most rancorous enemies. Some ten years back, Drammer's fustian might readily traced in the pages of the former work, and the latter many an article displayed the racy vulgarity of Splint: but now, every one remarks that these lights of literature are rather dim. The defect is easily accounted for;—the two principal panes are broken in, their places supplied with straws.

CHAPTER III.

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

—: On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

King Lear.

One day I had a party of friends to dine with me, and was in high spirits, and the company I had assembled consisted entirely of very young men, and those the most noted in the whole circle of my acquaintance, my merriment was carried far beyond the bounds of temperance.

We were in the midst of our revelry, when the servant announced that a stranger wished to see me on very important business."

"Why did you not say I was engaged?" I asked, indignantly.

"I did, sir; but he would not be satisfied with my answer."

"How?—Ask him to leave his business with you."

"I did, sir; but he said he must see you yourself; and as I told him, that my master never saw any body when

he had company, he said he'd then wait till the company was gone ; for see you he must."

"He's a very impertinent fellow! —Tell him to go about his business."

"Sir?"

"Begone, sir, and do as I bid you!"

In a few minutes the servant returned.

"How now, John?"

"He says, sir, he's your uncle, and must see you to-night."

"My uncle? — What kind of a man is he?"

"Why, sir,—a—a— a common kind of man, sir. He looks sick, as if he couldn't walk—and he's dressed rather poorly."

"The man's mad! I have no such uncle.—Turn him out, this instant!"

Again the servant left the room. He was gone nearly a quarter of an hour, and when he re-entered, it was with looks of strong reluctance.

"I don't know what to make of him, sir—he's the strangest man—I couldn't get him off in any way—he insists upon it he's your father's own brother, and bids me tell you, sir,—if——"

"Speak out, sir!"

"He said, sir—they're his very words—"Tell your master, if he would not kill me, and bring God's curse _____,"

"Rascal!" I exclaimed in a rage, not suffering the man to proceed, "What do you suppose I keep you for? To be gulled by lying beggars? Turn the impostor from the door! this instant!"

"But, sir——"

"Do you hear me? Turn him out of the house, this very moment,—or quit it yourself!"

The servant was slowly preparing to obey ; but, as the door was open, the stranger had heard me, and now, by rushing into the room, prevented the execution of my

ders. His appearance was such as, in other days, must have made my heart melt with compassion; for he was emaciated almost to a skeleton, and bent nearly double from debility, and his clothes, though not tattered, showed poverty in every seam. He was wholly unknown to me; nor did I recognize in his features any point of family resemblance.—It is probable that my visitor knew me merely from my manner; for, immediately on his entrance, he had turned about in my seat, and confronted him with haughtiness that spoke as little for my good-breeding as my humanity. Without bestowing so much as a glance upon the staring party which surrounded my table, the poor creature addressed himself to me, with an earnestness of entreaty that caused his feeble voice to break repeatedly.

“O!” he said, clasping his hands, “if you are indeed the heir of Jeremy Levis, you cannot mean such cruelty! for I am of your own blood—your father’s youngest brother —!”

I had no reason to disbelieve this assertion; for I had heard that the youngest of my father’s brothers was still living, and the very appearance of the stranger was an evidence of his truth, in as much as this brother was a man of the most dissipated habits, and dependent for the maintenance of himself and his family entirely upon the charity of my uncle Timothy; but I observed a smile upon the lips of one of my companions, and, steeling my heart with a shameful pride, I would not suffer the stranger to proceed.

“How?” I exclaimed, rising from my seat,—“Are you mad? Or do you take me for a fool, that you think to impose upon my credulity so absurd a falsehood?—John, show this wretched man the door.”

“For God’s sake, have compassion on me! it is no falsehood I have told you. My eldest brother, in just punishment for my unkindness to him in early life, has

left me to starve, and heaped all his wealth upon you his nephew ; but *you* have nothing against me—Give me only a little of your superfluity !—You will never miss it—and it will save a whole family from——”

“ Begone ! It is false ! I will not listen ! ”

“ Hear me ! ” persisted the poor wretch—his earnestness rising to an absolute agony, that made the sweat stand in large drops upon his pallid forehead, and swelled the bare muscles of his face, and its veins, with frightful distinctness,—“ Wretched as I am, I would not thus humble myself before a nephew ; but I have abused the generosity of the only brother I have left, till even he has withdrawn his support, and I must perish if you do not save me. O do not deny me ! I have three children at home too young to earn their own bread, and for two days scarcely a crumb has passed their little mouths—will you let them starve, while you are rioting in plenty ? ”—I turned aside ; for the louder my heart beat, the more fiercely I strove to quell its pity : but the suppliant threw himself upon his knees—the uncle before the nephew !—and grasped my hand.—“ O, you must hear me ! See, on my knees I beg !—for a morsel !—a single morsel of food ! ”

This disgraceful humiliation raised the fire of hell in my heart. I flung him from me. “ John ! ” I exclaimed, through my gnashed teeth, and stamping the ground with rage, “ force that madman out ! drag him from me ! Will you suffer me to be insulted thus at my very table ? ”

Another spirit instantly awoke in my uncle. He sprang to his feet, his eyes burning with the hot blood of my father’s family, and his bent form rising erect with the momentary strength of passion. “ Savage ! ” he cried, in a voice that made the walls of the chamber echo, while he stretched his clenched hand towards me,—“ I will save your servant the pain of such an act ! ” Then, his voice sinking to a deep, hollow tone—such as in which we fancy one from the grave would speak—, he

drew in his hand, and bending his head forward, while I could not take my eyes from his, "You are now," he said, "prosperous ; but the day perhaps is not distant, when you shall be so no longer,—and *then*—may you know what it is to beg and be refused as I am !"

He strode from the room. Step after step I heard him tread firmly down the staircase ; and the outer door was closed. I stood for some minutes as if petrified.—There was a deep silence in the apartment. I turned my eyes upon my companions ; but met no look of approval. They appeared all horror-struck.

"Ha, ha, ha !" I said, with a forced laugh, "Did you ever see a character better supported ? Upon my word ; the fellow did it to the life ! He should have received something after all,—if it were only in reward of his talents." But no one echoed my laugh. There was not even a smile to bear me out in my conduct.

"Damn it, my friends !" I exclaimed, pushing the bottle towards them, "one would think the imposter's words have turned you all into statues ! If the curse be indeed of any force, it will light upon me, not you.—Come, I'll finish the song that man's impertinence interrupted." It would not do—my voice failed ; nor did any of the party aid me in endeavouring to dispel the gloom which hung over us. One by one, they all dropped off under various pretences.—I saw my baseness condemned by the very men, the dread of whose laugh had impelled me into it.

CHAPTER IV.

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love,
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame——

Jane Shore.

For some minutes after they were gone, I sat immovable,—my face covered with my hands—, repeating to myself, again and again, my uncle's parting words, and wholly unconscious that my servants were still around me, the witnesses of my strange behaviour.

When aware of the extent to which I was exposing myself, I shook off at once the feelings that oppressed me, and angrily asked the men

“What do you wait for?”

“Your orders, sir,”

“Well—I am going to my bed-room,—send John to me instantly;—and the rest of you attend to your duties as usual.”

The porter attended accordingly. I wrote an order for five hundred pounds, payable to Isaac Levis, and enclosed it in a blank envelope endorsed to the care of my uncle Timothy. “Here, let Andrew carry this immediately according to the address. And John—if any persons call on me to-night—no matter at what time—I will see them.”

“Any persons, sir?”

“Yes—without regard to age, sex, or rank. Bring

em to this room, without question,—no matter who they may be. Remember, sir.—Now leave me.”

I need scarcely say that in giving this order I was influenced by the hope, that, his distresses getting the better of his pride, my uncle might make one more appeal to my charity, and that I gave it in such general terms from false shame, which would not permit me to acknowledge myself in the wrong, before a servant, by naming the individual I wished alone to see.

In about half-an-hour, just when, having exhausted every possible argument in palliation of my guilt, I was come to the torturing conclusion that my brutality had been carried to a degree almost unexampled, the door of my room was opened, and the voice of the domestic announced a visiter. I turned eagerly. But, instead of meeting my uncle, my eyes rested on a large, flabby woman, over fifty years old, with a face hacked like the hopping-board of a sausage-maker. She was dressed so with a filthy tawdriness, that added to the other points in her appearance went far to stamp her as a real descendant of Pandarus.

—Can this be my uncle’s wife?— I asked myself with a shudder of disgust. I was not long on the cross of doubt. The lady, courteseying in a manner that displayed more affability than dignity, asked, in a voice which was to her character what the night-man’s cry is to his dirty calling—reminding one of filth—

“Is this Mr. Levis?”

“Yes.”

“I suppose the gentleman hasn’t forgot Miss Smith?”
—with another courtesey.

“Miss Smith?—I know no such person.”

“O la! not poor Alice Smith?”

“Alice Smith?” I exclaimed, staring with horror at the loathsome lump before me,—“My God! it is impossible!—Psha, woman! you are crazy.”

"Bless you, sir, I didn't mean that I was Alice Smith. O la, no, sir! I am the lady that Miss Smith lives with. She sent me to the gentleman on very particular business."

"Why did you not say so then, at once?—Speak out! What is the matter with Alice? where is she?"

"Poor young lady! she isn't long for this world!—She wants to speak with Mr. Levis before she dies—"

"Dies?"

"Yes, sir. She wants the gentleman to come to her right away."

The message could not have found me in fitter mood. Repentant for my conduct to my uncle, I seized with eagerness the opportunity of doing any act of charity, however small, that might be placed as balance against some portion of the heavy amount of guilt to which I stood charged. "Show me the way," I said to the woman,—“I'll go with you instantly :”—and taking my hat, I left the house in company with the old hag—no doubt much to my credit with the servants.

My respectable conductress led me, through a number of filthy lanes and allies, not to the coffin-dealer's, but to a house so wretched in its outward appearance that I actually, for a moment, hesitated to enter it.—When within, I was obliged to feel my way in the dark along a very narrow passage, and then up a flight of half-a-dozen steps,—at the top of which, the woman opened a little door, and bade me "Come in."

Entering accordingly, I found myself in a filthy garret, where it was impossible to stand upright, except in a small space in the middle. This space was almost wholly occupied by a cot, whereon lay, under a vile coverlet of rags, the object of my visit. Upon the floor, at the foot of the cot, stood a tin candlestick coated with grease, holding in a saveall the smutty end of a candle, whose yellow flame, fanned by the wind which streamed through many a fracture in the roof, yielded an unsteady light

that added not a little to the dismal appearance of surrounding objects. Cobwebs, black with the dust of years, hung from the worm-gnawn rafters; old lumber of a most heterogeneous nature, and in too great quantity for so poor a dwelling, lay scattered about in every direction; mouldy shoes, odd legs of stockings, and soiled remnants of female attire, completed the nice disorder; and a filthy, coverless, close-stool of stained wood presented itself, in the most indelicate nudity, before the very entrance of the room.

I approached the cot. One look was sufficient to satisfy me of the identity of the person therein with Alice Smith, notwithstanding the change which disease had wrought in her appearance. And that change to me, who had known poor Alice in her bloom, was awful. No longer was there clearness in the cheeks, no longer lustre in the eyes, no longer fulness in the lips. The cheeks were yellow and shrunken, the eyes dull and settled deep in their livid sockets, and the lips had lost all form as well as colour.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, forgetting, in the shock this sight occasioned me, the regard I should show to the feelings of a dying woman, "Is it come to this,—so soon?"

Alice, who had faintly uttered my name the moment I entered the room, now raised her faded eyes to mine, while something like a smile played upon her pale lips, and said, in a voice scarce audible,

"And ought I to regret the loss of beauty? or, of life?"

"O Alice! but for me you might still——"

"Hush! *you* have ever been kind to me, Mr. Levis;—and, indeed, who now but you would visit so poor a wretch as I am?——But——" She laid her skinny hand upon mine (—It was cold and damp—). I understood the act; for she looked at me in silence, and then towards the woman who stood at the foot of the cot devouring all we said. Accordingly, I requested the dame to leave us,—a desire with which she showed reluctance in complying.

"Now—will you draw nearer to me, Mr. Levis, and hear the few words Death will yet suffer me to speak?"

There was a single chair in the room; the bottom was broken through, and the untwisted rushes hung down on either side almost to the floor. I placed it near the head of the cot, and seated myself so as to hear with ease the faintest sound of her broken voice.

"May I ask of you a last favour, Mr. Levis, after my shameful contempt of your generosity?—my neglect of your wholesome counsel?"

"Do not speak of it, Alice. It is my neglect that is to blame, not yours. A melancholy quarrel drove me from England, before the two days had expired at the end of which I was again to meet you; and, since my return, I have been so thoughtless as to forget the interest it is my duty to take in your welfare."

"You are deceived, Mr. Levis. I was too wicked to profit by any efforts you could have made in my behalf. The sum you gave me was speedily squandered in folly. It had been the same with me, had you ——— But my breath grows short. While I yet may, let me obtain the promise for which I have presumed to send for you, — and then, if strength be spared me——.....It is perhaps silly, Mr. Levis, in one who has lived a life of infamy, to care what becomes of her body after death; but—I feel I shall die with more content, if I know that my poor remains will not be huddled into the grave, like those of other wretches who die as I do. Will you—will you see that I am buried decently?"

"I will."

"God bless you for that!—as for all the other good you would have done to poor Alice..... I did not dare, Mr. Levis, to make this request before the woman who has just left us; for, did she but know your readiness to do any thing for me, there would be no end to her impositions in my name. O, were I to tell you all that I have suffered from her cruelty! I should ere this

have been turned into the streets to rot, but for the little money and the few articles of clothing I had left—all of which she has managed to draw from me, piece by piece, till now nothing remains.— Nor do I believe she would have done my errand this night, only she expects you will leave with her the means to lay me out and bury me.— You see how I lie now.”

“And you have suffered, Alice, without any medical aid?—without even an attempt made to restore you?”

“Yes; but—it matters little!”

“O! why did you not send to me, when you know I am so willing to assist you?”

“I was ashamed—after the bad use I had made of your generosity,” So shame, or pride, can exist even in the breast of a courtesan!

In the little she had already said, Alice had been obliged to pause repeatedly: now, there was a silence for some minutes. She was evidently much exhausted. When at length she spoke, her eyes were fixed upon the light, which I have said stood at the foot of the cot.

“I am sinking rapidly,” she said. “I am watching that candle, Mr. Levis. It is melting fast—the same winds, that have blown upon my head for these three months, and have aided in killing me, are fast destroying it—and it will soon expire;—but I shall die before it. They did right in placing it by me..... I wonder, Mr. Levis, whether any body ever found it easy to die?— It is not easy for the wicked!— O, I am so wretched, I would rather part with life than retain it, were it not for the guilt which sits so heavy on me at this hour. I have, indeed, sometimes tried to think there can be no world hereafter;—but it was a poor relief.— Do you think, Mr. Levis, there is any hope of mercy for one so vile as I am?”

“We are told so, Alice, if repentance be sincere.— But do not ask me! I—I am—O, Alice! I am too wicked!”—and covering my face with my hands, I was

about to forget my situation in the painful thoughts rushed over me ; but the dying woman, without rem my manner, or even appearing to have heard my a continued :—

“I have sometimes prayed to God since my sic I prayed a little while before you came.—I can think the Almighty will have some compassion on my life of crime has been but short, and perha misery I have endured for the last year—may— Her voice, which had gradually been growing hus indistinct, now ceased altogether, or was heard muttering ; and as I watched her, I observed that of the countenance which betokens instant dis I placed my hand beneath her back, and raised little. For at least half-an-hour, she lay almost r less, and gave no evidence of pain, except by a co low moaning, with a trembling of the lips, and oc ally a chattering of the teeth as of one who suffer cold, while her eyes were fixed on mine with a h glassiness. Suddenly she appeared convulsed, a tempted to turn over in my arms—a spasm shook muscle in her face—the eyes rolled, the mouth c gasping—and both became fixed. The head fell

The next moment, the light in the saveall flash wards—quivered for an instant,—the hot wick san ing in the melted tallow,—and I was left, in darknes the dead,

CHAPTER V.

The heir of Linne is full of golde ;
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee.
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And be that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

Heir of Linne.

You are now prosperous ; but the day perhaps is not distant, when you shall be so no longer. My uncle's words were prophetic ; and the curse of his wounded spirit fell upon me.

I had already sunk by my enormous extravagance one third of my fortune. This, prodigal-like, I little regarded ; but when I lost the additional sum of £19,000, by engaging like a fool in a mining speculation in America, I began to fear that the rest of my property would take wings in a similar manner, and thereupon withdrew it from the solid stock companies, among which my uncle Jeremy had left it distributed, to intrust the whole amount to the hands of one banker. The consequence was, that the banker failing, I found myself without a shilling.

Thus plunged, of a sudden, from wealth to poverty, the shock I experienced was of course tremendous. I was at first absolutely stunned by the fall, nor could believe my situation real.— But if the reader will take the advice I have given him on the one hundred and thirty-seventh page, and, shutting the volume, imagine himself for one moment to be precisely circumstanced as I was,

he will conceive all that I would say, much be I, or any other man, can express it.

I was yet holding the letter that announced fortune, when my valet brought in some paper. seeing me engaged, laid them on the table. The folded very suspiciously. In a kind of desperation open two or three. There it was—debtor to such and such-a-one, and such-a-one. There was no looking further; the amount even in these was as as I could now pay, were I to sell horses, carriages, thing I possessed.—Had the devil hung a halter way then, I believe I should have tried it. “The crow I exclaimed, tearing the papers into atoms, “No soon am I struck down, than they all pounce at once upon my carcass! Could they not wait one moment longer?”—and yet the poor men only sought their rights. I locked my door, and walked the room in an agitation little viable.—The reader knows by this time how sudden I was in my resolutions—the first idea that presented itself being usually adopted. I resolved, as wickedly as absurdly, to retrieve my losses in some measure, by resorting to the gaming-table.—My friends dine with me this evening—, I said,—they will be glad to lend to one whose purse has been always open to them.—

The dinner was ready at the proper hour; but my friends came not: the dinner was kept waiting; still they were absent. My heart sank within me: I thought of the many instances I had read of the hollowness of friendship, and Timon of Athens stared me in the very face.—But, psha!—, I said,—these are mere tales; will not believe them! My friends have heard of my misfortune, and delay to come only out of delicacy to my feelings;—it is a proof of their affection.—I will write to them.—Accordingly I wrote to those of my acquaintance who were reputed the richest, requesting them to lend me such sums as would be sufficient to silence the most clamorous of my creditors. The messenger soon

ed. One of the gentlemen was out of town; another was suddenly indisposed, and could not be dispatched; a third was sorry he could not oblige Mr. Levis, who had just been paying a debt of honour, and found himself almost penniless; and a fourth—the man on whom I most depended, because he was the one I had benefited—had the impudence to return my letter, saying he *never knew me*. My eyes were now opened. I had all along neglected to draw the proper distinction between the terms—*friend* and *companion*.

While I was yet raving with passion—because I had said that I was not so wise as I had hitherto thought myself,—a couple of letters were handed to me. I knew at once, by their superscriptions, that they came, one from Lady Arne, and the other from Sir James Maitland, and had no doubt that they both contained offers of assistance, which, in the latter especially, I should find worded with a delicacy that must prevent offence even to the most pride. But I tore them both, without opening them, and scattered the fragments about the apartment. “No!” exclaimed, “I rejected their friendship when I was prosperous; I will not be indebted to it now! They shall never sneer at my boast of independence!” I spoke so loud that my valet came running into the room.

“Did you call, sir?”

“No!—Yes, yes, I did. Tell your fellows to come here.”

The man stared. “My fellows, sir?”

“Yes, sir, your *fellows*! do you mock my words?—my mates—booby!—ass! send *my servants* here—all of them!—And come yourself.”

The domestics attended accordingly. I took my purse, paid them all their full wages. There was one guinea. I threw it at their feet:

“There!” I cried, “leave me!—There is my last penny! I give it you—spend it among you.”

The men stared at one another in mute astonishment

"Do you hear me! Must I order twice? Do you not know I am ruined? Will you cling to a falling house? Leave me I say!—I have no more to give you—Begone!" I stamped my foot, and foamed at the mouth.

The men left me; and, whether owing to fear or sorrow on their part, I could not detect the faintest smile on the features of any one of them, though I watched with frantic jealousy. Had I observed the least inclination to pleasantry, I believe I should have put myself in the way of being elevated beyond the reach of misfortune.—They left me, I say; but, before they left the house, they took care to remunerate themselves, for the loss they might sustain in being out of employment, by pilfering enough to pay each of them three months' wages.

The next day I called my creditors together, and delivered to them all I possessed. They behaved with less severity than is usual in such cases; for, as I had always been liberal towards them, and had paid their bills with the strictest punctuality while it was in my power, they not only left my person at liberty, but permitted me to retain the whole of my wardrobe, besides the watch I wore, which was of considerable value. These articles I immediately converted into money, and proceeded thence, with to the gaming-house. Desperate, I deposited the whole sum upon a single stake. I thought my eyes would burst as they watched my fate deciding.—I lost.

My excessive agitation was noticed by the company around, for, as I was quitting the rooms, I heard some one remark, with a laugh, "Poor fellow! he looks as though he would shoot himself." I turned deliberately back, and with a firm step walked up to the table. "Did any one speak?" There was a deep silence. I looked around me. No one *durst* answer;—for there is something in the defiance of a man wrought up to my state of feeling that will make even the stoutest quail for a moment. Slowly I retraced my steps through the long apartment. When at the door I once more turned, and faced the play-

There was not a sneer, not a smile to brave me ;— the hell that raged within my heart was still blazing my eyes. Slowly I descended the stairs, treading avily with jealous caution, that every step might be heard. The moment I reached the street, the blood rushed from my nostrils.

That night I was supperless, houseless. But I did not under where I might be known—where every being met would seem to grin at my distress : I chose the vilest lanes, alleys where disease, and vice, and wretchedness, swarmed thick around me, and tainted the very atmosphere. Yet I felt no sympathy with the wretches that brushed by me : I shrunk from their contact with loathing, and drew my very coat closer to my body, for fear it should touch the filth I hated. Towards morning I felt sick and weary ; when, seeing some loose boards standing slantwise against an unfinished building, I crouched behind their welcome shelter, and sought that place which comes least often to those who need it most, the happy oblivion of sleep.

Just as I was losing the sense of my troubles, a party of frolicsome curs came galloping down the street. They stopped directly before my lodging-place and began to gambol together.— Happy creatures ! —, I thought, with a sigh, — You are houseless as I am,—and, perhaps, like me, half starved ; yet you have no care to worry you. To-night you sport till wearied, and then lie down, contented, in the first spot that offers a resting place ; and when the morrow comes, you take the food that chance provides, without one thought of when and whence the next meal is to come,—and without the curse of pride, that would bid you care what eye observed your motions.— Sport on, ye only true philosophers ! — and, in the feelings of the moment, I clasped my hands, and gave bitter tolerance to a complaint, very natural in my situation but which had been contemptible if really intended,— O ! why was I not born a dog !” Thus do we basely

which still survived amid the damps of my calamity, died for a moment at this aggression ; but my strength was unable to maintain it,—it quivered, and expired. Without a word, or sigh, I rose from the stone, and drew myself to the door of the next house. The rain had soaked through my clothes ; I shivered with cold, and my teeth chattered ; but the heat of my eyes was intolerable, and a fire seemed to be consuming my heart.—I will beg—, I said ; but I thought of the insult I had just endured ; and I felt it was useless.

In a little while I fancied I was dying. I crept to the door of a house where there was revelry and dance. O God, what an acme of misery was it to feel the agony of perishing of starvation, while those within were in the midst of waste—waste that could save me—, without one of the wretch, who was crawling but a few yards from them, destitute of even a crumb to appease the pain of his entrails !—and I remembered, at that hour, how myself had been, and how I had turned my back from my table with revilings, and I felt that his curse had indeed lighted on me.

Another hour passed. At least, it seemed an hour to my feelings ; for I heard no clock strike the hour. The nausea of my stomach began to abate ; but it was succeeded by a more horrible sensation—as the nerves of that organ were laid bare, and slowly cut with a rough knife. A parching thirst was added to the pangs of hunger. I put the sleeve of my coat to my swelled lips, and endeavoured to extract the moisture from the cloth ; but my strength was too little for the effort, and I shuddered at the vain attempt with loathing, such as those appear to suffer who are afflicted with canine madness. My brain grew more dizzy : I fancied I could feel each convolution of the brain spreading ; and it seemed as if the skull would give it room. But then there was another change. The agonies subsided to a sort of painful quiescence.

ed the expression); I felt a wretched debility. I thought,— it will soon be all over with me.— I gave up to die, and waited with the impatient enthusiasm for that moment which should put an end to my sufferings.—Few are there who know, but I do know never may forget, that singular calm, that stillness which is not feeling, and that numbness which is not insensative, with which the exhausted mind awaits the stroke of the power it has so long battled with. I felt a sternness of satisfaction, a gloomy pride, to face the storm we know we cannot lay, and which we feel a few short minutes must sweep away.—

I gave up to die:— but death came not. The night passed: the rain ceased: the morning dawned. It revived me a little.—With the first gray light appeared, coming down the street with a box upon his shoulder. He walked rapidly, and did not observe the shivering mass of human flesh he almost brushed by. The moment I saw him, a method of relief presented itself, that would rid me of my troubles instantly, and for ever:—it was self-murder. With the flash of lightning an event of my boyish days* traced its shadow across my memory: The suffering I endured when I thought myself drowning, without a hope of rescue, was present for a moment to my mind, and a fancy occurred to me that it would be more *pleasing* by the death which had once threatened, than by living.

I cannot describe exactly what were my feelings, after I formed the desperate resolution to hasten the termination of my existence; but I can make myself thus far understood, when I say, that, though there was enough of madness in the thought of my purpose to nerve my

* *Vid.* BK. II.—CH. I.

weak and stiffened limbs with the ability requisite to put it into execution, yet I was sufficiently deliberate to weigh, as I tottered along the streets to the river side, the right I had to thrust myself, uncalled for, into the presence of my Maker. I remember saying to myself—Why is suicide so black a crime?—Because it destroys a life that may be useful to one's family, one's friends, one's country; and hurries one, with all the rank offences of his nature thick upon him, unwashed, before the judgment-seat of a jealous God. But how, if life be no longer of use,—if it be a burthen, not only to ourselves, but to all that are connected with us—and a burthen that must soon be taken from us if we threw it not off with our own hands—, is it forbidden us to turn our backs upon the dial, that we see not the tardy motion of the shadow which must darken the appointed number ere the load may be dropped? Is it sinful to save our poor natures some hours of agony, when we know they cannot, after that period, bear up against the shock which comes to level with the dust their sapped foundations?—and that we shall not then be more prepared than we are now?—The last clause in my reasoning I durst not dwell upon; and satisfied thus far, I looked no further.

I reached the quay: but, as I stopped, and gasped, while my heart beat frightfully at the nearness of the fate I was about to leap, my purpose was arrested by the sight of some little wharf poets—those vagabond boys, who spend almost their whole existence listening to the melancholy plashing of the water against the green wharves, and watching the curling of the wave as it enters the little holes and crevices of the rotten wood and is regurgitated. Though it was so early, there were several of these romantic, bare-legged idlers, sitting on the quay; and I feared lest they should observe my attempt, and prevent its success. They were gazing at something. By a natural movement I raised my eyes to see what attracted their attention so strongly. It was a movement

on which my whole destiny depended.—I saw a vessel which appeared to be just upon the point of leaving an opposite wharf. The thought at once struck me that I might find employment on board, and there earn an honest, though hard subsistence, unknown to those whose sneers I so much dreaded.

I found strength to reach the quay almost on a run. I even sprang, rather than stepped, upon the deck of the vessel. "Where is your captain?" I demanded of the busy sailors. Ere an answer could be returned, I heard a voice exclaim, in joyful surprise, "Mr. Levis!" and a man, stepping before me, grasped my right hand in both his own.

"You do not remember me. I am James Berther, the poor man whom your generosity snatched from the grave, whose family you rescued from worse than death.—You do not know me yet?—True! I'm altered now—thanks to your uncle's skill and kindness,—but first to you—I owe it all to you!—Come with me to the cabin, Mr. Levis; I will explain it all."

I knew him now.—Thus, for the hour of my greatest need, had Providence built a haven of refuge, in the only purely good act that had marked the vicious days of my prosperity. And my heart whispered the beautifully solemn verse, *Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble,*

CHAPTER VI.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

Twelfth Night.

Then rose, from sea to sky, the wild farewell !
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—

Don Juan.

AFTER giving some rapid order to his mate, the master of the vessel (for such was Berther,) conducted me to the cabin ; but, my temporary excitement being now over, he was obliged, to his evident surprise, to assist me down the companion-way. When at the bottom he gazed at me a moment, and sprang back with an exclamation of horror ;—for the suffering I had lately undergone in mind and body, and the manner in which I had passed the last two nights, must have given a ghastly and haggard expression to my sunken features, and a filthy wildness to my person.

“ Yes ; I am altered,” I said, replying to his look and exclamation ; “ I have not eaten a mouthful for two days,”—and, unable to stand any longer, I sank upon a chair.

Without a word in return, the captain called to the steward to bring bread and wine instantly ; then, seating himself near me, he looked sadly in my face, for some minutes, without speaking. I understood this expressive silence. “ Yes,” I said ; “ You see a mournful change, Mr. Berther. A little while ago I was wealthy,—too much so, indeed, for my own good ; now, I am a ruined man

—without a smiling—without a friend, in the world.” A deeper shade immediately darkened the captain’s brow. “Now,— I thought,— I shall never more be happy. All men, I find, are alike ; there are no friends but halcyon friends, that are never found but when the sea is calm.” Happily I was deceived ; for the master, with an expression glowing in his eyes that made his plain features appear almost handsome, said, the moment his emotions ceased to fetter his utterance,

“I little thought, Mr. Levis, when I lay, in poverty, upon a bed of sickness, and you came like a ministering angel to raise me,—I little thought then, when you said that the day perhaps might come, when you should need a like kindness to that you was rendering me,—O, sir ! I little thought your words would ever prove true !.....But now, that the day has indeed come, I thank God it is in my power to show myself grateful. All I have is yours : take it—use it as you will—— !”

I am a very woman in any thing that moves me. My eyes moistened as I took the captain’s hand, and interrupted him, “Not so, dear sir. I am here for the very purpose of obtaining assistance ; but you must suffer me to fix the terms on which that assistance may be accepted. You are master of this vessel : you may, perhaps, have occasion for a clerk ; I will——”

“Mr. Levis—— !” exclaimed the captain. But here the steward entered, and, with a natural sense of propriety, which, as it is the joint production of a good head and a good heart, his rough profession had not been able to destroy, he immediately checked himself to give me an opportunity of allaying my hunger.

I almost cried with joy when I saw the articles of food before me ;—I sprang to the table ; I seized the bread ; I broke off a piece ; but such was my debility and the irritable state of my stomach, that, the instant I put it to my mouth, I was seized with dizziness, and fell senseless into the arms of the captain.

When I revived, Mr. Berther made me swallow some wine a little diluted; and then a small portion of the bread, then some wine again (but pure), and then another portion of the bread, and so on, by little and little, till the strength of my whole system thus renovated through its "centre," I breathed another man.

He then said, resuming the discourse which had been interrupted, "You will accept my assistance, Mr. Levin, only upon certain conditions. You forget, sir, that thus you are reproaching me for being indebted to you."

He was right. "True.——You are about to sail soon, I presume, for the West-Indies?"

"Yes; we are already clearing from the wharf, and shall set sail with the first fair wind."

"Well then; you shall take me with you; I have no tie to bind me to this land; there are many little things that I can do on shipboard; and when you arrive at the end of your voyage, perhaps I may find some employment that will enable me to refit my shattered fortune; there are many Englishmen who, from a worse condition than mine, have risen to be rich in the West Indies (I added, with a melancholy smile,)."

And so the matter was settled, and I went to sea.

Few men have I known that better pleased me than Mr. Berther. Sensible, and, though almost wholly self-taught, well informed; with all a sailor's frankness (rather—all the frankness that is attributed to the sailor and very little, if any of a sailor's roughness; he was moreover, sincerely pious—a rare merit in one of his profession. Yet he never made his feelings clash unnecessarily with those of others, nor when the storm raged, a prayer-book into his men's hands instead of a rope but kept his piety, where alone it could be cherished, in the warm cover of his own bosom: and, though seldom indulging in the folly of an oath himself, he knew he might as well draw the blood from his sailors' veins, and then bid them work, as expect them to do their duty without blaspheming. Hence he was beloved and respected by

aw, and, consequently, never was there crew more
ly. Once, the first time I discovered the pecu-
lour of his sentiments, when I had said to him "It
y rarely we find a man in your profession think and
you do, Mr. Berther," he answered:—

hope not, sir; for in what profession is the little
you give me credit for more needed than in ours?
. Levis, if we, between whom and God's vengeance
are but a few thin planks,—if we, who know not,
we lie down at night, that our eyes shall ever again
out to see our death, and then close forever,—if we
I not be pious, who is there on the earth that should?"
ing my head in silence for some minutes, and a sigh
its way to my lips; for, though owing to the power
bit, which wears all things down to the same dead
fact will not furnish the proper answer to this ques-
thought how much happier I should have been, how
less miserable I should be now, were such my feel-

Then you speak thus, Mr. Berther," I said, "you
think how basely I have misused the advantages
ere heaped upon me—."

o," replied my friend—for was he not a *friend* in-
—; "those advantages are the very causes of your
ing: it is only adversity, Mr. Levis, such, for in-
s, as I have suffered, a complete destitution of all
mforts of this world, that bids men look for comfort
ther. Besides, in youth though it is well to judge
ves with harshness, as it is thus alone we may cor-
rr faults, yet others should not look with too severe
upon the mis-steps we may make; for, when the
ation is so luxuriant, and overtops the dwarfish
ent, is it strange that we should love to slumber
its delusive shade? You reproach yourself for your
, Mr. Levis; and you do rightly: but I am an
nan,—I have known you, too, on one occasion,—and
be permitted to judge more mildly. Your errors,

my dear sir, were errors of the head,—not of the heart; for I am sure you must have turned a deaf ear to its dictates when you suffered yourself to become vicious."

His gratitude was carrying him upon dangerous ground for my modesty. I laid my hand on his, and begged him to desist.

The greater part of the voyage was very agreeable; for, too buoyant in temper to remain long submerged by misfortune, I soon rose superior to its waves. But this relief was merely transient; I was once more to be plunged into their black abyss, and that, ere yet the drops were dried upon me that marked my first immersion. We were within a few days' sail of our destination, when a brig was descried bearing down upon our weather quarter. I was standing by the captain at the time, and observed that he changed countenance. Without, however, communicating his fears, he merely gave orders to make all sail and endeavour to get clear of the strange vessel, which was evidently in chase of us. The exertion was fruitless: the brig gained rapidly upon us, and, hoisting British colours, fired a shot, which fell but a foot or two short of its aim. "It is as I thought," said the captain.—"She pretends to mistake us; but she must see our flag. We must heave to; we can neither fight nor fly."

Presently two boats came along side of our vessel (—the brig lying off at a little distance—); and immediately we were boarded by more than twenty men, all well-armed, either with muskets, cutlasses, or long knives and pistols. In the confusion I managed to escape without notice, and conceal myself behind a coil of ropes, which lay in the bow of the vessel covered with a bit of old sail. A moment's reflection must have convinced me that I could not remain long in such a situation without being discovered; but we are none of us alike at all times, and on the present occasion I obeyed the impulse of the moment, governed by the horrid fear of that worst of deaths—the being butchered tamely without a means

of making the least resistance. Thus, completely covered by the sail, except where a fold at the edge afforded an aperture sufficiently large for me to see without being seen, I lay an agonized spectator of the horrible scene which was presently enacted.

The pirate crew appeared to be composed of men of various nations, mostly Spaniards however, with here and there an Englishman. The captain himself was an Englishman, a man of short stature, small smooth features, pale blue eyes, and light hair, and wearing a thick sandy moustache, through a ridiculous affectation of fierceness, or, perhaps, to give manliness to his otherwise effeminate appearance. He was armed with a long naked poniard, a pair of pistols, and a cutlass. His first act, when on the deck of our vessel, was to drive all on board, Captain Berther included, to the forepart of the ship, and set a strong guard upon them. He then, in a voice as cold as his eyes, commanded Berther to give him an exact account of every article of value he had on board, threatening him, though in the same singularly deliberate manner, with severe measures in case he should withhold any point of information. When he had obtained the knowledge he desired, the pirate laid his hand upon the first mate, and drew him apart from his fellows in misfortune. "One must lead," he said; "your captain is to bring up the rear; so—to begin with you!"—and suddenly buried his poniard to the very hilt in the heart of his captive. The unfortunate man, with one, deep groan, fell flat upon the deck, and his life blood spirted from the wound.

The reason of the pirate's keeping the ship's company on deck, instead of driving them below, as is usual in such cases, was now very evident. It was a refinement in cruelty—to make each man suffer, previous to the agony of his own death, the horrors of that death anticipated by the sight of a companion's struggles.

The next to die was drawn up to the yard-arm. While he was dangling yet alive, the rover turned to one of his

crew, and said carelessly, in Spanish, "There's a fine shot for you, Cristobal." The Spaniard grinned, and taking deliberate aim with his musket, shot the cord in two that attached the victim to the yard. The man dropped into the sea, to finish there his sufferings by drowning; while the whole pirate crew shouted in applause of this feat of dexterity.—Thus, in various ways, according to the barbarous caprice of these wretches, the whole ship's company was despatched, with the exception of a boy of sixteen, who was found already dead of terror.

One poor fellow's agony I remember well. He had just recovered from a severe attack of fever, and from consequent nervous debility was completely unsexed. They had to drag him to his fate. As the captain raised his cutlass, he grasped the naked blade in his hands. The weapon was instantly drawn through them, dividing the fingers almost to the joints. The wretched man seemed not to feel the wound. "Spare me!" he screeched, raising his bloody hands in supplication, "O spare me!"..... "What! that I may swing for you?" replied the icy-hearted pirate—"No, not one of you shall live to betray us,—nor your vessel either; you shall all to hell together."..... "But I will not betray you!" persisted the sailor—"You can take me with you! I'll be one of you!"..... "You! coward!" exclaimed the pirate, his pale eyes darkening, and his bearded upper lip rising in scorn—the first emotion of any kind that had yet agitated his stony features—, "we want no women with us;"—and with the last word, he drove his weapon through the breast of his victim. The sufferer sprang forward in his sharp agony, burying the blade more deeply in his vitals, then fell backwards, and rolled over and over on the deck, grasping at its slippery boards with his mangled fingers, while the red blood bubbled at his lips as his dying cries struggled for utterance.

The last yet standing, save myself, of all the lately living crew, was the commander. Poor Berther! he

lied as a man should die. Pale as the sun-bleached canvass that flapped upon the masts of his own vessel, he walked with a firm step, his arms folded and head bent upon his breast, to where stood the pirate captain. A halter was put upon his neck as if to hang him. He raised his eyes to heaven; "My children!" I heard him distinctly murmur; and one, solitary tear trickled down his manly cheek. Men, dead to every other appeal in nature, are often surprisingly alive to the grandeur of unshaken courage. The pirate chief stopped the intended execution. "He's a brave fellow," he said: "he sha'n't die the death of a dog." The next instant his bright cutlass rose in the air, and the poor master fell dead upon the deck, 'brained to the eye.'

Thus perished the honest—the noble-minded—the pious Berther,—the sole support of a virtuous wife and three yet helpless children. God of Heaven, thy ways are indeed unsearchable!

Motionless with horror, I had witnessed the whole of this bloody tragedy, unable to avert my eyes from the scene: my own part remained to be acted, by way of afterpiece.—The pirates now proceeded to rob the vessel of what specie it contained, and such parts of the cargo as comprised the most value in the least bulk. The rest of the merchandize they threw back again into the hold, a caution of which, at the time, I could not comprehend the motive. Suddenly, their captain turned his eyes upon my hiding-place. "Look, some of you," he said to his men, "and find what is under that bit of sail that makes it lie so damned awkward—By heavens! it stirs!" In an instant my covering was stripped off. A yell of joy arose among the savage crew, such as might have followed the discovery of some precious treasure. "Bring him along!" cried the captain. I was dragged along the deck, more dead than alive. "Ho! a gentleman! a passenger I suppose;—so much the worse! he must go with the rest.—But stop; first search the booby's

pockets.— What, nothing? Damn him! To hell with him, then, at once!”

It is easy for those who live in security to talk of braving death. Had I been told, two hours before, that I would tremble at an uplifted sword, I had laughed in scorn: but now—O God, what would I not have done to avert an hour, a minute,—O, a second, the coming blow! I clung to the captain's knees in the agony of desperation. “Spare me,” I gasped, “O, but one minute! but one minute, spare my life! I am not fit to die! Think how you would feel, were you denied a moment's preparation! think of being condemned to quit life so young! of being hurled at once to where you know not! Spare me! Leave me but here to die! Fling me, if you will, into the wide ocean!—but do not kill me! Give me but the chance of life, and I will bless you!” “Damn the baby! cut him down!” roared one of the crew, raising a hatchet at the same time; but the captain, who I fancied was a little moved, pushed him back. “Vast a bit; let's give him the chance he asks for—and see if the sharks will be more tender than we are.” And the wretch grinned. “Over with him! Over with the lubber!” shouted the crew, who perhaps were glad of a change in the mode of assassination; and, in an instant, I felt the rough waves cut my flesh as I fell heavily into them.

I rose under the stern of the vessel. The cold plunge, combined with the sense of release from immediate death to restore me to my right reason, and I saw at once the chance, which my present situation held out, of complete escape from the hands of the pirates. Climbing up by the rudder, I softly got into one of the cabin windows. There I determined to remain till they should have left the vessel, knowing that I could easily hear their footsteps should any of them think of re-entering the cabin, and, before they could possibly descend the stairs, should

able to make my escape by resorting again to the water; for I was uncommonly agile, and a good swimmer, as I have elsewhere had occasion to mention.

Presently the boats put off: but it appeared, that, owing to their load of plunder, they could not carry back all the men they had brought; for, after they were gone, I still heard the trampling of many feet upon the deck, with occasionally a peal of coarse laughter or a curse of impatience.

Again I heard the plashing of oars. Once more the boats drew up to the vessel; the oars sounded on the benches; but—the pirates did not descend.

In a few moments I heard a sound like the drilling of augers. The object of delay was now very evident:—the rascals were scuttling the vessel. To this succeeded a singular noise, as though several heavy masses were thrown rapidly into the hold. Then the men leaped into the boats; the oars rattled in the oar-pins; again was heard the plashing of water; and then, all was still. The pirates had left the vessel.

Almost wild with delight (—though still, amid the rapid thrilling of my heart, there beat one pulse for ever—), I stole cautiously up the companion-way, not daring to indulge the feeling which bade me rush up its few steps, and satisfy myself at once that I again breathed the air in liberty. On reaching the deck, however, I found that the piratical brig was still in sight, and, therefore, was obliged to skulk back to my hiding place, lest the rovers should discover me. I lay in concealment for about ten minutes—at least such I suppose the time to have been; for to my feelings it appeared as many hours—, and then I ventured forth again. The brig was scudding, far in the distance, under a full press of sail.

Relieved now from apprehension, I turned my eyes about me. The deck was stained with blood, already blackening from exposure, and spattered here and there

in little spots, where the murderers had trodden carelessly in it ; but of all the victims that had fallen not one was to be seen. Had they been thrown overboard ? I looked to the hold. The hatches were down.—The pirates' caution in throwing back the refuse of the cargo, the singular noise I had heard while in the cabin, was now explained!—The wretches, determined to leave no evidence of their crime that might rise to the surface of the water and betray them, had so arranged it that the ship and all things in her should sink together. But I had no time to indulge in reflections on the fate of others ; for, thus reminded that the ship was scuttled, I awoke to a full sense of the peril of my situation. Alone, upon a desolate ocean,—night fast approaching—and the vessel sinking under me,—and no prospect of relief —— ! I walked the bloody deck almost distracted by terror ; and, like the Trojan, when exposed to a danger something similar, regretted that I had not perished with my late companions. Suddenly a black speck appeared at the horizon. Uttering a scream of joy, I clasped my hands, and leaned forward, with eyes dilated to watch the object. It grew larger and blacker : then, I distinguished the masts—the sails—the hull ! It was indeed a vessel !—You, who have imaginations, place yourselves one moment in such a situation, and conceive its ecstasy. For myself—I—— Why should I blush to acknowledge it ?——I cried like a child.

The sail came nearer. I had a cambric handkerchief in my pocket, part of the wrecks of my former finery :—the pirates despised, what the sheriffs had spared. It was heavy with brine. I wrung it, and waved it in the air. Then I stripped off my wet coat, and used it for a signal. And then I shouted, and screamed, and tossed my arms, and danced upon the deck,—doing every thing that my delirious fancy suggested, to attract my notice. Holy God ! they see

—the boat puts off—it bounds over the waters, near-
and nearer—I feel the ship I stand in sinking
er me ; but I mind it not ; for my heart rises and
s with the barge that comes to save me. Now they
within hail—the men shout in answer to my cries—
heave—another—O, another !—they touch the
sel ! God of goodness ! I am safe !



BOOK FIFTH.



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea.

Childe Harold.

———— al movimiento que hizieron de ponerse en pie, la hermosa moça alçò la cabeça, y apartandose los cabellos de delante de los ojos con entrambas manos, mirò los que el ruydo hazian ; y apenas los hùvo visto, quando se levantò en pie, y sin aguardar à calçarse, ni à recoger los cabellos, * * quiso ponerse en hùdra, llena de turbacion y sobresalto: —————

Don Quixote.

KIND Reader:—When I formed the design of por-
tioning these my memoirs into Books, it was not with the
view of affording thee certain *half-way* accommodations,
where thou mightest stop thy jaded steed (meaning my-
self), and, while thou tookest some refreshment for thine
own tired lungs, suffer him, poor beast, to blow a little ;
for, though I am an aged animal, yet have I not acquired,
with my lank belly and projecting haunches, that modi-
cum of carthorse humility which would induce me to
prick mine ears with satisfaction, could I be made sensi-

ble that, on reaching the end of thy journey, thou wouldest attribute the safety of thine own neck and that of thy Rozinante, merely to the aforesaid stopping-places; —but (to cast the nature of a horse and resume mine own—which, by the inestimable privilege of humanity, more resembleth that of an ass,)—I have arranged it thus to indicate a greater lapse of time, or a greater separation of scene, than intervenes between the incidents depicted in one CHAPTER and those which form the subject of another.

Behold me now in Cadiz.—The generous seaman to whom I owed my life was not contented with merely discharging his duty, but—a true Spaniard—, once interested in my welfare, strained every nerve till he had rowed my bark into a snug haven;—recommending me, on his own, sole responsibility, to the merchants in whose employment he sailed—and that, without knowing any more of my character than he could gather from my appearance, my conversation, and such portions of my history as I chose to communicate! Men of prudence—that is to say, men of cold heart and much knowledge of the world, will sneer at this kindness as a rank specimen of folly; but, when I forget it,—may I cease to remember all that makes me man! and lose the sense of all that renders life precious—the *foolish romance* that bids me shut my ears against the loud warnings of Experience, when she tries to drown the ever gentle whispers of my heart!

I gave the honest captain no cause to repent of his *folly*; for, notwithstanding the temptations which that city of the senses held out to me (not unsuccessfully,) on every side, I performed my duties so much to the satisfaction of my employers, that, before the expiration of eight months, I found myself elevated almost to the footing of a partner in one of the most opulent houses of Cadiz. Of course, under these circumstances, a temper like mine could not remain long overcast. Indeed,

in a very few weeks, even the light vapours that occasionally dimmed the clear ether—the traces and memorials of my late misfortunes—floated off; and I became once more the gay, and, above all, the happy Jeremy,—for, though I still danced in the train of Pleasure (and who does not in Cadiz ?), I danced no longer blindfold.—But while I laughed beneath the sunny heaven that hung over my spirits, a storm was brewing. I heard not its distant rumbling; but the cloud, though slow, was sure in its advances, and was gathering, black with desolation, to pour its fury over my devoted head, scattering in ruin the ripened harvest of my happiness, and almost blasting the very roots as they lay bare in every fibre to its violence.

Early one Sunday morning, I joined a party of acquaintances to pass the day at *El Puerto* (the opposite town of Port St. Mary). In the afternoon, when the rest were preparing to take a turn in the *alameda*,* I left them to stroll about the country. Delighted to find myself amid the beauty and freshness of a rich vegetation, instead of treading the barren sands of Cadiz, I extended my walk several miles,—the landscape growing more varied at almost every step, and with increased charms that made me forget the distance I should have to return. In this way I was induced to enter a romantic little avenue, which crept along the base of a gentle eminence, tempting the traveller by the coolness of its shade, and the perfume of the wild flowers, which, defended from the hot sun, grew there in unrestrained, as unregarded luxuriance. The trees that rose on either side, chiefly of chestnut and elm, passed their leafy branches above, forming a roof of living lattice-work, through which the eye caught here and there a glimpse of the deep blue heaven, as it seemed to one looking upward, without pausing in his walk, to be rushing over him with great rapidi-

* An *alameda* is a public walk, planted with rows of trees—which form avenues.

ty; while flowering, aromatic shrubs filled up the intervals between their trunks, delighting both sight and smell, and announcing by the closeness with which they grew, as if crowded for room; and the variety of their species, the land where (as it often has been remarked) the hand of God appears to have done every thing, that of man nothing. Sometimes these plants stretched completely across the path, as if to bar my passage, so that I was obliged to stop and put them aside before I could proceed; and then, the rustling they made against my dress, or when they recoiled as I released them, would startle from their haunts the little gray lizards, which would dart by me, seemingly bewildered with terror, so seldom had they been disturbed by the footstep of man.*

After walking about a hundred yards, I found the avenue to terminate in a fork, of which the right branch led directly into the open country (—for I could plainly perceive both vineyards and olive plantations, at a very trifling distance—), while the other appeared to be scarcely more than a cleft in the hill along whose base I have said the little shaded alley wandered. Curious to see whither this latter path would lead, I entered it without hesitation. It was so narrow, that, standing with my back to one side, I could easily touch the other with my arm flexed, and was, moreover, thickly overgrown with weeds, and wild flowers and vines, entwined together, and of extraordinary size.

I had scarcely taken a dozen steps, which cost me near as many minutes, amid their intricacy, when I was arrested by the sound of a female voice singing a Spanish air. All good music has something of melancholy in its strains; but this was peculiarly sad; and the tones of the voice were so exquisitely touching that every nerve in my body

* An Englishman in Spain finds few to sympathize with him in his admiration of rural beauties.

tingled with delight. Astonished, not at the sounds themselves, but at hearing them in so wild a spot, I moved cautiously forward.—Suddenly my further progress appeared to be obstructed by a large rock which stood directly across the passage in which I was treading. On approaching the barrier, however, I discovered, to the left, a little opening between its smooth barren surface and the richly verdant hill, so narrow that a common-sized man might just enter it sideways. A tall slender weed, growing from the foot of the hill, projected across the opening, the top of its green stalk rising to a level with my hat. I looked between its leaves, and saw a sight that held me to the spot, fixed almost like the solid stone beside me, with wonder and admiration.

The narrow cleft, at whose mouth I was standing, instead of winding through the hill or terminating abruptly, was nothing more than a doorway to a kind of amphitheatre, whose longest diameter (—taking as such a line drawn by my eye from the spot where I stood to the wall opposite—) might measure ten or twelve feet. Three fourths of the *arena* were surrounded by a rough, irregular wall of rocks, whose perpendicular masses rose to about the height of twelve feet, covered by dwarf trees, and by wild vines and creeping plants, which hung down the side, seeking some hold whereto they might attach themselves, while, wherever the interstices of the rocks presented an outlet, however small, little delicate shrubs projected their green heads (so rich is this neglected soil!), as if proud to contrast their laughing beauty with the stern bleakness of the wall within whose compass they had found a scanty footing. Opposite, though not in a direct line, to the cleft I occupied, was another, something similar in width, but lessening gradually in depth, as it rose by a gentle ascent towards the summit of the hill. It served as channel to a narrow rivulet, which, arising from some unseen spring, poured down the slope with great rapidity, forming little waterfalls over

the rocky prominences it encountered in its way, as it proceeded to discharge itself into a small pebbly basin almost in the centre of the area; whence the overflowing waters found escape, by a self-worn passage, to a woody chasm, (the *curipus* of the amphitheatre,) down whose steep they disappeared, tumbling with a hoarse yet gentle murmur, most pleasant to the ear of melancholy. Two natural seats, running along the foot of the rocky wall, almost to the whole extent of its circuit, and formed of broad flat stones, laid one above the other in the manner of steps, the Reader's imagination will be pleased to convert into the *Podium* and the numerous benches for the *equites* above it.—The quarter of the *amphitheatre* still remaining to be described, does not, in fact, answer the comparison at all; for it was nothing more than a smooth, verdant slope, having the chasm at its foot to separate it from the smooth ground which I have designated as the *arena*.—Perhaps, after all, it would be better to read *theatre* for *amphitheatre*;—and then, the Reader will suppose the two stone seats the benches for the multitude, the area the space occupied by the higher orders, the little chasm the *orchestra*, and the verdant slope the stage.

In the above description I have embodied, for the sake of distinctness, the observations of repeated visits with my first impression of the place; for, after a single rapid and delighted glance around this scene of beauty, my eyes remained fixed upon the one living object that gave it animation—a young girl in the dress of an Andalusian peasant. She was seated, or, rather, reclined, on the lower of the stone steps, with her left arm resting on the upper and supporting her head, while the right, dropped carelessly beside her, held up her cotton petticoat of snowy whiteness almost to her knees, to prevent its being wet as she bathed her feet in the little basin. The position into which she had thrown herself displayed to advantage the exquisite gracefulness of her figure,

which was symmetrical without fault, and of a slenderness so extreme as to border on fragility. The jacket she wore, being without sleeves, laid bare to the shoulder an arm rounded to exactness beyond any thing of the kind I have ever seen, except in painting or statuary ; and her short petticoat, raised as I have said, exposed the taper calf and small *springy* foot, for which the women of her country are remarkable. The *mantilla*, thrown back upon the shoulders, unveiled a neck the very duplicate of poor Nannette's,*—ears, whose extraordinary beauty gave me, for the first time, a conception of the important item these members might contribute towards the general elegance of the head,—a nose and forehead, that stamped the beauty of the face as regular,—and a mouth, of which I need but say the sweet yet pensive character accorded well with the music it had just breathed. Her eyes I could not see ; for they were cast down, apparently watching the crystal water of the rivulet, which the motion of her little feet made sparkle in the slant rays of the setting sun ; but I could easily imagine, from the shape of their long lids, and the dark lashes that closely fringed them, the fires that as yet lay hidden. To these attractions was added one, which perhaps was the greatest of all, as found in the south of Spain :—Though her hair was of the deepest black (not, however, that coarse, heavy black hair, which, in women, almost invariably gives a vulgar appearance to even the most elegant faces ; but fine and silky), yet her complexion was lighter than belonged to an Andalusian, approaching more to that brilliancy of skin, which the delicious climate of Valencia bestows upon the beautiful women who enjoy its influence. Altogether, she was a noble specimen of what the American poet† terms the aristocracy of nature.

* Vid. Bk. III. Ch. I, (p. 89 of this vol.).

† HALLSCK.

I may be forgiven if I speak extravagantly ; since it was for this woman I first knew the full, the real power of Love—Love such as I had read of, such as Nannette had described him—the enchanter, before the waving of whose wand Reason and all the other guards of the soul sink into slumber, while lightly he steps over their fallen bodies to the chamber of his victim.—But I anticipate.

We read of loving at first sight ; and we are not apt to credit the tale. I never believed it *impossible* ; for often in my earlier days, when the first down of manhood was on my lips, as my warm imagination drew for me those angel forms of beauty to which we meet no approach in real existence, I felt within me the smouldering of a fire that needed but something at which to catch, to burst into flame ; but yet I thought it *improbable*. Now I learned, that though the picture was from the pencil of romance, the original might be found in nature ; for, as I gazed upon this beautiful being, I felt the tumult of sensations that were exquisite even to pain,—my heart beat with a violence that almost deprived me of breath, the blood rushed to my head, covering my face with a burning blush, and my eyes filled with tears. I could have wept from excess of pleasure.*

Before I had quite recovered from my surprise, the fair Andalusian resumed the song she had discontinued. As I leaned forward, with an absurd, yet natural eagerness, as though I could hear any better by projecting my head six inches in advance of my body, the pliant weed, which shaded my observatory, bent under me, and the rustling I made in endeavouring to preserve my equilibrium startled the solitary. She sprang up on the instant, and without waiting to put on her shoes, or the little straw hat that lay near her on the stone seat, darted towards

* In my youth, extreme beauty in any thing always produced precisely a like effect. In poetry, painting, music, or in the living female form, etc., it was all the same.—It is singular that our highest pleasures should after all be feelings of melancholy.

urce of the rivulet. But the next instant I stood her.

hy should you fly me?" I asked, in my best Cas- and softening my voice involuntarily—"I will not ou."

fair fugitive hesitated for a moment, looking back gaze of mingled fear and wonder, and then at- d to renew her flight; but I held her arm.

ay!—Do stay!" I repeated, while my voice trem- I could scarcely articulate the words; "You believe I would harm you?"

ther she noticed my extreme agitation, or read, appealing earnestness of my countenance, an ad- n that could not be displeasing, I cannot say; but fered herself to be detained, saying, in reply, while es rested on me with a look of such confiding ace, that, did I stand before her a villain medi- he blackest treachery, I must have been disarmed purpose,

, I do not think you would, *señor*." She then in a lower voice, as if in soliloquy, "But who harm poor Agata?"

most started; for this was the language of a child, person of diseased intellect. "Can it be possible," ht, "that God has deprived this beautiful creature only faculty that can render her beauty of any

" But no; every feature of her face was d with an intelligence that forbade the harsh con-

her back to the little stone seat, and placed my- side her. She was the first to speak;—for I was every thing but the contemplation of her beauty, ch I gazed with an earnestness that made the blush, when she noticed it, and draw her *mantilla* e charming picture.

at makes you tremble so?" she said, with a laugh played a new charm, not very common in Spain,

a fine set of teeth. "You seem more afraid of me, than I of you, *señor*." And then, without waiting for reply, she asked, "Are you a Christian?"

This question, though one very frequently put to strangers by the Spanish women, especially those of the lower orders, made me smile. "I have always thought myself one, Agata."

"But you do not talk like one—" (she was using *Christian* and *Spaniard* as synonymous); "and then, your skin is so white—so very white! I never saw any one like you before, *señor*."

"Yes, Agata; but I am not of your country,—I am an Englishman."

"An Englishman! And what is that?"

"O, I am come from a distant land—far, very far, across the seas."

"And are the men there all as white as you are, *señor*?"

"Almost all, Agata. Some are dark, like the men of your country; but the most of them are fair, like me; with hair lighter than mine, and eyes like the blue sky above us."

"Ah, how beautiful they must all be! I shall never like the men of my country any more, I am sure I shall not. But I'm afraid you don't tell me true, *señor*! And are they all Christians too? have they churches just as we have? and do they go to mass, and kneel to so many saints, just as we do?"

"Only some of them, Agata,—and those we call Roman Catholics. The rest of us consider many of the ceremonies of your church of no use, if not hurtful to religion; and, therefore, we have fewer priests, and no images, and do not pray to the saints, as you do; but we pray to God, Agata, and to the Saviour, just the same."

"And is that true?" she exclaimed, throwing back her veil, and grasping my hand, while her beautiful eyes flashed a delight that astonished me.

"It is, Agata."

"And do you think,"—she asked, with still more earnestness,—"*you*, Señor—that your people are right, and that God likes their religion as well as ours?"

"As far as man can judge in such a case, Agata, I do not doubt it; I profess that faith myself."

"Then, I am not the wretch they call me!" And the maiden depressed her beautiful head, while her overcharged feelings, of whose nature I was as yet ignorant, found relief in tears.

I drew nearer to her, and took one of her little hands.

"And who," I asked, with tenderness, "who are they, Agata, that call you so?"

"They, they, every body,— They tell me I am wicked, because I love not those ugly priests, with their little bells, and their torches, and their incense; but—I know not how it is, señor—but, when I get here, and look upon the beautiful sky, and the flowers, and when the moon shines bright upon my little stream, and I watch it dance and bend so prettily, I feel so melancholy, and my eyes fill with tears, and it seems as though I could fall upon my knees, and pray to the God that made all these lovely things."

And had I found, at last, in this poor girl (ignorant—even below the ordinary ignorance of her countrywomen,*—yet with a mind that saw through the hollow superstitions which a vicious priesthood have made the bit and bribe to rule degraded Spain)—had I found, in this child of Nature, the very being my young imagination had so often painted? a being possessed of exquisite beauty, yet adorned with genius,—one whose feelings could sympathize with mine,—one in whose ear I could pour forth all the overflowings of my heart, without the chilling fear of

* It must be remembered, that wherever I speak of Spain, whether in the text or the notes, it is of Spain towards the close of the last century. Of Spain, as she is, I know nothing—except what I am able to gather from the newspapers.

being pitied as an enthusiast, or ridiculed for sentiment that could not be comprehended? Even the idea of happiness was rapturous. Forgetting that the acquaintance between us could scarcely carry the date of existence to a few minutes, I put my arm around the slender waist of the girl, and pressed her to my heart, claiming, in the ardour of my admiration, "Sweet ta!" She gently released herself, and looking in my face for a moment, with an expression of surprise unmingled with displeasure, burst into tears.

Not knowing what to make of this strange conduct, I resumed the hand I had dropped, and, bending my face close to hers, whispered, "Why do you weep?—you not tell me, Agata?"

"I weep because you are so kind;— No one speaks to me so softly as you do, señor."

"Why! have you no parents, Agata?"

"Yes,—No, no, they tell me I have none. When I was a very little girl, the people I live with taught me to call them father and mother, and then they were good to me; but now they say they are not my parents and they do not use me well. They call me silly, because I cannot bring myself to work as they do, and to be like them, but love to wander by the pretty brooks, hear the birds sing, and look upon the sky when the setting sun streaks it with so many beautiful colours when the thousand little stars are shining so bright. For this I could not complain; for in food and dress they give me every thing I want: but I would rather be a peasant, and fare no better than the poor sheep, than be laughed at as silly,* when I feel, and know, Señor, my head is as clear as theirs." What pride in an educated peasant!

* Deranged.

"Yet, Agata, perhaps you misconceive them—seeing they are so kind in other respects?"

"O, no, I do not! If they are not my real parents, their kindness is not their own. No, no, señor—every body laughs at me—my acquaintances, and all. The young men, when they see me, shrug their shoulders, and seem to pity my misfortune:—I would rather have them spit at me! The young girls look at my hands and feet, and thank the Virgin that they have hands that are large enough to work with, and feet that are made for something besides show; and when I pass them they sneer, and whisper, loud enough for me to hear, that though *their* parents are poor, they are honest, and they would rather be born of such, than of parents that might be ashamed to own them. No, señor, I have none to love me—none to care for me,—and when poor Agata is dead, there will be none to weep for her—no, none."

"Yes, Agata, I will care for you, I will love you,—and weep for you, and with you, Agata!"

The maiden raised her head. Her dark eyes were glowing amid their tears, and she fixed them on mine, for a moment, with a tender thankfulness of expression that told how nearly my words had touched her heart. Poor solitary! driven, by her strong disgust of a society in whose vulgar notions and habits she could find no sympathy, to seek no other communion than the dangerous intercourse of her own imagination, unused to kindness, what wonder that, now she had found an individual, who looked upon her wild fancies, not with contempt, but admiration. one who insulted not, but soothed her high yet affectionate spirit,—what wonder that, her pride thus gratified, and the channel of her affections, hitherto choked up by neglect, thus suddenly laid open,—what wonder that she should be moved! It was with her as with the vine of her native climate, which, though it grow alone, will still put forth its tendrils; and those tendrils will curl—for

such is their nature ; but bring within their reach some object, however slight, to which they may attach themselves, and at once they twist around it, with a closeness of union that nothing but the hand of violence, or the limit of their own duration, may sever.

I drew her to me, and pressed my lips gently upon her forehead. For a minute we sat in silence ; but the loud quick beating of our pulses, told each (too plainly !) of the other's feelings—reeling, as we were, in the first intoxication of a passion, whose sensations were, probably, altogether new to Agata, and never might grow old to *my* weak heart. Suddenly the beautiful girl sprang up from her seat.

“ O see !” she cried, “ I must leave you now. The sun has been long gone down ; for the clouds above the little hill before us are growing dark, and the blue mist is mixing all the lovely colours into one. I must leave you !”—and hastily wrapping her face in her veil, and putting on her hat and shoes, she moved towards the source of the rivulet.

“ Stay, Agata ! Do you not go by the way I came ? You cannot get out by that path.”

“ I never heard of any other till I saw you, señor. I always come by this.—See, it is easy.” And, indeed, following her light figure as she tripped along the side of the little limpid stream, I found myself, after a few steps, at the top of the hillock, down whose slope the descent appeared almost smooth. “ Here we must part, señor,” said my companion. “ If the poor peasant girl should be seen with a gentleman like you, they would laugh at her more than ever, and then she would die of shame. Perhaps, I have been already too long—— *But I come here every evening, señor.*” This touch of nature almost made me smile.

“ Yes ; but, Agata,” I said, as I held the taper ends of her delicate fingers, reluctant yet to part with them, “ I cannot come again till next Sunday.”

No?"—and she sighed. "Then I will watch for you evening till the time comes round, and think you eated by me on the great smooth stone near my brook, where I first saw the only one that ever to sooth my feelings. But you will come then?—ow very, very long the time will seem to Agata!"

CHAPTER II.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign.....
And shall we never, never part?
My life—my all that's mine!

GOLDSMITH.

was very late that night, before my body and the clothes renewed their acquaintance; but, the Sun had ed almost to the top of the eastern wall, and was t peeping over its edge to see what the lazy world doing, before my thoughts would turn from their ng happiness to frolic in the dance of dreams. a, the beautiful Agata, employed every faculty of mind:—Memory retraced the past scene; Imagina- drew, with finger of fire, the Sunday yet to come; Reason showed in prospect the consequence of the on I was indulging, and bade me pause before 'I ed myself with crime. But alas for Reason! of what are her counsels, when the honeyed voice of Love eathing in our ears, and his bright wings fluttering re our eyes? —There can be no harm—I said to my- —none surely, in seeing this lovely girl once more. incapable of wronging any human being, much less

one so innocent—so unprotected..... Yes, I will see her once more ; and then, if I find my passion threatens to attain a dangerous growth, I will bid her farewell forever.—This was certainly proposing to myself a very foolish line of conduct ; but it was what any other man (I mean, honest man) had done under similar circumstances ; and it is to be observed, that it never occurred to me that I might inspire Agata with a reciprocal affection—when her ruin would be almost certain.

So, when the tedious week was at an end, I visited again the wild and lonely spot of beauty, where I had first seen my fragrant flower, (scarce less wild and lonely, and still more beautiful,) the peasant maid of Andalusia. Poor girl ! my incautious admiration had made the impression I might have known it would ; for I found her waiting my coming with the greatest impatience. The moment she saw me, she uttered a scream of joy, and, running to me, clasped my hand in hers. “ Blessed Mary ! ” exclaimed the innocent creature, “ You are come at last ! O, you don’t know how long I have been waiting for you ! I thought you would never come, and that I should never see your beautiful skin again, and hear your soft voice whisper so many sweet things to me, and I felt so unhappy ! I sat down upon the stone there, and could do nothing but sigh—I don’t know wherefore, señor—, and sing the song I was singing when you first found me ; but, now you are here once more, Agata again is happy.” Unthinking that I was ! instead of being alarmed at this display of fondness, I listened merely to the joyous leaping with which my heart welcomed it ; and thus, my second visit added new flames to the passion that was already scorching me, and kindled almost to a blaze the fires which had begun to sparkle in the virgin breast of Agata.

A third time I went, notwithstanding the forbearance I had so wisely promised myself ; and yet again—a fourth time ; and, each time, as I saw my virtue stealing further

and farther from me, I flattered myself I had only to jerk the string to draw the faithless flutterer in again. O God, how little do we know our own selves! When Passion drops her mist before our eyes, making that seem remote which, in reality, threatens at our very feet, and leading us with her soft hand, whispers sweetly in our ears "But one step further! Yet one little step!", we slide, imperceptibly, into the very swamp, to whose brink, no open violence could, perhaps, have dragged us. Here, in a climate where every thing persuades to pleasure, where even the dancing fills the mind with images before whose power Religion is obliged to yield, where, at certain seasons,* the very air kindles into action passions that before lay dormant, or even dead in their ashes, and, in one of my constitution, wraps soul and mind and body in one devouring flame, before which the oaks of Religion and Morality are calcined, and the light stubble of Prudence crackles into smoke,—here—thus incited—and the very innocence of the object of my passion proving the most formidable of temptations, as it led her to bestow caresses, and other marks of fondness, in which, poor girl, having no other teacher than Nature, she could see no harm—, I staggered into crime.

Then came the change. For the first two months my passion knew no bounds. The very consciousness that I was doing wrong added to the relish of my joys—not merely from those feelings that give sweetness to the apple which the schoolboy eats in defiance of his master; but because the more my conscience stung me, the more I sought to cool its burning smart, by plunging deeper into a crime from which I was willing to believe it impossible to extricate myself.† Besides, there was a jealous satisfac.

* When the *solano* blows—the southeast wind from the hot sands of Africa.

† It is commonly said that we are led blindfold into evil—thereby implying that we stumble, merely because unconscious of the pitfall. They, who are accustomed to examine all their actions with minuteness, will find that we tie the bands on with our own hands, because to see must give us pain, or, at least, deprive us of a pleasure which we are content to purchase at the expense of our

tion that may well be termed *a pride*, in visiting a treasure whose golden beauty shone alone for me, whose worth no being (that knew how to estimate it) had yet seen save myself.—I could easily appreciate the pleasure of the miser, who steals alone to his hoard, exulting in the possession of riches, which others might imagine, but to which he alone had access.—But these joys were not of long continuance. When sweets are not dealt to us in moderation, but are lavished on us, we soon cloy ourselves,—and surfeit is sickness. Now that Agata had yielded every thing to my love, and had nothing more, poor girl, to give, I began to tire of my conquest. I even endeavoured to found suspicions prejudicial to her honesty upon the very indiscretion to which I had tempted her; and tried to persuade myself, that, inasmuch as dishonest women are to be found in the country as well as the city, I had been imposed upon by the most artful of her sex. So, when the next Sunday came (after this change in my feelings), I made a trifling headache an excuse to myself for failing in my appointment with Agata : on the next a friend dropped in to see me,—and how could I go then? the next, it rained,—and then I could not go : and, the fourth,—I needed no excuse whatever.

On the Tuesday immediately subsequent to the day last mentioned, I was returning from the *alameda*, at rather a late hour (it being quite dark), and through the street which led to my lodgings, when a female, apparently endeavouring to escape from a man who was following close upon her steps, sprang towards me, with a scream of joy, and grasping my arm, besought me, in the most moving manner, to protect her. The sex of the party would alone have been a sufficient appeal to my gallantry ; but the tall and slen

best interests. It is, indeed, with us all as with the madman of Horace, who the moment he returns to his right senses (*redit ad sese*), exclaims,

Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, * ; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis *gratissimus error*.

der form, so remarkably graceful—the music of the voice—it could belong to but one woman that I then knew. I drew her arm through mine, and confronted her pursuer. The man stood for a minute irresolute; and I could perceive, by the light of the street, that his eyes were flashing the deadly fire of southern resentment; but, either disliking the superior strength of my figure (for I had spread considerably, since attaining to manhood, and the Spaniard was of the most diminutive proportions for a man), or observing how familiarly the girl leaned upon me, he contended himself with one of those guttural exclamations which so conveniently cover mortification by an affectation of contempt, muffled the lower part of his face in his cloak, turned slowly on his heel, and, luckily for both parties (though much to my surprise), left us unmolested.

Without a word, I hastened back, with Agata, to the walk I had just quitted; for, notwithstanding the dark *basquiña** which she now wore, my companion's dress in other respects marked too plainly the station of life to which she belonged, not to render the contrast of appearance between us ludicrous, or even worse. Having entered an avenue that was totally deserted, I stopped, and dropping the girl's arm, took her by the hand:—"God of Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what means this, Agata?"

"Can you ask, señor?" (She never would call me by my name, because she did not like its unromantic sound. Indeed, I should have wondered at her taste, if she had liked it!) "You have been cruel, very cruel, to Agata! You came to her, when she was lonely, and had nothing to love but the sky and the trees, and you spoke gentle words to her, and pressed her hand with your own soft white fingers, and was kind to her as never any body had been kind before, and then, when you had taught her so to

* The outer petticoat, which, with the *mantilla*, forms the peculiarity in the national costume of the Spanish women.

love you, that she never more could feel happy when you were away, and her little heart would beat so hard, as if it would break in two, when the rustling of the bushes told her you were coming,—then, you left her to watch night and day, and be miserable. O, it was cruel in you, very cruel! it was, indeed!”

“But how did you find your way to me, Agata?”

“When the Sunday passed, and you came not—and then another, and still you came not, I said to myself, “He is angry with me—he has left me—I shall never see him more!” But I thought that I had never done any thing to make you angry, and I repeated all the kind words you had ever spoken to me, and thought of your gentle looks, and said “No! no one could speak and look so beautiful, that meant to do me harm!” And then I said “Perhaps he has another love.” O, that made me so wicked, señor! for I thought, if it was so, I should laugh to see you dead at my feet, and—and the hateful woman—I—— But I rose, and washed my eyes and forehead in the little brook, till I was cool; for when I felt so wicked, it seemed as if my heart was growing too large for my breast, and as if the blood would gush from my throat. Then I was sick for a whole week. But, yet, when the next Sunday came, I felt well again, and I went, and watched for you, till it was so dark I could see no longer; for, though it rained, I knew you would come if you loved but half so well as I do. I thought I should die, that night.—But when another Sunday came, and still I did not see you, then I said “He is sick!”; and I thought, if I could be by you, to hold you in my arms, and sooth you, and kiss away the tears from your beautiful eyes, as you did for me, when I used to weep at I knew not what,—O, I thought I should be happy!—— I had made up my mind to go alone to the great city, and ask every body I met about you till I should find you out, when I heard my parents mention they were going to Cadiz on Tuesday. I begged them to take me with them; but the woman I

all my mother said no, that I was better off where I was, and when my father said it might do me good, and that I should go with him, she held up her finger, and asked him if he forgot he had sworn never to take me near any city. Then I threw myself at their feet, and cried, and prayed so hard to go, that my father (who has always been kinder to me than my mother,) declared that my health was worth a thousand oaths, and that go with him I should, let what would come of it. That made me well at once.—I came with them; but, the moment their eyes were off me, I stole from the inn, to seek the street and house where you once told me you lived. O, if you knew how frightened I have been in this queer place! the houses all so crowded together, and no sky to be seen, and the people so many, and all walking so fast,—I felt so confused, I had to stop and cry; and then the men were so rude, and wanted to pull off my veil, and the women, when I asked them questions, laughed in my face, and —— But señor, you have listened to me all this time, without a word! and pressed my hand so often as if you loved to listen (and I could talk for ever, when you love to hear me talk,) but you have'n't told me, yet, why you did not come to Agata.”

“I could not, dearest; or—or, you know I would have flown to meet you.”

It was shame that prompted this falsehood; but, had I deliberated ever so calmly, the result must have been the same; for, in lying, I sinned merely against myself, while, in confessing the truth, I should have been guilty of crushing the heart that loved me—a crime which conscience should never extenuate, and the hand of the Almighty must number not the lowest in the chapter of human guilt.

Agata's affection for me, as well as ignorance of the world, made her credit the assertion at once. “Then you were sick? O, I knew you would not willingly make me unhappy!—But, now I have found you, señor, I will never leave you more: and, when you are sick, Agata

will be your nurse ;—nobody will watch you so ten as she will—no, nobody !”

“Sweetest girl !—Yet, Agata, this may not be utterly impossible.”

“And why is it impossible ?—O, your voice is good and you clasp me to your breast as though you love me, but your words ! they are killing. If we do indeed love one another, and all the many happy hours we passed together are not a dream, why should we not be together ? Though I do not like this close, dark C, yet, with you, I should fancy I was still beside my brook with my own blue sky shining clear above us. Do let me live with you ! I will not cost you anything, let me be your servant ; though my hands are little, they can work ;—I will keep house for you, and whenever you return from your business, and are sick or wearied, I will lay your head in my lap, and curl your beautiful hair, and sing you to sleep with the song you like so much, and we shall be so happy ! O, say no, impossible ! No, no, Agata will never more leave me, never !”

I have said that I rioted in the feast of my passion till it was with its sweets. Of course, when abstinence had restored to its healthy tone that appetite which is love's grossest (although its fire), and which, when united with the *spice* of *essence*, (Do I write in mist ?) forms that compound passion of passions, whose very pains are pleasures, whose pleasures are all ecstasies ; when the devils whose fires were not extinct, but lay upon the altar in a warm quiescence, waiting only the first breath of air to clear away the light ashes which their own combustion had spread over them,—now, when this devotion was no longer obstructed, every circumstance of my proximity meeting with Agata, tended to restore it to its prime ardour. The flames crackled upwards, the little nodded propitious, and fanned with rose-tipped wing the blaze which curled in acknowledgment of his divinity.

we heard men declare that could they discover a woman in love with them, they should instantly look upon her with the eyes of disgust. I know not of what stuff such animals may be made; but all the human beings, of the masculine gender, whose characters I have examined through a finer microscope than their own assertions, I have found spotted with vanity that, in such a case, they were likely to be inspired with any sentiment rather than disgust. Now, for my own part, I firmly believe, that were an offer to take a liking to me, I should straitway return rejection, in spite of his teeth. How, then, could I be of being moved by Agata's devoted attachment, when while I most knew and dreaded the danger to which I, in pure love and innocence, would lead my steps? I joined the lovely girl to my breast, and, kissing the full lips, which had just parted to breathe upon me the melody of their honeyed words, "Well," I said, "I will try to convince you, Agata. But, come with me; for this place we are liable to interruption. Besides, the air from the water is chilly,—and you have a cold already, Agata."

Leaving the *alameda*, I turned to a quarter of the city where I should be little likely to attract observation. On entering the most respectable-looking tavern the high street afforded, I took possession of a room with a beautiful companion. The Andalusian threw back her veil. God! what a change my inconstancy had wrought! I could scarcely believe mine own eyes. The cheek, once so smooth and healthy, though delicate, was now sunk to an alarming degree, thereby destroying much of the beauty of the face, by causing an undue prominence of the cheek-bone and jaw; and, except in the centre, where a small red spot appeared, like the first light colour on an unripe peach, it was remarkable for a peculiarly unpleasant paleness, which sickness or exhaustion gives to a dark complexion. This appearance was rendered the more striking by the extraordi-

nary brilliancy of her eyes, which, in turn, gained additional lustre from the contrast of the skin. But there was another feature, besides the eyes, which retained all its beauty, or even shone with more,—the mouth,—whose fascination no man, with nerves like mine, could encounter unmoved.

“Agata,” I said, taking the hand of the poor girl, while my womanish nature rushed to my eyes, as I witnessed the emaciation I had so unthinkingly caused,—you are not well, dearest; your face is pale and this, and this little hand is hot with fever. Are you indeed unwell?”

“Yes; I have been;—but I am better now. I always am well, perfectly well, when you are kind to me, señor.” A short, hollow, cough, which impeded her utterance for a moment, mocked too plainly this assertion. I shuddered as I heard it, and the shudder was renewed as the bitter exclamation sprang within me, ‘God of goodness! is my levity then doomed to be the blight of all things good and beautiful that come within its influence!’ Agata continued,—“Yes, I have been very ill, señor. Do you remember the Sunday before the last—how it rained? On that day, I rose from a bed of sickness to meet you. My limbs were so feeble they trembled under me, but I reached the spot. There I waited till there was no more light;—I was wet to the skin, and cold, and cheerless,—but I did not mind it,—for, when the rain came in my face, and my teeth chattered, I drew my wet veil closer round me, and said, “He may yet come,” and felt the rain and cold no more. How I got home I know not. Nor do I know any thing more that happened to me for four whole days; but my friends tell me, that I was light-headed, and that I talked of many strange things which they could not understand. They believed I should die; but when I opened my eyes, and knew every body, and could think again, then I thought of you, señor, and of the Sunday yet to come, and I hoped, till I was again

strong.—Is it strange then that my face should be pale and thin, and my hands hot with fever?—O, señor, your tears are falling on my hand, drop after drop, one, two, —three! You weep for Agata! Can you, then, drive her from you? Will you send her away to die?—O, why will you not speak? See, I am at your feet! Here, on my knees, I beg—do not send me from you! Let me, at least, be nigh you—in the same street—in the same city—I shall be content! I'll find some work to maintain me, and once, only once a-day, I will come to see you, and you shall press me to your bosom, and place your soft hand on my temples, and feel how they beat for joy, and I shall be happy, very happy!—Your tears fall hotter, and faster! yet you do not speak!—but only move your head, so sadly! O, say! if there is a reason why we may not live together, tell it to me, and then I will go back to my little brook, and lay me down beside it, and die in peace—only do speak!”

There was a reason;—but I durst not tell it. I was silent.

Suddenly, she started to her feet,—her eyes blazing with a fury, which would have been sublime in a man, but in a woman, and a woman like Agata, was horrible. “Are you tired of me, señor?”

“Tired of you?” I exclaimed, mournfully. “Look at me, Agata.” Her eyes met mine for an instant, and, reading there a complete refutation of her suspicions, she ran to me, crying “No, no!—Forgive me!” and threw her arms about my neck, and, hiding her face in my bosom, sobbed long and heavily.

I suffered her emotion to exhaust itself, and, then, I gently put her from me, and, kissing once the rosebud of her lips, I said, “You have conquered, Agata. See, now, what I will do for you.”

I called the keeper of the inn. When the man was come, “Landlord,” I asked, “do you know where I can

procure, within two days at furthest, a couple of furnished rooms? The house must be respectable, and in a respectable situation."

The fellow grinned in a very peculiar manner. "Yes, sir; there can be no difficulty in getting what you want; there are plenty such places in this street, I dare say, to suit you;—but, as for respectability, why—hum!—"

"Stop, sir!—You'll observe me, Mr. Posadero;—when I say *respectable*, I mean it in the right sense of the word. Now, as I do not propose a task without the intention of remunerating you for your trouble, we will make this bargain. If you obtain me such a place as I desire, I'll pay you fifteen dollars on the spot, and, at the end of a week, if you will call on me at the house, and I have found reason to be satisfied with your conduct, I will add to that another fifteen dollars.—Mark me, sir,—You either gain much, or lose much by this speculation. If you act honestly, you have thirty dollars of clear profit; if you play the rogue, you lose the half of that sum, besides incurring the risk of a severe punishment for your impudence. Will you serve me?"

The inn-keeper changed his deportment directly. "I can accommodate you this very night, sir," he answered, bowing with grave politeness. "At a very short distance from here, there lives the widow of a very respectable tradesman. She has been wishing, for some time, to rent one half of her house. It is already furnished, though plainly, and is situated in a respectable neighbourhood, and the woman herself is a very decent woman. You might go there this very minute, sir; for, I dare say, the English gentleman can give the widow the references she'll require?"

"Certainly. But, your information is correct, sir?"

"It is, upon my honour, señor."

"Then order some kind of carriage to the door. You shall go with us this very moment;—you can leave your business, I suppose?"

—Any time, for a better, sir. Fifteen dollars, clear profit, is not to be made every night.” The fellow left the room.

“Now, Agata,” I said, as I put my arm around the delicate waist of my Andalusian girl, and drew her to my breast, “now, we are one. Henceforth, we will never more be parted; dearest.”

“Never more?—never?” And the bright being turned her face to mine, with an expression glowing in her eloquent eyes, such as wherewith the first woman might have rewarded her partner, when she had seduced his easy soul to a pleasure, his better reason and the voice of his maker had bade him shrink from. Only, *Agata* was innocent. “Mother of God! when you look thus on me, my weak heart seems to grow sick with pleasure.—And yet,—I know not why, señor,—*Agata* was still more happy, when she watched for you in the cold and rain, and said to herself, when the trees rustled in the wind, and she thought it was the feet of her beloved, and her little heart beat loud, ‘*Hē* is coming now.’”

CHAPTER III.

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour.
I've seen my fondest hopes decay !
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away ;
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But, when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !

Lalla Rookh.

WHAT is the extreme of enjoyment which it is permitted man to know in this state of existence?— Not the aggregate of those little pleasures which Prosperity and Health strew around us, (and liberally we should find, would we but count their number,)—no, not this wreath made up of many and various little flowers,—nor yet the succession of those more solid comforts which, moderate, when enjoyed in moderation, make life flow on, a smooth protected stream, never ruffled, except by some occasional impediment that the next instant is carried down the current, or while the rough winds for an hour brush its placid surface,—no, not these ; but the one keen rapture that Sorrow, by mistake, has mingled with the pack she heaps upon us,—the single rose plucked from a thousand thorns, at the cost of laceration,—the prize we snatch, at peril of our lives, from the very brink of the cataract. This, this is the bliss (known only to the few,)—this the ecstasy, whose excitement, could it act unceasing on the nerves, would work the brain to madness. A lenitive of pain, especially when that pain is of its own creating, sorrow but adds to its relish, and the sense of guilt urges

us with greater eagerness to drain its opiate draught. Yes! when the raven Conscience croaks in our ears, and flaps her dusky wings before our very eyes,—when Reason and Prudence cling, despairing, to our arms, striving still to stop us, though we drag them in the dust,—when Religion, shrieking for mercy, lies stretched at our feet, and our first step must be upon her vitals,—we break through all—earless, eyeless, in our delirium—nought present to the mind but the one bright prize, which we vow to feel within our grasp, though the next minute the heavens should open, and launch their thunders to blast us in the very act of our impiety. Yes! (I speak it but strongly, and justly—not profanely, nor in exaggeration—) Yes! could the fires of hell itself be made to blaze in our path, and the object tempted beyond them, we would plunge into their midst without a moment's hesitation,—our cry “Perish soul and body; but let—oh, let me reach it!” Such ecstasy is known to *the extreme of love*.*—All-seeing God! when thy awful prohibition was written, in characters of fire, on my temples, and every earthly principle, that can further thy beneficent laws, was pressing at my heart, I rode but the fiercer in my mad career of passion, making the sin a spur to my desire!

Hitherto, in my intercourse with Agata, I had had few compunctions to trouble me, and even those few were generally stifled in their birth, as I have intimated in the last chapter; but now, that I was actually living with her, in unlawful union, I felt that I had been, that I was, a villain. Then came the consequences, to double dye the sin:—In a very few weeks, it became evident, to Agata as well as to myself, that the poor girl was in a situation little to be desired, as stood the nature of our connexion. She herself, the innocent being, regarded it with

* Such, likewise, to *the extreme of hate*.

joy : * not so it was with me. Even in my worst days, I shrunk from the thought, that my licentiousness might send into the world a being that, perhaps, would live to heap curses on himself, and on the parents whose uncurbed passions had given him an existence they could not render honest in the eyes of men by the sanction of a name ; and now, that years and misfortunes had somewhat sobered me, and cleared away much of the weed and bramble which choked the grôwth of my thinly scattered virtues, I could not, surely, look upon it with less of horror. So much for the *sense of guilt* under which I laboured.—Then for the *sorrow*. Agata was dying.—The suffering of body alone, which she had undergone on my account, would have been sufficient to endanger the life of any woman of delicate constitution ; but acting on Agata's slight frame—slight beyond any thing my wildest dreams had ever painted of feminine loveliness—so slight it seemed a rougher breeze than ordinary might shake it into ruins,—acting too with great anxiety of mind, it had completely sapped the fabric of her health. Yes, she was fast sinking—the second victim to that instability in my character, which, while in my own life it has made the happy hours outnumber those of darker dye, and been the whole stay that has upborne me through the many vicissitudes of my

* For, while I delighted to expand her mind in many points, I studiously kept her ignorant of the true character of our connexion. It could have done her no good, *then*, to learn it, and would have turned the cup of her happiness into gall.—There are many, who, in their excessive zeal for morality, will cry out at this as infamous. To such I say (and I say it, in the face of Heaven,) that if there be in hell one place hotter than another, it should blaze for them, the smooth-faced wretches, who, *when it is too late to remedy the evil they deplore*, cut from the sealed eyes of their fellow-beings the lids that keep them in happy darkness, and then, when they see their bleeding balls seared with the first glare of light that ever shone upon them, turn aside with shrugged shoulders, and exclaim, in gentlest whine, " Ah, it is piteous ! But better thus to writhe with eyesight, than smile in darkness ! " There can be no such thing as *intrinsic* crime (—the very sound is absurd,) . I was indeed guilty—most guilty ; but for Agata ! — pure as the snow that falls unstained from Heaven—let the fool that pities her blindness, and the knave that would have done his best to cure it, hug themselves in their superiority ;—well will it be for them, when at the judgment seat of the Most High, if there shall be found upon their pîed souls one little spot as white as all of hers. Innocent she lived, and in her innocence God took her to his own bosom, ere her snowy nature could contract a blemish from the inkiness of those it mingled with.

life, and left me at their close the contented being that I now am, has proved a very curse to those connected with me—the source of misery to many, of uneasiness to all. Yes, my poor Agata, she was fast sinking ;—and never have I seen decay so rapid in aught animate, never have I seen decay so beautiful. How often, O God, in the lone night, when she thought I slept beside her, have I knelt by the bed, and prayed to thee, in the anguish of my spirit, to take pity on her youth and innocence, and spare her yet a little longer !—stained with crime, have I dared to supplicate thee, to show approval of that crime, by extending the innocent life which was the spring that fed it ! a spring, clear in itself as crystal, but polluted by the vile hands that meddled with its waters,—holy in its natural virtues, but threatening to become in time a well of all impurities, by admixture with the poisonous juices of the weeds, that flourished in rank luxuriance round its un-walled brink, growing thicker and thicker, and distilling, day by day, still more and more of their deadly essence into the beautiful, defenceless fountain. How often have I sat out the night, watching beside the bed where lay the treasure I so dearly prized, and which I was so soon to lose, and as I felt the fever of exhaustion burn in my hands and blood-shot eyes, and swell my hot lips, and imagined I could feel the gradual wasting of my cheeks, took delight in indulging the fond fancy that the hectic of consumption was fast drying up the channels of my own existence, and that I should not long be left to mourn my victim. Singular passion ! whose pleasures are thus enhanced, not only by that spice to every appetite, the dread of losing its object, but even by sin, and sorrow ! Delicious madness ! could the glass which holds the sands of my life be inverted, so that the years already run should once again commence their count, and could the free choice be given me, whether to err once more thus pleasurably and abide the punishment, or to turn my back on the temptation and walk unsinning in the free exercise

of my reason,— here, standing as I do within a few feet of the grave, my soul shudders as it feels that my arms would be outstretched to grasp the cup of delirium!

Once—It was close upon day-break; and the pale glimmer of the east stole through the curtains of the windows, to mingle with the redder light from a lamp which burned in the apartment, making it dim,—I was reclining on my elbow, beside my Agata, contemplating her beauty with that mixture of pleasure and sorrowfulness, the first man may be supposed to have felt, when his eyes fixed their last, lingering look on Eden,—for was she not my Paradise?—alas, my Heaven too! She lay, bright being, with one small hand spread out upon her perfect bosom, the delicate ends of its fingers just dimpling the soft pure flesh, and the other, the left, partly hiding the ear upon the right side, the arm to which it belonged being bent over her head. Her sleep was gentle as that which nourishes a happy child; and her imagination appeared to be inwrapped in visions of pleasantness,—for a smile was sporting with the roses of her mouth— her mouth! Love himself had fashioned it, and his mother, as it came warm from his plastic hand, had stamped it with her own kiss, to be thenceforth the seat of every fascination! But, to me, though soft and pure the finely rounded bosom, and delicate the hand that shaded it, though singular in its perfection the little ear, and fascinating the smiling mouth, neither mouth nor ear, nor hand, nor bosom, was half so beautiful as the poor wan cheeks—for *they* appealed for interest to my heart:—and my foolish eyes grew dim, as they read the evidence of my own fickleness, and of the constancy of her who was perishing its victim. Suddenly Agata awoke, with a gentle sigh, and folded her soft arms round my neck.

“Still awake?” breathed the voice that was ever music in my ears, “Do you never sleep? You are always watching, love,” (—my Andalusian girl no longer ad-

dressed me by the cold title of *señor*, but had learned to imitate my terms of endearment.)

"I watch for thee, Agata ; I wake to gaze upon thy beauty, dearest."

"Flatterer ! But you know not what a beautiful dream I have had !"

"Tell it to me, dearest."

"You shall kiss me, then."

"There, then, sweet one ; and there. Now tell me."

"Fix your eyes upon me —so— and I will tell you.— I dreamed that I was once more sitting in the beautiful place where I first saw my beloved, and that you were beside me, and the sky was shining all blue above us, and the water of my little spring sparkling clear at our feet—so clear I could count every pebble at its bottom ; and I thought that your eyes were looking into mine, all bright and happy through their tears—just as they are now. And then I thought that you took my hand in yours, and whispered in my ear those kind and beautiful* words which won the little heart of Agata, and I listened, and smiled, and sighed, and we were both so happy. O, my beloved ! shall we never see that spot again, and sit once more upon the long smooth stone, by my pretty brook ?"

"We dare not, Agata ; you would run too great a risk of being discovered."

"Why, did you not say, some time ago, that my friends all think me dead ?"

"Yes, that you drowned yourself, the very night you fled from the inn—to seek your truant, dearest ; and they think so still. But should they see you again, your appearance is so remarkable they would recognize you instantly, my Agata."

* To the weak judgment, but strong imagination and unsophisticated heart of Agata, every thing was *beautiful* that pleased her particularly—as I hope the reader has already observed. The sky, the green ground beneath her feet, the words of kindness—all were alike *beautiful*. She had no other epithet ; she would learn no other.

"O no! they never could know me in the clothes you make me wear now; I am sure they could not!"

"Agata! Do you repine already, dearest? I'm afraid you do not love me as you used to."

"Mercy! do not say so! do not say so!—and I will never ask again."

She kept her word faithfully; but, though she never spoke of the subject, it was evident it had taken a strong hold of her fancy; for her spirits began to droop, more and more every day, and, of consequence, her health to grow worse. I thought it was merely a change of scene she desired, and I proposed to take lodgings for her at Chiclana, or at Isla de Leon, or even in the little town of Xeres; but no, it would not do—she still pined. I became seriously alarmed, and when, on questioning the poor girl, I found that she really did long to revisit the scene of our first meeting, I determined to gratify her desire at any risk. The first step was to procure a suitable residence; and this I was so fortunate as to find, at no great distance from the spot, in the house of a very honest, though very silly couple, on whom I passed the Andalusian girl for my wife. And, as I affected to repose great confidence in their honour, by telling them that our marriage was a runaway match, and that it was necessary to observe the strictest secrecy relative to our dwelling in their house, because the parents of the young lady lived in the neighbouring town of Puerto de Santa Maria, I gained the simple-minded pair completely over to my interest:—I believe they would as soon have thought of turning protestants, as of mentioning their boarders to any one but their confessor—and him, honest man, I found no difficulty in appeasing. The next step was to obtain leave of absence from my employers, which was most readily granted for the term of a fortnight; for the merchants had of late repeatedly noticed the meagreness of my person, and the hollowness of my cheeks and eyes, and had kindly remonstrated with me on my

close application to their business, to which they were used to attribute the change. Thus the matter was settled, and Agata and myself removed to the country.

For the first four days, however, Agata was too weak to stir from the house. On the fifth day, she appeared remarkably high spirits—higher, indeed, than I had ever known her to display, and, towards the close of the moon, proposed that we should walk, declaring herself quite able to support the exertion. Accordingly, we set out. We proceeded directly to the little scene of duty I have attempted to describe in the first chapter of the present Book. When there, my companion looked eagerly upon the little basin, and the stone beside it, then watched, for a moment, with a smile of pleasure, the trickling of the limpid streamlet, and arched her neck to listen to its music; then, after a rapid glance around the whole circuit of the scene, her eyes rested on me, as if good observing all her actions, and, throwing herself upon my arms, she burst into tears. I led her to the nearest seat, and taking her hand, pressed it in silence; for I was almost as much affected as herself, though from a different cause.

Presently Agata raised her head, which she had fondly leaned upon my shoulder, and after a few moments' delighted contemplation of her favourite place, she said, how fresh and beautiful every thing appears! just as I left it; nothing has altered since. My little brook flows on as ever, the hill before us is covered with as bright green, and the trees that hang their branches over these rocks, shading us as we sit from the heat of the sun, give the same cool shade, and that sun—does it not shine as glorious, my beloved, as when we first together looked upon it? All things are the same, and yet—how altered am I! Look, love, the very weed you bent beneath you, when you came to me all kind and beautiful, it is tall, and straight, and vigorous still! but I——Do not weep! I will kiss away those tears—but you must not

weep—no, you must not ! for Agata is still happy in love, although she is so sick and wasted.”

“ Then you must desist from this painful subject, dearest ; for you know I am a very woman, when my heart is touched but ever so little.”

She kissed me, and relapsed into a silence longer than before. When at length she spoke, it was with some hesitation, as though she were doubtful of the propriety of the sentiments she was about to utter. “ I have a very foolish thought, love,” said the Andalusian ; “ What do you think it is ?”

“ How can I tell you, Agata ! Speak it boldly, dearest

“ I was thinking—But I’m afraid you will blame me for it—I was thinking that the God that made this beautiful world must take such pleasure in looking upon the happiness of those he has made to enjoy it : and that thought—Was it wrong, my beloved ?—I thought, when if God be now looking down, from heaven, upon us two as we are seated here together, loving one another so truly as he must love us,—how his eyes must glisten with tears of joy, just as yours do, dearest, when ——”

“ Hush, Agata !” I exclaimed, shuddering as I drew closer to her ; “ Do not speak thus ! it is awful.”

“ Mother of God ! what have I done ! your voice so low, and horrid—you frighten me ! I knew not it was wrong to speak thus, dearest.” Innocent being ! could she know ? But I shuddered not so much at the boldness of her language, which might scarce be called profane from *her*, as at the picture which it held before my conscience, seated there, as I was, in comparison with the pure child of nature beside me, a fiend of earth by an angel of light. I might well shudder, and might well wonder at the cause ; for mine was all guilt—she knew it not, even in name.

“ No matter, Agata ; let us speak no more of it.—I see, dearest ! the sun is down—the night-air will be bl

ing chilly, and unwholesome to you—let us hasten home now.” I rose from the seat.

“Stay!” cried my companion, as she rose after me and laid her hand upon my arm; “one moment.—You see the little hill before us, that looks so cold and dark, now that the sun has left it. Were you ever on the other side, my own beloved?”

“Never, dearest.”

“There is a little spot there, so narrow you scarce may turn in it. It is open on one side—there, to the left: on the right a rocky hillock bounds its length: and straight before us, opposite the base of the little hill, some wild vines hide it from the open road. My own kind love,” (her voice sunk to a solemn whisper—) “when I am dead, will you lay me there? It is not right that my body should pollute this scene of our first love; but I would still be near it; and I would have the setting sun, whose red light love so much now living, shine on my grave. And you will plant some flowers there; and, perhaps, you will sometimes visit the quiet spot, and see that the flowers are not withered, nor the weeds grown over them——”

“Agata! Agata! Can you stab me thus? O, stop, I beg you, by the love that binds us!”

“Ever gentle-hearted!” she murmured, pressing my hand to her lips. “But I had better thus prepare you.—Oh—!” (and she grasped my arm tightly, as if in pain,) “what was that? I felt so strange a pang just now, shooting here, nigh my heart—. I am very faint, love; bear me back to the stone seat; I shall, perhaps, feel better then.”

I led her back to the stone, and sitting down, supported her head against my breast, with my right arm folded round her small waist.

“Is this the place where I was seated, when you first saw me? the very place?”

“It is, love.”

"And this is the hour, is it not, dearest? when our first farewell was said, and Agata learned how hard it is to part with what the heart loves dearly."

"It is."

"I am very happy." And she was silent.

Suddenly she put her left arm around my neck. "My own beloved," faintly breathed the voice of my Agata, "bend your face nearer to me.—Still nearer." She pressed her lips to mine. "Thus would I die!" The next minute, a slight spasm shook the little hand I held, the arm that lay upon my neck relaxed its pressure, the head sunk upon my shoulder. I looked. She had died as she wished.

CHAPTER IV.

*Ille mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulcro
Et madefactis meis certa feram lacrimis;
Illius ad tumulum fugiam, supplexque sedebo,
Et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.*

TIBULLUS.

THE priest persisted:—It would not do—such a thing was never heard of—it would ruin him—the Archbishop would fling his mitre at him, the Pope his triple-crowned tiara—all the thunders of the church would be scraped together, to singe the few gray hairs that circled his shaved head—it would not do—the girl must be buried in holy ground.

I drew from my pocket two large purses, well filled with gold, which I had provided for the occasion.

"Tell me one thing, father," I said, as I twirled the tassels at the ends of the strings; "Is not that accounted holy, which has once been consecrated?"

"Certainly, my son; no one ever doubted it."

"And have you not the power to consecrate?"

"Praised be God! my humble prayers are not without their efficacy."

"And you allow," I continued—opening the mouth of each purse, and widening it, then slowly drawing to the strings again," that the very ground, on which now stands the cathedral itself, was not sacred previous to its consecration?"

"Assuredly, my son."

"Then, reverend and kind father, you must do me this one favour. You must consecrate the little spot of ground we speak of. Your holy prayers once said, and the body committed to the earth with the due rites of the church, and the place must ever after be sacred to the one purpose for which it is devoted.—And here, father, you will be put to much trouble, and some expense; and then, many masses will be needed for the repose of the poor spirit." I put the purses into his priestly hands.

"Your arguments are weighty, my son," said the *Padre*, poising the gold on his flexed fingers. "Certainly, there can be nothing to urge against reasons so solid. And, besides, my son, it were not well to be too unbending to a benefactor of the Church.—It shall be as you desire."

"Thank you, holy father; it becometh a man of your years to be open to conviction.—But, stay! what will the ignorant peasants think, if they chance to find a newly made grave in so lone a spot?"

"O, I have only to hint that it contains some victim of his passions, whom the church will not suffer to rest in consecrated ground.—But there needs not even that! for what one of them will *dare to think*, when Father Julio forbids him?"

"And then, the woman with whom I live—I have warned her of the mischief she may cause by suffering herself to speak of this matter; and she is honest: but what will lash a woman's tongue!"

“The discipline of the church.”

So Agata was buried in the spot herself had chosen:—and meeter was it that the beautiful vase, where the spirit had once burned so bright and pure, should crumble there in loneliness, than be laid to mix with fragments of coarsest clay in *more sacred* ground! And the same God, whose all-seeing eye surveys the sculptured mausoleum and the lettered stone, looked down upon that holy spot, and “saw that it was good.”

No one but Father Julio, and the man and woman with whom I resided, was present, when the earth was closed upon the breast of my Andalusian; for immediately on the termination of my interview with the former, (—in which I had played the part of an Indian at the stake,) I fell senseless on the floor of the room, and the next day found me raving in the delirium of a fever. Five weeks elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to stir from my chamber. During the whole of this time, I was the object of a hospitality such as I could have met in no other place than Cadiz. Not only my employers lavished on me every attention it was possible to show were I even their brother, but the most ordinary of my acquaintance had some little mode of testifying his anxiety and regard—a kind word, if nothing else. Then, too, I learned a lesson in human character which I hope I shall never cease to remember, viz. that the same individual may possess faults, or indulge in vices, and yet display the very virtues which are most their opposites—like flowers breaking through a crust of snow; for the priest, avaricious and haughty though he was, watched by my bed’s side with the tenderness and solicitude of a parent, and when he heard me once in my delirium repeat the promise I had made to Agata to have the flowers she so loved bloom upon her grave, he took care to plant them with his own hand—a rare act of delicacy! which none but a man of nice feelings could have displayed.—Perhaps—you will say—the open-handed *Padre* had a third purse dang-

ling in golden prospect before the spiritual eyes of his imagination.—I think not.

When my limbs were able to bear me out, I paid my first visit to the grave of Agata. I did not go by day ; but I stole forth in the silence and dimness of the evening, when no human eye observed my actions, and then—
* * * * * —. I took a handful of the earth from her grave, put it into a little tortoise-shell box, which the poor girl had bought for me with the only money I could ever persuade her to take, and tying on the cover with a lock of her hair (the theft of a sportive hour), placed the box into my bosom.

From that time Cadiz was hateful to me ; though under the pure sky of Spain, I seemed to inhale an atmosphere that was oppressive. I confined myself closer than ever to my business ; and when the solicitude of my friends would force me out, I stole alone to the ramparts. There I would sit for hours, scarcely conscious of the breeze that fanned my hectic cheek, and holding in my hand the little box, which I would gaze on till the tears streamed down upon the lid,—when I would wipe them off with Agata's handkerchief, lest they should sully its brightness. Always then I felt relief ; and, then, I would fall on my knees, and clasping the box in my hands, pray to God for forgiveness.—My health was fast decaying, when my employers offered me the sole agency of their business at Cumana. I cared not for the lucre of the office ; but I should change the scene,—and that to me was every thing. So I accepted the offer.

The last rays of the setting sun were shining on the little hill I have so often mentioned, when I paid my last visit to the grave of Agata. It was a beautiful spot :—The grass grew fresh above it, and the odorous flowers, emblems of her own loveliness, clambered up its sides, and twined around the little cross at its head. They seemed planted there by the hands of angels. I knelt down, and prayed long and fervently.—As I rose relieved, I saw a

snake steal from under one of the flowers and curl around the cross. It was a horrid sight! so like myself, as I had crept, with hidden fang, upon her loneliness, coiled round the cross of her faith, and blasted with venomous breath the bud of her beauty. I screamed with horror, that the rocks around me echoed, and grasping the serpent in my hands, I tore him, trampled his writhing body under my feet, (but not upon the grave of Agata,) till it was one heap of bloody clay. When the deed was over, I looked upon my stained hands with the delight of a madman:—"Would to God, dear sainted Agata!" I cried, throwing myself flat upon the blessed sod, and apostrophizing the spirit of my victim, "that my serpent blood, thus spilled at thy grave, would atone for thy death! Gladly would I shed it, drop by drop, and as the last spot crimsoned the flowers, rejoice that my sacrifice was accepted, and that I now could dwell with thee, in Heaven, Agata! But, alas! it is better as it is—better that I should linger, solitary, through long years of penitence, lengthened out by the torments of conscience! too small atonement for my foul offence!"—and kissing the green turf, I plucked one flower, placed it in my bosom near the little box, and tore myself from the spot.

The next day, I was sailing, a miserable man, for the coast of Terra Firma.

BOOK SIXTH.



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

Palsanguenne, voilà un Médecin qui me plaît ; je pense qu'il réussira, car il est
ouffon.

Le Médecin malgré lui.

"**HERE's** the doctor, sir ! here's the doctor ! Now you'll see ! None of your little, wrinkled, black-faced Spaniards, that are as good as a dose of jolop for a well body only to look at ; he'll cure you in less than no time, sir.—Walk on, Doctor."

This was said by good Mrs. Ptisan, my English nurse, as she opened the door of my sick chamber to let in the man of squirts. And how was this ? Why, I had scarcely been three months at Cumana, before every body began to discover that I was in a very bad way. I was emaciated, and subject to fits of deep dejection, which, though they found it very easy to rouse me from them, would invariably return the moment the excitement ceased. It could be owing to nothing but the climate—O, nothing in

the world but the climate—which did not agree with Mr. Lewis's northern complexion.—Thus I was obliged to run the gamut of their kind inquiries and commiserations till I was fairly driven for refuge into bed. My good-natured persecutors then persuaded me, in the very teeth of my reason, to give myself over to the hands of a brace of Spanish leeches, who, as Mrs. Pisan very accurately described them, were “as good as a dose of jolop for a well body only to look at.” These gentlemen did all in their power to rid me of my complaints, by ridding me of every material on which the said complaints could act—which was certainly proceeding on philosophical principles. They starved me till you might have made a drum-head of my stomach, bled me till my arteries would have sold for fiddle-strings, and dosed me till my cœcum was a mere bag-pipe, my colon fit for nothing but a serpent, and my rectum, the most fundamental part of the whole establishment, forgot its Janus character to solely act French-horn. I believe they would have furnished a complete orchestra with my body, but not relishing the overture, I one day, in a fit of despair, put my hand under the valance, and threatened the musical gentlemen very significantly, that, if they did not instantly leave the room, I would beat such a tatoo upon their craniums that their olfactory nerves should tingle ever afterwards at the mere *sight* of earthenware,—besides obliging them to swallow their own mixtures. The licentiates, terrified, especially at the latter part of this threat, which they knew if put into practice would render them fit subjects for a post-mortem examination, thought proper to decamp, displaying in their retreat the most beautiful demonstration of the power of the gastrocnemiac muscles I have ever witnessed. Relieved from these blood-suckers, I was about to leap from the bed, and devour the first eatable I could lay my hands on, in order to supply the necessary juices for future horse-flies; but my nurse, who was really a kind-hearted fool of an animal, exclaimed, with tears in

her eyes, that it would certainly be the death of me, and begged me to let her send for an English physician who had lately made several important cures,—“Not,” added Mrs. Ptisan, “but that some people do manage to give him the slip; but then, it is not his fault, for he does every thing he can to prevent their dying easily.” So I suffered myself to be once more fooled, and the physician was sent for. “Walk in, Doctor,” said my nurse.

He entered the acting partner of the long-established firm of *Mors, Morbus, & Medicus*. The curtains at the windows being closed, and the day very near its decline, I could not distinguish his features as I lay upon my back; but I observed that his step displayed the gravity becoming in undertakers and physicians, and that his abdomen was of a rotundity which could never have been produced by feeding on antimony and ipecacuanha.

The doctor seated himself at the head of my bed, crossed one leg carefully above the other, rolled up his cuffs with great deliberation,—and the farce commenced.

“Let me feel your pulse, sir.—Hum!—ha!—let me see. My dear sir, you are very sick indeed. For, as Hippocrates says—thus translated, in the able commentary of Ludovicus Duretus “*In Coacas Hippocrati*,”—“*Qui cum lassitudine, caligine, vigiliis, comate, sudatiuncula, æstu incandescunt, pessimè ægrotant.*” Or, if you would prefer it in the original Greek, Κοπιδώδες, ἀχλωώδες, ἄγρυνοι, καματωδες, ἐφιδ——”

“But, Doctor, there is no need of all this learning to tell me what I know already; I’d much rather have your opinion than that of Hippocrates.”

“Than that of Hippocrates!—I don’t thank you for the compliment at all, sir. Why, sir, we should all be dead had not Hippocrates lived; for, as that divine old man of Cos remarks, *Εν πυρετοῖσι, καιλῆς ἐμφυ*——”

“Psha, Doctor, let us to the point at once; I am not child enough to relish this parade.”

"But," continued the steward of Death, no ways moved by what I had said, "*—καλῆς ἐμφυσιμένης, πνεῦμα μὴ διακρίν*——"

"O, for God's sake, have done, Doctor! Why, you're worse than my father, who used to crowd his sermons with Greek and Latin to such a degree, that even the village schoolmaster declared he was puzzled;—he believed, he said, he knew as much of the ancient languages as Parson Levis, but he never could find room to thrust them in on all occasions,—and Peleg Cordery was as _____"

"Peleg Cordery?" screamed the disciple of Hippocrates, "Ha!—Parson Levis?—it can't be!—By G—, but it must be though! Nurse, draw the curtains.—Ah, Jerry my boy! don't you know me? your old school-mate, Harry Smith? Damme, if I a'n't glad to see you!"—and the burly doctor wrung my hand with such ludicrous energy, that I knew not whether most to scream at his sudden appearance, laugh at his unprofessional hilarity, or roar at the pain he inflicted. "Devilish glad to see you!" he repeated, again wringing my hand, with a cordiality excessively considerate to his patient.

"Not sick, I hope, Doctor? in spite of your business."

"Sick?—Nurse, leave us a little while; I will knock with my foot when I want you, my excellent Mrs. Pisan.—There. Sick! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Jerry, I suppose I shall now have as hard work to persuade you you're well!—Get up! Out of bed this instant! I'll cure you!"

"But, Doctor, did you not say just now that I am very sick? *Pessimè*—mind you that."

"Sick! No more sick than _____" Here the learned pill-roller used an expression, which, from the reverence due to that grave body, the physicians, I beg leave to omit. "Why, don't you know we must fit ourselves to all the whims of our patients? Lord G—, man! if I were to tell every one I visited how little he needed my services, I should starve—starve, sir, completely!

Why, Jerry, I thought you'd more sense. Your uncle was the only man I ever knew fool enough to tell his parents the truth. Curse me, if I know how he became so rich!—— But get up, man. O, I'm so glad to see you! Do you remember how we curried old Cordery's hide? La, ha! how the old rascal roared! By the Lord, I shall never forget it as long as I live.—And what became of Hazard, heh? drowned, shot, hung, or what — heh? —But, bless me, I forget in my joy what I came for;—out of bed, man—out of bed, this instant! You're no more sick than I am—not a bit more! out of bed, I say! Here's a hand for you.—So.”

I had never felt myself sick, except while actually under the teeth of my Spanish leeches; therefore, Smith's words seemed to restore me at once to all my strength, and began to relish his good-humour. “Oh!” I groaned, as if it pained me to rise, “Softly, good Doctor, softly. Ah!—I'm afraid you'll be the death of me; for, as the learned Lulovicus Duretus remarks, in his commentary “*In Coacas Hippocrati*,” ‘*Qui cum lassitudine, caligine,*’ and so on, *pessimè ægrotant.*’—Oh! *pessimè*, Doctor—*pessimè*!”

“Bravo, Jerry! I see you're the same merry rogue that administered the carminative to Peleg through his epidermis. But no more of your nonsense; leave Hippocrates to the devil, with all other imposters. Up with you, man; I long to embrace you. Up, up!”

“Oh, oh, Doctor! not so fast; you know, I am a very sick man; for as Hippocrates has it, in the original Greek——”

“Psha! ‘No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.’—Why Lord, Levis! you may thank your stars that you lighted on an old friend so opportunely—it has saved you from a world of puking and purging—and God knows not from death itself. That's right! Now dress yourself. Why, man, to tell you the truth—if my joy had not made me forget myself, I believe I should have kept you in bed a week longer for the honour of the profes-

sion.— Now, let's hug. By G—! I never was so happy in my life—but when my wife died. But when did you get here? how came you here? what are you doing! heh? Where's Dick Hazard? and all the rest of them!— Come, out with your budget!——”

“Stop a minute, most learned Doctor. I got here, four months ago; I came here, in the good ship Halcon; I'm making my fortune rapidly; Dick Hazard is hung and rotten; and ——”

“Dick hung? 'Gad, I thought as much! However, Dick was clever for some things, and had a most manly frame; I wish I had had the dissecting of him. Well! rest his bones.—And what's become of all the rest of our old cronies? O, my God! I've so many things to say! I shall burst before I know which to bring out first.”

“No matter, Doctor—let them all out at once; for, as the divine old man of Cos observes—though I can't repeat the Greek—, When the belly's filled with ——”

“O, confound you! And so, you understood my last very appropriate quotation, heh?”

“Understood it! To be sure I did: it was plain enough, in all conscience. You had better take care, Smith; if you are so ready always with your tumid quotations, you'll light on some scholar perchance, and then you'll be blown up with a vengeance for your indecorum.”

“Well, this must answer for to-day, for we've kept Mrs. Nurse waiting, rather too long; and it wont do for me to lose any of my interest in that quarter.” He knocked with his foot.

Mrs. Ptisan absolutely screamed, when she saw me out of bed and dressed. “Well already? Now, did you ever! La, Doctor Smith, you beat any thing I ever knew: I'm sure that Doctor Pockatease, you talk so much about, wasn't half so great a man.”

The knight of the pestle, much to my amusement, immediately resumed his professional gravity. “Why,

ruly, Mrs. Ptisan, as you observe, it is a most wonderful cure, and is owing in a great measure, no doubt—that is to say, is to be attributed, in a certain degree, to the excellent constitution of the patient ; but still, I have a certain remedy, which, I may say without vanity, is known to no other member of the profession—and is almost a panacea. Providence has been pleased to entrust it to my poor hands, and I have, under its means, been blessed with my share of success ; but still, all is not done. Here, Mr. Levis ; you will take these powders immediately on awaking in the night—which you will not fail to do at half-past-twelve. My good friend, Mrs. Ptisan, will place a bowl of barley-water at your bed's side, so that you may reach it readily in the night. Stir the powders up, and drink directly. For, as De Graaf observes, “*De Organis Generationis*,”—*Fac sis memor, care Jeremia, et in matulam tuam hæc medicamenta conjicias. Nescio ullum narthecium magis aptum.*—Ah ! *risum tene, mi amice ; habenda est ratio famæ nostræ. Ego me tuæ fidei committo.*—*Tenes ?*”

The nurse was in raptures at this display of learning. She lifted up her hands and eyes. “Did you ever !”

As for myself, it was as much as I could do to refrain from laughing at the gravity which the doctor affected. Wishing, however, to impress Mrs. Ptisan with the same respect for my acquirements that she showed for my friend's, I answered,—“The caution which De Graaf gives is certainly just—and shall be attended to ; for, as Aurelius Celsus remarks, in his work “*De Medecina*,”—*Fac sine cura sis, doctissime Doctor. Curabo. Tuæ non occidisti, et beneficiarum magis sum memor tuam ut celebretatis tuæ arcem hostibus prodeam.*”

“Now, did you ever !” cried my nurse,—“I never saw such learned gentlemen in my life.”

“*Sat est*,” said the doctor, keeping up the joke : “*Jamne vale, mi Jeremia.*”

"Et tu, clinice peritissime, Hippocratis discipulorum omnium eruditissime, interpretisque ejus Dureti studiosissime, tu bene vale."

"Did you ever!" said my nurse, as she opened the door for Smith: "Lord! I do like those *issimes* so!—*rootitissime!* *stoolysissime!*—This way, Doctor."

CHAPTER II.

What! Jeremy holding forth?

Love for Love.

AND holding forth against what? Against the taste of the day. O, I hate a reformer! cries one. And so do I, says another. But what if he reform in his own defence? O, that alters the case! exclaims the one. Most essentially, subjoins the other.

Now, the case stands simply thus. Jeremy Levis, Autobiographer *pro tem.*, has dared to insert in these his memoirs several very naughty chapters—naughty, for as much as certain characters figure therein in dresses that suffer their natural shape to appear, in open contempt of the canons of the day, which expressly declare, that no gentleman shall be countenanced in decent society, who does not encourage the cotton trade by thrusting half-a-pound of wadding under his axillæ, and that no lady shall be authorized to flirt, except she advocate the theory of Monboddo, and at the same time assert her just right to be ranked a species of the genus *simia*, by mounting, on the saddle of her second lumbar vertebra, a thing, in shape a freemason's apron tied to a sausage, ycleped *tournure*; and, in consequence of the said naughty chapters, he, the aforesaid Jeremy Levis, stands in imminent peril of being barked at by every shag-eared mongrel critic, who, be-

cause forsooth he follows at a lady's heels, thinks himself the defender of her delicacy, or, because he himself has neither scent nor speed, believes all other dogs unfitted for the chase, or still better, who is ready to do any dirty office for a plate of bones, and therefore, as Swift says, will growl the more, the less he finds to pick.—
Alas for thee, ill-fated Jeremy ! thou wert warned of this, when Peleg rapped thee on the knuckles for making dog's-ears in thy primer ; and now thy hour is come, and ' curs of low degree ' shall yelp at thee, and snap at thine unwittingly offending legs, because, forgetting that little brutes like them can feel indignities as well as greater beasts, thou hast tumbled them over in the dust, or thrust them into the kennel !

— But, Levis, honest Levis, you are lapsing into hapsody. You forget, that, by your own confession, you stand arraigned at the joint tribunal of Common-Sense and Good-Taste for naughtiness in chapter-making, and other like offences. The case has been stated. The evidence has long ago been given on both sides. We will oppose the jury, *packed* of ' little dogs and all, ' have found you guilty. What have you to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon you, that you be banished from all ladies' centre-tables, for low-life scenes and vulgar conversations ?—

Hear me then.— I stand accused (as well as I can earn) of vulgar writing,—of bringing into this, my history, men in pea-jackets, women without stays,—of making them act before the reader in some drunken tavern-scene, or even lower,—and, worst of all, of introducing them in language coarse as the clothes I put upon them. I will not take these points up separately, and plead to each, but join them all together, under one vile name—vulgarity, and sometimes speak of them as one, sometimes examine a particular part, as shall seem to me most fitting.

Now, let me ask—how is society composed ? Merely of men who call their *breeches* inexpressibles, and wo-

men who blush to hear such queer things spoken of as *legs*? Or are these embodied spiritualities mixed with beings of a coarser loam—vile, shocking men, who clothe their naked persons with a *shirt*, and bear, in the foremost point of their face argent, a *nose* statant-gardant of the same, crined sable in the *nostrils* gules,—old-fashioned women, who sleep in *nightcaps*, and cannot ride unveiled, nor sigh “My horse perspires! *O, che bestia!*”? And then, where shall we seek for humour? In the ball-room of a city belle, where feet and fiddlesticks, bass-viol and base hearts, where all things instrumental, move by measure, save the tongue! Or in the bar-room of a country innkeeper, where jokes and jorums, thick pitchers and thick skulls, where all things spiritual, are cracked uncounted, though not without account? The answer—“We grant it,” you will say, “good Jeremy, just as you would have it. We have no objection to the scenes themselves,—they suit the promise on your title-page; but wherefore need the language be so coarse?” Why not say at once, *sweet Reader*, “Good, modest, gentlemanly Jeremy, give us the bottle—we like it well; but throw away the spirit?” If you really have, my Reader, an infant’s innocent fondness for glass, you may suck as many empty bottles as you please; but you must do it in other company; for when you dine at my table, I shall feast you with the richest wines the cellar of my brain can furnish.—But, to be serious:—

Had I introduced these vulgar characters conversing with the ease and finish of polite persons, I should have erred not only against the truth of my history, but even against the spirit of the work considered as a mere novel. Can the reader suppose for one moment, one single moment, that I delight in such language as is used by Mrs. Coming, and the Fox family, and Mr. and Mrs. Spits! Wit, or humour, will, with those who relish it, often excuse great grossness: but nothing can be more disgusting than insipid vulgarity:—As in chalybeate waters we disregard

the bitterness for the sake of their briskness ; but take water of the purest mountain rill, and expel the air that gives it all its life, and the vapid draught shall make the stomach sicken.—Yet what if I had consulted my feelings ? Would not the truth of the picture have been thereby destroyed ? Let those answer who have had to do with such people. As for my uncle Jeremy, the actor, the lieutenant, the sergeant, and Dr. Smith, whose vulgarity is of a different species, consisting not in those corruptions of pronunciation, which, to the ear of a well-bred man of taste, are more hateful than loud talking in a woman, or the music of a hogstye, but in a profusion of coarse oaths, with here and there a trifling indelicacy, I have only to ask the reader which he would prefer ;—to retain them as they are, their characters developed solely by their actions and their conversation, or have me imitate the modern novelists, who treat us to a wonderful description of the mental qualifications, peculiar habits, and style of speech of their several heroes, (—which leads one to imagine that the said heroes must each have had a window in his breast, for the particular and private inspection of the sage who was to make out for the star-gazing community a table of their altitudes and depressions—) and then tack to the end of it a dialogue which would suit any other set of speakers just as well ?—The reader will find I have never made a *real* gentleman indulge, in the slightest degree, in similar grossness. It is true I have known men of birth and education (men of *taste* too,) as coarse in their ordinary converse as though they had been bred on dunghills ; and so I have seen a butcher turn aside his head when he struck his victim, and a surgeon troubled at the pain he was inflicting on his patient, —so I have heard of a thief's sparing the pocket of a poor man, and a lawyer's refusing a bribe from a criminal,—so I have known an old maid to take pleasure in the happiness of young people, and a reviewer to eulogize a

work of sterling merit ; but these are all rare cases, and we are not disputing about the treatment of idiosyncrasies.

Admitting my defence, thus far, as satisfactory, there is yet a greater accusation to be answered. I stand charged with using coarse expressions and allusions even where I am supposed to speak myself—a horrid crime in this most modest age. My publishers have told me, that a gentleman, whose knowledge of the public taste renders him fully competent to pronounce on such a question, entered their store when some sheets of this work lay upon the desk. Having cast his eye, at their request, over one or two of them, he pointed to the twenty-third line on the two-hundred-and-thirteenth page of the first volume, and said, "Though I, and no other man who is not tainted with squeamishness, can have the least objection to this passage, yet I would advise the writer to make some alteration ; for, depend upon it, as it is it will not please the public." Whoever the individual may be, I thank him for his friendly advice, which, however, I have not chosen to follow. If I am to climb into the favour of the public only by flattering its nauseous prudery, I will turn my back upon it at once ; for I would rather my limbs should rot in inactivity than thus be used. My work shall force its way to notice by its own merits, or moulder on the shelf ;—no offspring of my brain shall lose their manhood because the public is fond of childish trebles.*—

* I may well be permitted to speak warmly on this subject ; since I am a sufferer (and I believe the reader is no less) by the old maid's purity of which I complain. Two or three passages have been swept from the work by my remorseless publishers, others maimed in their most important members, and here and there a picked word turned from the ranks to give place to some paled, half-defunct expression, that can scarcely pull trigger in the service for which it was recruited. And why, forsooth ? Not because there was any objection to the men themselves, but merely to bring the regiment on a level with the beggarly trainbands of the day. One whole scene, which, if there be any well-written passages in the work, ranked certainly among the best whether in point of style or of invention, has been omitted at the conclusion of the 24th chap. of BK. II.—thereby not only marring that conclusion, but rendering a line in the beginning of the next chapter (sc. "No doubt of it, Mr. Spits.") a mere flat. And yet, upon my honour as a man and a gentleman, there was nothing in this, nor in the other expunged or altered passages, but what I would read to a mother, a wife, a daughter, a sister, had I such connexions, without a moment's hesitation. Surely "The times are out of joint ;" and would to God that some more skilful operator would

suppose had I used the root of the objectionable word, and written "or with as lavish a lap as a *trulla* bestows her favours," or, making a name of it, in imitation of Butler,—"as *Trulla* bestows her favours," no one would find fault; because, in the former case, without speaking of the advantage gained by the additional purity of the English, none but a blue would understand it—and it makes no matter what a blue reads; and, in the latter case, neither blues, nor any other class of coloured females, would be aware of its meaning, and little Misses who are fond of reading of high-life would mistake it for the name of some court lady of distinction.—I would be the last man to recommend the introduction of obscenity or actual vulgarity into writing; but I do protest against this frittering down the masculine energy of a language merely from an overnice respect for the delicacy of the other sex. At this rate, literature bids fair to become ere long of very doubtful gender. In the name of folly, if the hour must indeed come, let it come at once! Turn all the mighty masters that have taught the world till the commencement of the present century! drag literature from his attic story, pull off his breeches, slip a petticoat on his emasculated limbs, seat him in a rocking-chair in a drawing-room, and, with some impassioned poet for his scribe, let him dictate with squeaking voice mellifluous fairy-thoughted mottoes for sugar-plum wrappers!—For my own part, I do not write to please the other sex. Stay! do not mistake me; in making this assertion, my reference is not confined to the passages you suppose—for, were every scene of humour cut from the book I would still assert the same; I speak merely in the character which I see you are determined to give me, that of a novelist. No young, unmarried woman, ought

attempt restoring them to their proper powers! But, if none else will undertake the task, I must turn bone-setter myself, supplying the place of skill by the honesty of my intention, and the zeal of my endeavours.

to be permitted to read a novel of any description. Had I a daughter with a heart of ice, and a face as grim as the lion's head on an antique knocker, she should never pore upon a tale of love to make that ice smoke or induce her to believe that her face was as good as her neighbour's. Nature teaches us to sigh soon enough in all conscience, without our needing the bellows of imagination to inflate the lungs prematurely.— I repeat, I do not write to please the other sex ; but, as the other sex will read my "Life," because they fancy it to be a novel, I recommend to the younger portion to peruse the very chapters most parents would bid them omit, and warn them against those which most parents would select. The latter (such for instance as are contained in the Third and Sixth Books,) may inflame the mind ; but the former will leave it as quiet as before,—for when the breath escapes in laughter the coals of the imagination have no chance to kindle. As to any indelicacy of language in such scenes — We will not return to that subject ; it is absurd to speak of it.— But let no man cry out against me, that I would trample down the refinement of the day, and restore the growth of those impurities which are now happily rooted out from the fair fields of literature. If he love the taste of thistles, let him turn his tail upon the vigorous, wholesome plants he thinks impure, and browse on ; I feed not asses.

My Lords (—Common-Sense and Good-Taste—) I have finished my defence. Let me not hang upon your judgments ; but decide at once.— And to the many friends of Refinement that I see around me, and who, from ignorance of your lordships' characters and office, may grumble at a just decision, permit me thus to say :—I am ready with the foremost to promote the cause of any real good. Prove to me that society is one whit the better, is not the worse, for such nicety as you affect, and I will gladly speak of a pregnant woman as a lady of tumid

tment, and call the operation of an emetic a sublimation of the gastric contents.

CHAPTER III.

Interea inter mulieres,
Quæ ibi aderant, forte unam adspicio adolescentulam,
Formâ.....! Sæ. Bonâ fortasse. Sî. Et vultu, Sotia,
Adeo modesto, adeo yenusto, ut nihil supra.

TER.—*Andria.*

But, O! Argaleon follows her!—So Night
Treads on the footsteps of a winter's Sun
And stalks all black behind him.

Marriage A-la-mode.

the Reader be familiar with romances, he will look no more love adventures in this Life of Sixty Years. I will hardly suppose that, after the desolation which has fallen on my feelings, (as recorded in the preceding book,) my heart could ever again become devoted to the person it had so fatally worshipped: but, though the hurricane had swept before its violence the fires of the sacrifice, the altar stood unbroken, and the flame was desired yet to be renewed,—though not indeed to burn with equal brightness.

It is an absurd notion that we can love truly but once; well might we say that a man can never have but one idol. As long as the same material remains, and the same causes to work upon it, the same result must be produced. While the streams of passion continue to flow in an equal current, the soil they irrigate will still bring forth its flowers and its fruits; and though the tempest for a time may swell its waters that they rise above their

level and the blooming banks are broken down and the fruitful fields made desolate, yet, when the flood subsides, the ruin is repaired, and an earlier harvest overgrows its traces. It is when the waste of years has dried the channel by slow evaporation, that the soil, made barren, vegetates no longer.*—But enough of preface.

A month or two after my plenipotentiary, Dr. Henry Smith, had signed the articles of truce with Death,—when the rapier lancet, the blunderbuss pill-box, and the bomb clyster, being laid aside, no longer threatened Nature with extinction of her forces, I happened to be at mass, in the parish-church at Cumana, when my attention was struck by the appearance of a lady who sat near me on the opposite side of the aisle. Though the black veil she wore completely concealed her features, yet there was something in the style of her head, and the manner in which it was set upon the neck, that left with the observer an impression that the face must be beautiful,—a peculiarity which doubtless the Reader himself has often remarked in females, and been puzzled to account for the image it stamped upon his mind. The lady was evidently conscious of the admiration of the young Englishman, for, as she rose at the conclusion of the service, she drew her veil a little to one side, with the apparent motive of arranging its folds, and levelled on him for a single moment, the full power of her eyes. Those eyes! no man has ever described their kind but Byron—albeit in a most strange medley of metaphors:—

* I may seem to many to be refining on a trifling subject—to be prating nice romance in order to titillate the fancies of novel-reading children. It is lucky for me there are some who look with very different eyes. Love has been said, by those who, not contented to feel that such things are, seek to discover from what source they spring and to what end they flow, to be the *sole* passion that counteracts the selfishness of our nature. The continuance of the human species would be just as well subserved by mere animal desire; but the deity has seen fit to give man for his happiness a union of soul and sense—perhaps the most beautiful illustration that can be instanced of that almighty beneficence which has every where coupled utility with pleasure (—I mean *true* pleasure,—the pleasure of Epicurus, not of the Epicureans.)

The "large black eyes that flash on you a volley
"Of rays that say a thousand things at once."

Musket eyes that flash a volley, not of bullets, but of rays, (forming, doubtless, that species of luminous bodies called *shooting stars*,) and rays too that have the faculty of speech, is most delicious nonsense; but nonsense is very often more expressive than any shape of its opposite.—And now that I am on the subject I may as well finish the quotation, and describe the sum of her perfections at once,—it will be a saving of time, though at the expense of a breach in the paragraph:—

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
"Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

Such was the Creole,—a beauty scarcely seventeen—glowing, burning, in feature and complexion, the very child of passion.

The act I have mentioned was one that Agata, indeed, would not have thought of; but yet it was an act of innocent coquetry, such as is committed every day by ladies that move in the world, (not of romance,) without detracting from the modesty of their characters. It had the full effect designed, completely substantiating the Cumanian's claims to the loveliness wherewith my imagination had already made her invested.

I followed the young beauty to the door of the church, and had the satisfaction of seeing her escorted homeward by an ugly, gloomy-visaged Spaniard, that looked a devil under a friar's cowl. Could there have been any thing that would add to my admiration of the lady, it was the circumstance of her being thus attended; for there was none of that easy, affectionate indifference in the man's deportment, that might mark him to be her father or her brother, but he seemed to watch her motions with the

jealousy of a lover, hurrying her through the crowd as though he hated that any other arm than his own should even brush against her garments. She was attended, besides, by two female slaves,—an affectation of state very usual in the Spanish colonies.

Keeping the blacks between me and their mistress, I marched very deliberately, though not very coolly, in the train of the latter, determined to discover who she was, if possible, or at least in what quarter of the city she resided.— And where then was the sorrow for Agata, which had worn me almost to a shadow? Grief kills in poetry; but, in real life, it is seldom more than a temporary sickness.*

I succeeded in following my fair Creole to the very door of her dwelling without exciting the suspicions of the Spaniard. She entered the house—but took no further notice of me, and the man entered likewise.—I continued my walk for a proper distance, then crossing the street, turned directly back upon my steps; and, as I passed the house again, casting a side glance at the windows, I flattered myself that I saw the lady secretly watching from behind the silken curtains.

Thus far, I was stimulated by a mere feeling of admiration; but I carried home this little seed of passion, to plant it in the rich soil of my bosom, and nourish its growth with the springs of imagination. *Dear sainted Agata!* I had said, some seven months before, *Would that I might offer up my life a sacrifice upon thy grave!*—But, it is better as it is—better that I should linger, solitary, through long years of penitence, lengthened out by the torments of

* Men and women may die, I know, of a broken heart, as well as from actual physical malady, or from having received their discharge in the shape of a prescription; but the disease of a *broken heart* is chronic, the *dissenter of grief* acute: this attacks with violence, but is forced at last to raise the siege; that slowly saps the energies of mind and body, till the whole fabric of the system, completely excavated, crumbles into dust without resistance. In the former case, the lover grieves that he has lost his adorable mistress, and recovers from the affliction; in the latter, the wife pines because she cannot lose her detestable husband, and dies of inward mortification.

conscience! too small atonement for my foul offence! How foolish seem the thoughts which enthusiasm sends all burning from the brain, when we find so short a time converts them into senseless words, a mere heap of cold dead ashes!

CHAPTER IV.

Hey-day! who have we here? This is no Father Dominick, no huge overgrown abby-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking fryar.

Spanish Fryar.

I NEED not detail the many little circumstances that tended to raise my admiration of the beautiful Creole into actual love, nor the many little contrivances that I resorted to in order to make known my passion, nor the success which these endeavours had in inspiring her with something like a reciprocal affection, without a single interview having ever taken place between us; for the reader can well imagine it all for himself, knowing, as he must do, that there needs no other interpreters in affairs of the heart than the eyes,—nay, that the interdiction of speech is often beneficial to the cause, not merely because the first word spoken by the beloved object might dissolve the charm by showing us that we were worshipping mere vanity—a head without brains, but because it gives a briskness to the passion, on the same principle that a stone thrown into a garden brook converts the peaceful stream into a sparkling, noisy little torrent. I will merely say, that learning on inquiry that Beatriz, (my new idol,) was actually engaged to the Spaniard I had seen escorting her, I gave up all idea of seeking an introduction to the family—knowing that nothing under Heaven could prevail with her father, Creole as he was, to alter the connexion he had formed for his daughter,—and im-

mediately set my brain to work to devise some plan for obtaining a private interview with the girl herself, when I was resolved I would marry her, in defiance of both father and lover, and at all peril of the consequences.

While my head was yet teeming with this rash, and perhaps ridiculous, scheme, I chanced one afternoon to be passing near the home of Beatriz, (an exercise I frequently took, notwithstanding the danger, which, considering the persons I might have to deal with, most certainly attended it,) when I observed a very diminutive, vulgar-looking man, in the dress of a secular priest, leave the house, and move towards me with a step affectedly solemn. It instantly struck me that I had seen the figure somewhere before, though not very recently. I therefore quickened my pace to meet him. Judge my astonishment, when I recognized the features of an individual whom I and every body else had long supposed to be sleeping quietly somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean! How he had managed to rise from the bottom of the sea, or the bottomless pit, renew his existence, and appear now, in South America, a Catholic priest, were all circumstances very puzzling to account for: but I could not be deceived — there never was another thing like him born of woman.

As the little gentleman had his eyes fixed upon the air, trying perhaps to discover the presence of animalculæ, he did not notice me who was walking on the earth, and I took advantage of his aerial contemplation to pass him, turn directly back, and, approaching close behind him on tiptoe, bring my mouth to a level with his ear.

"Brother sinner," I whispered, in English, and in his own well-remembered bagpipe drone.

The priest recoiled with most unclerical agility, exclaiming, in the vernacular of my native isle, "The Lord deliver us!" It was sufficient. I beheld neither an apparition, nor the devil, but the devil's particular friend,

Brother Malachi Snubbs, formerly casual preacher of the word at the Bull tavern, county of Middlesex, England.

"Why—Mr.—Snubbs!" I cried, seizing his hand, which I retained in spite of his struggles to extricate it,—
"Surely, this is a day of marrow and fat things to us both; yea, it is even as one were born again, to meet with old friends thus in a foreign land."

Malachi frowned, and spluttering a barbarous mixture of bad Castilian and odd scraps of Latin from the mass-book, tried to summon to his brow all the terrors of sacerdotal ire; but, alas poor man! his head, as the reader knows, was but a cocoanut, and cocoanuts are of a milky nature. It would not do.

"Come, come, Mr. Snubbs!" I continued, but in a lower voice—for several citizens had displayed, in passing us, symptoms of angry surprise at my forcible detention of a minister of their sacred faith, and, to say the least against him, Malachi was not worth quarrelling about—"this mummerly wont pass with me. You forget, sir, who was with you at the Bull tavern.—Your reputation lies at my mercy; be quiet, and it is safe." Snubbs's impudence forsook him: he stood perfectly still. "Now, sir, be pleased to accompany me home—I have something to say to you.—Hush! don't begin to play the fool again. Must I remind you of Miss Paynthurnley? and her jewels? and the missionary fund? Your liberty, your life perhaps, is in my hands; see that I don't strangle it!" The holy man muttered something, and motioned with his hand for me to lead the way. —O, ho!—thought I, —my bird would yet escape! I must clip his wings.—"No, no, father,—it ill beseems a heretic like me to go before your reverence; we will walk together." The priest submitted; though, had not the suddenness of our encounter dashed every coal of spirit, or rather impudence, from the brazen chafingdish of his bosom, he must have reflected that he might brave me with impunity,—since it

was more than probable that I could furnish no proofs of his villainy, and the thorough Catholicism of the Spanish Creoles would be sure to turn all the evil from his aspersed character directly upon the head of his accuser.

I led my captive home. After depositing him safely in a chair, and seating myself in front of him, the first thing I did was to look his priesthood full in the face, and burst into a fit of laughter.

The spirit of the holy man awoke at this indignity. "Sinner!" said he, "have you so little reverence for things sacred——"

"Not when they keep themselves steady," said I. "But when these sacred things display such amazing agility——"

"So little fear of the Lord's vengeance?——" continued he, without regarding my interruption.

"In running away from their better halves——" continued I in turn, without regarding his.

"I weep for you, most wicked man!" proceeded he, and groaned.

"I laugh at them, most righteous Snubbs," proceeded I, and drew the figure of my proposition.——"But enough of this, Mr. Snubbs,—it is too late in the day to preach to me in this manner; let us at once to business.—In the first place, sir, tell me all that has happened to you since we parted in Mrs. Spits' chamber,—I have my reasons for asking it. And tell it briefly, honestly—if you can, and, above all, without canting."

After a moment's hesitation, Malachi, seeing me serious, began after this fashion:—

"On that horrid night, when the play-acting child of the devil shut me up with that lewd Mrs. Spits, the Lord was pleased to appear to me in——"

"Mr. Snubbs! Will you have the goodness, sir, to reserve your blasphemy for those who like it?"

"But, Mr. Levis, you desired me to tell my story honestly; and how can I do it, unless I do do it?"

“Well, well, if you must blaspheme, Snubbs, go on, in your master’s name! only do be a little moderate in the enjoyment, for decency’s sake.”

“On that night, sir, the Lord appeared to me in a vision, and said, ‘Malachi, Malachi Snubbs! thou hast sinned,—seeing that, whereas I gave thee the woman Mary Payn-thurnley to wife, merely for the good of thy fellows, thou hast kept her to thyself, living with her after the fashion of men. Now, therefore, thus shalt thou do. Rise on the morrow betimes, and get thee hence, even unto the city which is called London; and on the way thou shalt forsake the woman: but her precious stones, her gay attire, these things shalt thou keep unto thyself——’ ‘What, Lord! would you have me steal?’ I said, very wickedly. ‘Peace, sinner!’ answered the voice, ‘and do as thou art bidden; for the purpose is holy, though now concealed from the eyes of thy understanding. Did I not bid thee lay up for my proper service the funds which thy brethren intrusted to thy keeping? and wilt thou now complain, lewd man?’ So I held my peace. And the voice continued, ‘When thou art in London, thou shalt find a vessel bound for the port of Cadiz. Take thy passage therein. Fear not; all shall be revealed in due time.’ So, I rose, and praised the Lord for the sweet tidings, and resolved to do as I was bidden.”

“But how are you sure, Mr. Snubbs, that the voice came not from a very different quarter?”

“Because, sir, the words made me feel good—yea! they were most sweet and precious to my soul,—and the devil, who loves to torment us, would never tell us to do any thing that is pleasant.”

“Most sagely reasoned, Mr. Snubbs.—And now put yourself on board the vessel.”

“Well, sir, there the voice came to me again; and it said to me, ‘Malachi!’—and I said, ‘What, Lord?’—and the voice said, ‘Lo, thus shalt thou do. Get thee unto the master of this vessel, a godly man, and one who fear-

eth the Lord, and offer him the half of my treasures ; thou hast, that he may conceal thee ; for thou livest in a sinful world, Malachi, and the voice of the heathen is gone about to speak evil of thee and thy good . This, therefore, shalt thou do, lest peradventure thou suffer for thy righteousness.' So the master——"

" Et cætera. Now put thyself in Cadiz, honest Snubbs, thou favoured of the devil — I beg your pardon ; I mean to say, of — *thy* lord, pious Snubbs."

" At Cadiz, as I lay awake one night, thinking of the tender mercies of the Lord, and wondering what would be the end of my journeying for precious sinners, I heard a voice at my bed's side, not like the one before, but low and small as of a woman ; and it said, ' Malachi ! Malachi ! — and I asked in fear, ' Who calleth me ? ' — and a voice said, ' Look ! ' — and I looked, and lo, a great light shone in the chamber, and a woman stood beside me, young and well-favoured, and habited in snow-white parel. Then I was struck with exceeding terror, and cried aloud, ' Avaunt ! get thee hence, thou lewd woman, the devil ! thou shalt not tempt me.' And the vision said, ' Peace, wretched man ! and learn at whom thou resistest. I am the Virgin Mary, sent to turn thee from the error wherein thou treadest, and lead thee to the true and straight road. Hear now. For what purpose, thinkest thou, weak mortal as thou art, that thou hast been ordered to do the very deeds which men condemn, and for which thou mightest have been made to suffer, even as the blessed Apostles once did suffer ? For what but to bring thee to this land of the only true faith, that thou mightest be converted from thy former heresy, and be made a true and holy Catholic ? ' When I heard this, sinner as I was, I began to wax incredulous. And the Virgin, seeing this, said, ' O, thou man of little faith ! put thy hand beneath the pillow, and tell me what thou findest.' So I put my hand beneath the pillow, and drew forth the little cross which once belonged to my wife, which the Lord had

nanded me to keep. 'Now, put thy hand in without looking,' said the Virgin, 'and take forth what thou coucest first.' And I put in my hand, and lo, I touched a diamond cross. Then I was convinced, and kissed the symbol of the blessed faith, and, leaping from the bed

"What! in thy shirt, Snubbs? O thou naughty man!"

Snubbs was too warm to feel my profane interruption. "I threw myself before the Virgin, and would have embraced her knees. But the Virgin shrunk back. 'Touch me not!' she said, 'thou man impure! But get thee back again into thy bed, and listen further.—Thus shalt thou do. In this city of Sodom, thou wilt find a man of noble birth, an Andalusian, named Gaspar de Mulo de los Sacerdotes, a man that feareth God and cherisheth his holy ministers. His favourite thou art destined to become; and with him shalt thou cross the ocean to the New World. There, in the Spanish Main, in the province which is called Cumana, there, O Malachi, shalt thou find the end of thy wanderings, devoting thy pious labour, and the treasures thou hast heaped together, to the good of my church, administering the balm of thy wisdom to the zealous among my worshippers, and opening the eyes of the still blinded Indians.—But, long before thou canst do this, O Malachi, thou must purge thyself, and put on the garments of the true faith; when thy name too shall be changed, for that of Joseph, seeing thou hast fled from thy wife even as the son of Israel did from the wife of Potiphar.'—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed, springing from my seat, and giving Snubbs a blow upon the back that almost forced him from his chair,—“By all that's beautiful! had the son of Israel looked like thee, thou freckled little lump of chastity, he had found no need to go without his cloak!"

The apostate Malachi, who had commenced his narrative with alacrity, and, from an idea that the attention I paid to his blasphemous hypocrisy was serious, had con-

tinued to speak throughout, with a warmth that converted his usually vulgar language into something decent (the reader must have observed,) now grew sulky, refused to proceed.

"Come, come, Father Joseph," I said, patting back of twelve inches' breadth, as I would the head child, or the flanks of a puppy,—“we are now touching on the very part I want to hear. Proceed you please.” But Malachi-Joseph sat unmoved, his lip protruded like a flogged schoolboy's. How different from his conduct at the Bull ! But, then, he was a man in a cover ; now, he felt his character stood before me completely naked.

I saw I must take another course. “Now hear Mr. Malachi Snubbs—or whatever else the devil has pleased to call you. You are acting, sir, a most absurd part, considering before whom the farce is played. You suppose I brought you home with me, merely for the pleasure of hearing you insult the majesty of your Majesty and make a jest of the mysteries of his religion ? Come, sir, let us deal plainly together. I know more of your private life than you are well aware of ; but I will make it a means to force from you the information I want—it is my intention to pay, and pay liberally, for any vices you may render me.”

“Well, Mr. Levis,” said little Malachi, somewhat nettled, “it is not my fault that you wouldn't hear when I was going on so nicely.—What shall I tell you now, sir ?”

“You remember, Mr. Snubbs, that when we parted you had just left a gentleman's house. Is it the house of Don Gaspar de Mulo ?”

“No, sir ; but of a gentleman whose daughter Gaspar is soon to marry.”

“I knew as much,—I have merely asked in order to lead to another question. Tell me, have you much influence with the family ?”

"Praised be the Lord, they see my virtues. Sister—mean, Donna Melindrosa holds me as the apple of her eye; and Don Cesar cannot do a moment without me,—I believe he'd rather part with all his slaves."

"And the young lady?"

"O, the young lady is still giddy, for she's but a child; her heart is in a seeking way—that is," (quickly glancing at Malachi, ashamed that he had forgotten his apostrophe,) "I hope, by the aid of our Blessed Lady," (crossing himself,) "she may yet do well."

"Admirable.—Now, listen, Mr. Snubbs. I believe you, sir, to be the most infernal scoundrel in the whole captain-generalship of Caraccas:—Turn down thy coconut head, Father Joseph,—you make me laugh, when you open your eyes so widely:—But we must sometimes do a dirty thing when our necessities urge us. You see my purse. It is small, but richly lined. Do what I wish you, and the purse is yours."

"But, Mr. Levis, you forget my sacred character."

"No, sir, I do not; nor do I forget your partiality to missionary funds, and admiration for lady's ornaments. How can you play the fool so seriously! Can you not deal with me as plainly, as I do with you? I tell you, sir, I know you to be a rascal, and I believe myself to be an honest man;—Shall we make a bargain together?"

The priest looked gloomy. "If you don't believe in my honesty, Mr. Levis, why will you trust me? I see no good it can do you to insult me in this manner."

"Well, sir, perhaps you are right. I will cease my abuse, if you will lay aside your hypocrisy. I would deal with you openly. I trust nothing to your honesty; but I prize your interest.—I wish you, sir, to take a letter from me to the daughter of Don Cesar. You stare. It is, I acknowledge, asking you to turn traitor to your patron, Don Gaspar; but that's of little importance; you have already turned traitor to your God for the sake of money, and for this treachery I will pay you to your heart's con-

tent. Carry the letter safely, and do whatever else I shall bid you, and that purse shall be made any amount you ask, I care not what, provided it be within the limits of what I can afford. But play me false, and—! you will find, perhaps, I have more power to harm you than you imagine. Will you do it, or not?—Don Gaspar will not reward you so liberally as I will, if you serve me truly; Don Gaspar cannot punish you so cruelly as I can, if you dare betray me.—Speak out, sir! Drop your half-sainted mask, and show the devil at once.—Quick! Will you serve me?"

"If you will promise one thing."

"And what is that, sir?"

"That the letter contains nothing against the *señorita's* spiritual welfare."

"O, fool to the last! Well, I promise you—it shall be upon a point that wholly concerns her future happiness.—Now, are you willing?"

"Yes," answered the priest—but very sulkily. Indeed, I had goaded him beyond bearing,—and most foolishly, to say the least of my conduct; but my impatient temper could not brook to be trifled with by so black a villain.

"Well then," I said, my good-humour returning at his concession, "I'll retire for a few moments to the next room, and write the letter. You can amuse yourself, holy Father, by counting your beads, or your money."

When I returned, the priest received me with a smile of satisfaction, which at the time merely gave me surprise, though it should have excited my suspicions, coming as it did from one of his character, one too who had such good reason to hold me in mortal hatred.

I handed him the letter. "I know," I said, "the danger I incur by thus confiding in you,—the lover of Beatriz is an Andalusian, and her father is scarcely less to be dreaded; but I have no other resource, for my object can be attained only through your agency. It is,

sir, to induce the *señorita* to grant me a private, and immediate interview, and you must add your influence to my entreaties, promising to sanction this step by being present—Yes, I mean it—you must be present at our interview; for I'm confident the young lady, impetuous though she is, will not so far forget the respect due to herself as to meet me alone—nor do I wish she should."

"But, Mr. Levis—are you known to—that is—"

"Sufficiently. Don't trouble yourself about that, Mr. Snubbs."

"Then, sir, you needn't fear. The *señorita* shall meet you—and that as soon as I can arrange the matter.—I'll let you know when, to-morrow morning, Mr. Levis," added Malachi, softening his voice as though he were speaking to a friend he dearly loved and respected.

I led the priest to the door. As we were about to part, I took his hand, and, facing him, said impressively, "My safety, sir, is now in your hands. To one that hates me as you must—Peace! no more foolery. To one, I say, that hates me as bitterly as you do, the temptation is strong to betray the trust; but let your avarice keep you honest. For I give you my honour, that, if you please me, I shall think no recompense too great that a man in my circumstances can afford. And—mark my last words, sir! I am not of a revengeful temper; but, by the God that made us both, if you dare deceive me, I will wreak such vengeance on your head, that you shall wish you had staid in England and met there the punishment of your villainy!"

"You needn't fear me," answered the apostate, with a strange smile,—“I'll serve you even better than you wish.—Good night, Mr. Levis.”

"Sweet visions to you, beautiful Joseph."

CHAPTER V.

O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Othello.

THE apostate Snubbs was faithful to his promise. He came the next day to inform me that all things were arranged for the interview with Beatriz, which would take place that very night, as soon as the fall of darkness should render the step sufficiently safe. For this purpose he had engaged an Indian and his wife to leave their hut for an hour, in return for a few worthless relics, whose influence with the superstitious race the holy father knew well enough to save his pocket other coin. Besides himself, Beatriz would be attended by her two maid-servants, who were wholly devoted to the interests of their young mistress; and she had made it her particular request, that, if I had a servant in whose honesty I could confide, I would bring him with me,—as thus, in case any untoward circumstance should occur to betray our intercourse, her character might not suffer.—How my Mercury came to deliver the latter part of his message, from Beatriz, so faithfully, is a subject of wonder, as the Reader will very soon acknowledge. It can only be accounted for by supposing, that, as the head of the evangelical go-between was an exception to all scientific principles, the angle of incidence, which a ray of light might drop upon his brain, was always more than equal to the angle of reflection.

At sunset, then, I proceeded to the bank of the Manzanares,* attended by my servant Juan, a freedman,

* The Reader will observe that in this, as in the Book preceding, I have spared both him and myself any further description of the country where the scenes are

hose head and heart, though closed in a vessel of black
 uth, would have done honour to the whitest clay. I
 und, of course, that the other party was not not yet ar-
 ved. Therefore, acting with the wisdom all men dis-
 ay on such occasions, I did the best I could to unman my
 erves, and unfit myself completely for the approaching
 erview, by fancying how the lady would behave, and
 rming regular plans of speech and action, which would
 suredly be found missing the very moment they were
 come into use. Luckily, however, for my impatience,
 e night in this climate does not keep one waiting long
 coming, when the sun has once retired, but seems to
 arch upon him without its usual forerunner, twilight.
 ery soon after I had taken my station, the few pink
 ouds that rested motionless on the horizon, scarcely to
 distinguished, in their fleecy lightness, from the portion
 the sky before whose glowing beauty they appeared in
 int relief, lost all their colour, or assumed a darker hue ;
 e unsullied azure of the rest of the heavens grew deeper
 d deeper in its shade : then the stars came forth, in
 mber and brightness never known to northern climes ;
 llions of fire-flies sparkled in the air ; while the gloom
 night, descending thicker, wrapped in terrour the giant
 rms of the trees which crowded the luxuriant banks of
 e Manzanares. For many minutes, that seemed, of
 urse, as though they never would have end, I walked
 and down the little garden of the hut, rapt in thoughts

than is absolutely necessary ; for I suppose him to have sufficient knowledge
 geography to follow me without confusion. I would as soon think of giving
 a description of our own London, where probably he was born and bred, as
 asking out my narrative by tiresome sketches which could be so much better
 plied by a book of travels. If he have ever been at Cumana, I am not willing
 adulge him in the innocent propensity, inherent in our natures, for killing
 maiming what is free and happy, by throwing open my fields and bidding
 hunt for inaccuracies : if he have not, I am well pleased that I have now
 opportunity of recommending to his perusal that delightful work, the Per-
 al Narrative of the truly illustrious Humboldt.— Perhaps, after all, before he
 ceeds any further with this "Life," he had better turn to some Encyclo-
 lia. A quarto page or two will furnish him with all the information re-
 site.

he thing however it is absolutely necessary for him to remember, with re-
 d to the population of Cumana, viz. : that though the Creoles are but little
 icated, all travellers have borne testimony to their natural acuteness.

whose excitement might scarcely be called pleasant, yet with nothing to divert me from their agitating influence; for Juan was too valuable a servant that I should spoil him by unnecessary conversation, and there was no sound to break the stillness of the evening, save the scream of the carrion-vultures, as they swept over the arid plains of Cumana in search of their loathsome food, or the occasional spouting of the dolphins as they rose in play to the surface of the river,—and pleasant though it is to count the stars, when one is in the mood for contemplation, yet to the lover waiting for his mistress—waiting too to meet her for the first time! though heaven itself should open to display its wonders, there would be little beauty in the prospect.

Presently Juan came running up to me. “I hear them coming, sir,” he said, in the whisper one naturally assumes under such circumstances, even when there is no occasion for secrecy.

“Ah? Hush!—I do not hear them, Juan.”

“No? Listen now, sir.—There, you can hear them distinctly.—Blessed St. Francis! there they are! Look, sir,—a little to your right,—one, two, three—three females, and a little man with them! They are coming, sir! they are coming!”

“Yes, I see them now! I see them!—But, Juan—look; they are all dressed alike, all like slaves; and the little man is not a priest. O God! when will they come?”

“Ah, señor,” said my servant, half laughing, “you haven’t learned to see through the dark as I have. Notice, sir, the one in the middle, how erect she holds herself,—and then, she seems to glide along the ground, while the others swagger, and tread heavily. And look at the man, sir! no one walks like Father Joseph.”

He was right. The party was now within three or four yards of the cabin, and the stars shone so intensely bright, (No one can conceive their lustre, who has never seen

them shine but in our dull climate!) that I could plainly distinguish the particulars which the eagle eye of Juan, or rather his acute observation, had discovered with such singular quickness. Where now were the fine speeches I had so carefully prepared! All ceremony forgotten in the peculiar excitement of the moment, I rushed from the hut. "Beatriz!" And the beautiful girl was pressed to my bosom.

For a few seconds I held her in my embrace. Then Beatriz gently released herself, and bashfully depressing her head upon her breast, said, in a voice whose feminine yet deep tones, (deep from the sonorousness of the language to whose music they were struck,) thrilled to my very heart,—“Señor, I fear I have lessened myself in your eyes, by complying so readily with your request; but the persuasions of this holy priest, and—and the reasons you have urged——”

“Yes!” I exclaimed, interrupting my mistress in the only words I had yet heard her utter, and breaking at once into the language of passion,—from that impetuosity of my temper, which even in ordinary cases was frequently hurtful to the interests I should most cherish, and invariably where the heart was concerned drove me headlong into folly,—“Yes, circumstanced as we are, Beatriz, (pardon the freedom—this is no time for ceremony,) what other resource is left us than this? *The reasons I have urged*——O, do not speak so coldly! If you feel as I do, you will think no time, no place, can be meetter than the present, for hearts like ours, Beatriz, that would shiver in the cold constraint of ceremony. Is it not fittest thus, when the bright stars are out in heaven, the only light for lovers, to shine upon our meeting, and the stillness that reigns on all things round seems meant for our whispers,—is it not fittest thus, at such an hour, in such a scene, my Beatriz, that I should repeat, for the first time with my lips, what my eyes have so often dared to tell you? that I should pour forth all the passion

of a heart warm as any that glows in your own climate? that I should offer, as I do now, all that I have to give, my heart, my hand, my home?—O, love," I added, as I drew her to my bosom, "my own, dear, dearest Beatriz! speak the word you know I wish—one, little word! let me hear from your own bright lips that I have not been too confident—that I am not now too bold!"

The young Creole was evidently not displeased at a warmth that evinced, on the part of her lover, something of sympathy with her own passionate nature; for the hand I held, small and soft as ever woman owned, grew hotter and hotter, and the bosom pressed to mine beat more and more tumultuously: but, as I listened for the voice I fondly hoped would murmur all I asked, Joseph thrust in his holy word.

"My children," said the little patriarch, "you forget you may be caught, if you stand out here without cover. You had better go in the hut I've made all ready for you, or the Virgin only knows what may come of it."

"Let us go in," whispered Beatriz. Accordingly I led her into the hut; though, at the moment, I believe I could have trodden, with pleasure, on the worm that had thus crawled between me and my happiness.

The Indian cabin was divided, by a thin partition made of clay and reeds, into two little apartments. In the more remote of these, on a rough wooden table, stood a small lamp, fed with oil of the cocoanut shell; and its clear bluish flame cast a few rays of light, through the doorless opening in the partition, into the other apartment. Though at the time I did not notice any peculiarity in the arrangement of these articles, I now remember well, that the lamp was made to yield a smaller body of flame than it might have done, and the table so placed, that the light, issuing diagonally from the inner division of the hut, illuminated merely an angle of the outer division, the whole remaining portion of the latter being thus thrown completely into shade.—The priest directed

Juan to stand in the inner apartment, with his back towards us, anticipating in this the orders I myself intended to give, though, as the reader will shortly perceive, through a motive very different from mine, which was merely to save Beatriz the embarrassment she would feel from the direct presence of my attendant. The rest of us Malachi took care to station in the lighted corner I have mentioned, the two maid-servants behind their mistress, while he himself occupied the entrance of the hut, to guard against surprize, as he said—though with a laugh that was meant to imply that his real motive was a polite, good-humoured wish not to play the spy upon our actions.

When the moment's interruption these little arrangements caused was over, I took the hand of Beatriz, and resumed the subject of my passion. "You have not yet answered me, dearest. Why," I said, "if this silence do not augur ill to the hopes I have dared to cherish, the hopes I even now advance, why keep back the word that would crown them with fruition and make me the happiest of men? But if, indeed, I be deceived, if my vanity have only led me into folly, O, if you have come hither merely to mock me——"

"Holy Mary, señor! you are too impetuous. You cannot, you do not believe——"

"My own Beatriz!" I exclaimed with rapture, not suffering the fair Creole to conclude the sentence,—and I kissed, again and again, the little hand I held. "Now then, mine as you are in word, complete the blessing, and make me so in deed. This priest stands ready to unite us,—one minute makes you all my own,—and then—then, love! we may laugh at the power——"

"O, no!—no! it is being too precipitate. I dare not, still more for your sake, señor, than mine own. You know not, you cannot know, what would be the consequences of so rash a step!"

"Yes!" eagerly exclaimed the devil's throat of Malachi, "the Señorita is right. It would bring upon you——"

"Silence, sir!— But Beatriz, I care not for the consequences—for myself,—and for *you*! methinks, while I fold you thus to my heart, I could guard this little form against a world of foes. You know how faint a shadow of authority your laws give a parent over the person of his child, especially in cases of marriage :* you know that the mere acknowledgment before this priest, that we wed each other, were sufficient ceremony, in the eyes of all Cumana ; but, for your sake, we will do more: You shall go home with me,—there I will force this man to unite us,—and then, if this be not enough, we will fly together, dear Beatriz, to my own, free England, where no arm can reach us——"

"Hush!" said Beatriz, in a low whisper of alarm, while she laid her hand on mine, and looked timidly around the cabin. I turned quickly about. Malachi had left his post. "Beware of that priest, señor," she continued,—“there is something about him I do not like. Even now, while you were speaking, my maids assured me they heard familiar voices whispering behind them without the walls of the hut. There is surely some danger at hand. Call in your servant, señor,—O, do, for *my* sake! and let us begone. Some other night, perhaps,—” She was silent.

"Fear not, Beatriz," I replied, pressing her hand, that trembled now from terroure,—“the priest will soon return. I know him well:—he is even worse than your hardest thoughts can make him ; but he dares not betray us,—for he dreads my vengeance.—No, love, no time is like the present.—I have my fears too ; and, O ! they are worse than yours. I fear—that, if we suffer this precious opportunity to pass unused, some accident may step between us and the next that may offer, and we shall both be rendered miserable for our whole lives. No, my Beatriz, let us take advantage of the pre-

* They have since been altered, if I remember rightly.

sent hour, and put ourselves beyond the reach of danger. Once mine, my beloved, what hand can snatch you from me ! For Don Gaspar, Andalusian though he is, I care not ; for your father—Hear me, love. Your father is a Spaniard, of America,—jealous of his unmixed blood, and proud of his descent. The husband he has chosen for you has every qualification Don Cesar looks for in a son-in-law ;—he is a native Spaniard, a man of family, and, moreover, reputed rich. What chance have I beside him, in open competition ? But, let the church make us one, sweet Beatriz, and then, when parental interference can be of no avail, I will find the means to reconcile your father to our union.—Say, shall it not be as I wish, dearest ? Thus, with this warm kiss, I plight thee my own true faith. O, lean your head upon my breast, beloved, and murmur, in return, the little word that makes us one for ever !” The hot blood of the young Creole was urging her to yield ; but, at the very moment when the kisses I ventured to repeat upon her burning brow, and cheeks, and lips, had filled her veins with passion even fiercer than mine own, the priest returned to his station, and terror drove back the word for whose sound I thirsted.

“O see !” she whispered low, but earnestly, “he is standing once more at the door,—yet no one heard his steps as he returned. There is something strange in this behaviour. Mother of Christ ! he beckons with his hand to some one ! We are betrayed.”

“Hush, Beatriz !” I answered, in a like whisper, “or he will hear you.” I looked cautiously towards the entrance of the hut. There appeared to be no cause for alarm ;—the diminutive figure of the priest was dimly seen, standing motionless, just within the wall. “Your fears, and the darkness of that side of the cabin, have deceived you, love.—But why will you thus wander from the subject to which I had led you ? O, if you felt but one spark of the passion which burns within my bosom, you would have no thought, no sight, no hearing,

save for it alone ! Let us not waste these precious moments ! moments we may one day, sigh in vain, to have return !—Let me but know that you are mine indissolubly, and I shall be contented, Beatriz, secured from the only evil I have now to dread on earth.”

“No, it must not be,—we are both too rash,—I fear no good can come from such a step—so strangely sudden ! I must leave you now. Come, Bona, Felipa,” (to the slaves) “we must be going. O do not detain my hand, señor ! I dare not stay,—indeed, indeed, I dare not !”

“And will you leave me thus, Beatriz ? thus ? Unkind ! to hold the fruit before my very lips, and snatch it from me !— Promise me, then, that you will own no other love than mine ! Swear — O, swear it to me !—that whatever may threaten, no human power shall force you to retract the faith you have this night partly given !”

“I swear — before my God — my hand, my heart, shall own no other lord than you !”

“Harlot !” cried a voice at the door, with bitter emphasis, (using, however, the coarsest epithet the Castilian tongue can furnish,) and a man, taller and larger than the priest, rushed into the hut. I had just time to spring before him, and intercept, in my own bosom, the stab of a poniard aimed at the heart of Beatriz.

Such was the violence of the blow that I was dashed to the floor. Juan, alarmed at once at the voice of the assassin, the shrieks of the women, and the noise of my fall, came running in to my aid, with the lamp ; but, the moment he saw my situation, he set the lamp upon the ground, and, without uttering a word, was about to pursue the villains, (—for the priest had disappeared with the man that struck the blow.) “Stay, Juan, stay !” I cried, detaining him by his clothes, “it can do no good,—and I need—— O ! I am very faint.” The faithful black, whose attachment had at first shown itself in a very natural desire for revenge, now recalled to his better judgment, knelt down beside me, and raised me in his arms. Then

I saw that Beatriz had fainted. "O, look to the lady, Juan! never mind me." My servant, however, acting very properly under these circumstances, refused to comply, merely directing the attendants of Beatriz to a corner of the inner apartment, where stood one of those common vessels of clay made by the Indian women of Cumana, while he continued to bandage my wound with a skilfulness that would have done honour to the oldest thoroughbred surgeon, and a tenderness that would have disgraced the youngest student that takes lessons at the slaughter-house of St. Bartholomew's.

By means of the water, found in the vessel, Beatriz was recovered; but, instead of relapsing, when she saw me before her covered with blood, she seemed to lose all sense of weakness, and, springing from the arms of her servants, threw herself on the hard clay beside me, and broke into passionate exclamations of grief and endearment, interrupted by imprecations on the murderer, as she called Don Gaspar, and the priest who had betrayed us into his power, while, again and again, she kissed with ardour my hands, and forehead, and lips, mingling tears with her caresses.—This conduct, though, at the time, owing to the sickness and pain occasioned by my wound, it affected me but little,* often recurred on my memory during my convalescence, and proved not the least efficacious of unguents.

When her transports were somewhat abated, Beatriz turned her thoughts to the helplessness of my situation.

* Love in romances rises superior to the debility of sickness, or the sharp agony of a sudden wound; but, in real life, it is chained, like every other feeling of the mind, for ever to the body,—strong in the latter's strength, impotent in its weakness. Sorrow, and the sense of guilt, as I have shown before, affect it not, except to increase its power,—for they too are feelings of the mind; but sap the body's vigour, and make its nerves irritable, or rack it with sharp pains,—no matter whether your agent be slow disease, or famine, or the knife,—and where is this brilliant rainbow that spans the lurid heaven of man's life of storms? where this mighty lever that has overthrown whole empires, at a woman's smile, and built up others on their salt-sown ruins? O, go watch the pretty bubbles blown by children! beautiful in colours, perfect in their form,—but broken by the first wall they encounter in their easy voyage, or by the capricious touch of the very urchin that gave them creation.

"O! is there nothing that can be done for him?" she asked, "nothing?"

"Yes, madam," replied my servant, to whom the question had been particularly addressed; "If my master thinks it will do to leave him now, I can run to the town, and bring back with me two coloured men and a litter. I know the men,—they may be trusted."

"Go, then," I said: "But hire three instead of two, and let one of them be well armed—as likewise yourself. — And remember, Juan,—the greatest secrecy is to be observed. Secure it at any cost."

"It shall be done, sir." And Juan left the cabin,—first removing the lamp to the inner apartment, that its light might not betray our situation, and stationing one of the female-servants, as a kind of sentinel, at the door.

During the whole time of his absence, Beatriz sat, in unbroken silence, on the cold floor, holding my head against her throbbing bosom; nor would she suffer the slave, that stood by, to render her the least assistance. Now and then I would feel her hot tears drop upon my cheek, or the soft pressure of her lips upon my forehead,—and suffering was, for the moment, lost in pleasure at these proofs of her affection. Though the light was dim, I saw her beauty,—though she spoke not, I heard her breathe my name.

Juan returned, having accomplished his object. As he helped the men to lay me in the litter, he said, "You've been very fortunate, sir. I was afraid the owners of the hut would return, while I was gone, and prove troublesome; but I met them on the way, and sent them off happy with a bit of silver,—for, poor creatures! they'll do any thing for liquor."

"But these men whom you have hired—may I rely on their honesty?"

"I would answer for it, as for my own, señor.—Moreover, I have told them, that, if any body should inquire what

they carry, they are merely to answer, 'A sick gentleman.'"

"Then take the third man with you, and attend this lady home."

Beatriz, who was standing beside the litter, with one little hand clasped fondly in a hand of mine, (for no other light now shone upon us than that of the stars,) began to remonstrate. "Hush, Beatriz," I said, in a low voice, "this arrangement is absolutely necessary. We must part now for your sake.— I have had my servant, and the man that accompanies him, armed expressly to guard you against the recurrence of the dangers you have just escaped; for, though the disguise you wear will conceal you in the city, it is unsafe in the open plain, and would prove the very means of betraying you, should the villains happen to be lurking near your path.— Farewell, for a few days, dearest,— I am but very little hurt — but very little,— farewell."

Beatriz leaned over me. "I shall hear from you often every day?" I pressed her hand, in reply.— She bent her head still lower down to mine. "Now, then," she whispered, "I am yours forever. Ask what you will, ask when you will,— I grant it all. If you live, I will own no other home than yours, my beloved; if—" (her voice grew faint—but I felt her breath close breathing on my cheek) "if you die,— life no longer will have charms for Beatriz." And fixing her burning lips on mine, with one, lingering, kiss of passion, the young impetuous Creole withdrew her hand, and sprang from the side of the litter.

CHAPTER VI.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way.

PERCY'S Reliques.

"HA ! Why what the devil is all this ?" was the gentlemanly salutation of Dr. Henry Smith, as he waddled up to my bed's side. "Here, I've just been visiting a little girl, who has gone stark mad with dreaming of bloody men and bandages, and now I find you on your back again, the very fulfilment of the vision ! By the pestle of Paracelsus ! 'thou art the man !'"

"O ! is Beatriz ill ?"

"O ! is Beatriz ill ?" whined the Doctor, with a mimicry so ludicrous that I was almost forced to laugh. "So ! thou art the man indeed ! Why—thou must be a compound of more philtres and love-charms than figure in the Idylls of Theocritus ! Polyphemus would have pounded thee in a mortar, and drunk thy extract at a dose !"

"G— ! you'll drive me mad !"

"*Mad !* Egad ! the devil, or something else, has done that already. Why, thou spawn of Venus ! twin tadpole of blind Cupid ! thou Eros and Anteros combined in the person of one little Englishman ! Surely, thou wast dropped in the dog-star,—there fashioned for the use of breeches by a supplement of legs,—then dandled on the paps of Aphrodite, diapered with plaisters of Spanish

and didst suck eringoes for thy nourishment! O, embrace thee, thou wonderful conception! thou little demigod!

He was carrying the burlesque rather too far, I thought. "You forget, sir, that I am wounded. I thought for a surgeon, or physician, not a buffoon."

"They are all of one species, I believe, sir," answered the doctor gravely.—Come, I beg your pardon, Jerry. I will now look to your case. Here, Juan, bring the little nearer."

"Say. First, tell me, Smith,—is Beatriz indeed so

"Why, what the devil should I know about your Beatriz!—Nay, man, if you are so touchy, I must tell you, to prevent inflammation of your wound.—This then,—whatever may be your concern with her,—Beatriz, whose name you lisp so dolefully, the sole sister and heir of that magnificent personage, Don Rolando Sublimidad de Zancos, was lately suffering a fit of hysterics, but now, by the timely application of vinegar, etc., from the hands of Henry Smith, (*Morborum Decurio*,) is doing as well as her hot blood will let her,—said Smith having left her quite in her order."

"I should think, Dr. Smith, that friendship, not to say common decency, might teach you not to trifle thus with feelings. I don't see any thing, sir, to make you so very pleasant."

"Nor I either, Jerry,—except it be joy that my friend is more about to part with his fat to line a petticoat. Really, my dear Levis, the truth is this:—Your messenger, after hunting for me through half the town, comes from Cesar's, all blowing and sweating, and begs me in the love of God to hasten to your aid. Knowing you are quite such a fool, as to send for the doctor because your head aches, or your bowels are musical, I am seriously alarmed, and run hither as though this puncheon

belly of mine were nothing but a quarter-cask, expecting to be sure to find you in your last agonies,—and, behold! this mighty danger turns out to be a miserable little scratch, caught in some love frolic! for, let me tell you, my frowning friend, that, were the wound of any importance, (that is, supposing these bandages mark the spot,) you would have bled to death by this time, or, at least, be not quite so anxious about Miss Beatriz. Psha! I don't believe there's any necessity for removing these rags,—it will soon scar over, take my word for it."

"You may laugh, if you please, Dr. Smith;—'He jests at scars, that never felt a wound;'—but my servant can tell you, that, at first, I was so deadly sick he was obliged to support me in his arms; and now, besides the soreness of the hurt itself, I feel as though all strength were taken from me."

"O, the suddenness of the injury made you sick at first,—and so I have known a man to throw up all his dinner from being struck in his soup tureen; and as for your weakness—look at your clothes,—do you think any man can lose so much blood without losing strength! though, I know, most doctors think differently.—However, we'll now go to work, without any more talk about the matter.—Here, Juan,—bring the light again. There; hold it at my right hand. Blockhead! I didn't tell you to stick it under my nose,—it's red enough, without your setting fire to it.—So.—There!—there! Why, the devil, Juan! did you tie these handkerchiefs on? Where did you learn the art, heh?—By the turbaned head of Avicenna, they're put on as well as I could do it myself!—beautiful! it's almost a pity to take them off. So. Here, take hold of this end. There—easy, easy—ah! Now let's examine it.—Blood and wounds, Jerry! what a lucky dog you are! You've had a most beautiful escape;—it's really a pleasure to look at such a stab. Here's a hole running, to a depth of some five or six inches, on the safe side of the ribs, and

avoiding every part of importance as nicely as if the road had been measured out! I swear I don't believe it varies a hair's breadth from a right line, except according to the shape of the weapon! Just as if Death had thought of foraging in the fields of your vitals, and then had changed his mind and sneaked along the hedge! Take comfort to yourself, Jeremy Levis, you were not born to die by a dirk, whatever other agent of four letters may give you your quietus."

"Doctor Smith," I exclaimed, quite angry at the indifference with which he spoke of my injury,—“I have always thought you, sir, a man of some feeling, notwithstanding your roughness, and, with all your eccentricities, possessed of a certain share of sense; but I now see you are both a brute and an ass."

"That shows how much you know of natural history," replied the doctor, perfectly composed. (Indeed, it was not a trifle that could destroy his good humour.) "I suppose, Mr. Hot-head, you would call it vastly amiable, as well as sensible, if I had first frightened you by big words and portentous shakings of the head, and then proceeded to my proper business, instead of doing as I have done, handling the wound at once, and, at the same time, endeavouring to divert your attention by my nonsense."

"A very pretty diversion, truly."

"Certainly—it was a diversion in your favour.—But, Lord G—! what a d——d rascal this ruffian of your's must be! He must have driven his weapon up to the hilt,—and that, with right good will; for see, here's the blue mark of his fist upon your breast! just above the lips of the wound. (Put your finger here, Juan.) I don't wonder you feel so sore. It's only surprising the fellow didn't bury hilt, fist, and all, in your vitals. (That will do.)—There, sir,—you're as snug as you need to be. — And now, that I have done my duty as surgeon, I am going to play the comforter, (Some water, Juan, and a towel, for my hands), lest your bad temper play the

devil with your flesh. Jeremy Levis,— I have something to tell you of your lady, that shall ”——

“Have you! What is it, Harry?”

“O ho! *Harry*, now! *brute* and *ass* no longer! Dam-me, I’ve a great mind not to tell you, to punish you for your pettishness.— However,— But first, I must know every particular of your connexion with this dear lump of clay. (Juan, my lad, wipe those instruments very clean.)”

“Smith, you’re the most unfeeling ——!”

“Out with it, man! *brute*.—— But, seriously, Jerry,— I can’t tell my story as I should, unless you first do as I say.”

It had been useless to contend with him; so I gave the Doctor a sketch of what the Reader has already learned in detail. When I had finished,

“Upon my soul!” exclaimed the stomach-cleaner, bursting into a fit of laughter, “you beat the devil! Here have I, — a man of my parts, who could stuff a dozen such shrimps as you in his belly, — been rolling up and down this city of fire, for nearly two years, and not squeezed so much as a sigh from even a negro-wench,— yet you, though you’ve not been here a twelvemonth, have managed to gain the affections of the most beautiful girl in all Cumana, and get poniarded in her defence in the bargain! Fiddlesticks and women’s whimsies! why you’re but six years younger than I am, man, and not half so handsome as you used to be.”

“That may be, Doctor Smith,” said I, by no means relishing his candour; “and you are twice as ugly.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” roared the jolly elyster-giver, patting his huge paunch, “to be sure I am! ‘Non sum qualis eram.’ And, faith! I don’t care a fig about it, provided I am not so deformed as to frighten my lady patients.” That the Reader may be convinced that my friend was, indeed, no longer the *active and powerful* Harry Smith of BOOK I., I will venture to make a fracture in the Doctor’s

sloquence, and describe him in these few words :— Let the Reader fancy a common copper still to be standing before him on two legs. The retort will represent the Doctor's belly, the receiver his head, and the beak, in colour as well as length, his nose. How such a vessel could remain, for two years, in the furnace atmosphere of Cumana, without melting or bursting, I cannot conceive,—except that the retort was never suffered to become empty, being constantly well provided with all sorts of nice articles for distillation.—“But, to return,” continued the human alembic, “to you and your Beatrice, let me tell you, Mr. Jeremy Levis, it's devilishly lucky for you, you have had to deal with a red-hot Creole; for, if you had honoured an English girl with the modest proposal of an assignation on such short acquaintance, and anointed her so liberally with your kisses, and dipped her into your vapour-bath of sighs, and cooings of — *My own beloved! Sweetest Beatriz! O love! My own, dear, dearest, Beatriz!* — why, you had had her brother or father generously presenting you with a tincture of lead in return for your excessive amiability. *O, love! O,****!*”

“Dr. Smith, you're a d——d puppy.”

“Mr. Levis, you're a d——d ass. Why, if you go on at this rate, we shall have the whole process of inflammation and suppuration begun and ended before I leave! Damme, if you don't stop your tantarums, I'll give you a dose of camphor and opium at once, to save trouble! Why, you lump of phosphorus, must you take fire, because my voice is not quite so fine as the scraping of catgut? *Puppy*, indeed! Faith, I'm dog-weary of your currish temper! Come, man, put a damp towel on the coals of your huge black eyes, and—lend thine ear to the music of my tale, *my own beloved* :— Seriously then, it seems that your Dulcinea, the moment she reached home, was seized with hysterics. I, happening to be in the house at the time, on a visit to the mother, was called to her assistance. By tickling her nose with vinegar, and

rubbing her feet, etc. (and, by the by, Jerry, without joking, she has the handsomest naked foot I ever beheld!) your mistress recovers. That old fool of a wrinkled prude, her mother, immediately proposes to have in Father Joseph to pray with her. Whereupon, Miss Beatrice, —or *Beatriz*, as you love to lisp it, breaks into a most outrageous passion, calls down the prettiest little curses you ever heard on the shaved head of the *Padre*, declares that he has plotted against her life with *that murderer* Don Gaspar de Mulo, throws out dark hints about some dear object that is either already dead or dying for her, and finally, dropping herself upon a chair, clasps her little hands, (—they're most excellent matches for her feet—) and, with tears streaming down her beautiful nose, like the drops of condensed vapour down the beak of an alembic, and eyes raised to heaven, like an innocent lamb's in her last agonies, apostrophizes some thing or animal, no one knows what, as *her love, her life, her soul*. At all of which, Donna Melindrosa, Don Cesar Sublimidad, and Don Doctor Henrique Smith, were exceedingly amazed,—not knowing how to account for it, except by supposing she was crazy, or, as her cunning wenches took care to insinuate, had been dreaming.—Now, mark what followed. Just when I was expecting a new edition of convulsions, in comes your message, and stops the press; for, no sooner had the parents politely hinted their belief that I certainly would not leave them at such a moment, than your mistress coolly rose from her seat, and begged me, in well chosen terms, not to hesitate about leaving her, as the gentleman might be very ill, (Think of the little hypocrite!) and she would on no account detain me, — no, not on any account. And when the sublime Rolando, stretching out his right arm towards the wall of the apartment, then slowly flexing it till its digital extremities described an oyster-rake upon his bosom, begged permission of the Doctor to send the English gentleman word, that he, the said English gentle-

n, had better employ another squirter, as the aforesaid doctor could not come,—as much as to say, “Doctor, I shall not go!”—the little lady declared, very mildly, that it would be of no use, as she felt herself perfectly recovered, and was going to bed directly, whether the doctor stayed or not.—Now what think you of your mistress’s affection? O ho! you’ve found another sort of fuel than anger, to strike fire from the flints of your eyes, heh! If you relish the mere description so much, what would you have felt, if you’d beheld the scene itself? Try to imagine yourself stationed at some peephole, looking directly on the chair where your Dulcinea is seated, the delightful little creature kicking up her heels in your very face, and clasping her delicate hands, while her voice, musical as the air which issues from a pipkin over a fire, reaches your enraptured ears, *O amor mio! Mi vida! Mi alma!*—Damme, if I were made of such inflammable stuff as you are, I should have exploded at a single one of those endearing appellations!—*Mi vida!* G—! who can love an English woman after that!—*My life!* ****! *Mi vida!* O, I shall go mad! I shall burst! Oh, oh!”

“Stop, for God’s sake, Smith! your consolations are worse than your tormenting.”

“O, are we so hot! Faith, if to please you makes you as about still more uneasily than to provoke you, I’ll finish my story at once, lest my patient slip through my fingers in shape of a sigh, or some other squeaking vapour. Come, get yourself ready; you’ve as yet had only the skimmed milk,—I’m now going to tickle your palate with the cream of the matter :.... Shortly after my arrival at this place, Don Cesar was taken dangerously ill. All the Spanish quacks that could be mustered were gathered round him, with their swabs and scrapers, to clean out the chimney of his bowels. But they did no good, — the flue smoked worse than ever; for so thorough were the sweepers in their business, doubtless urged by com-

petition in their elegant art, that they brushed away not only soot but mortar. The Don was at a dead stand;— the fire must be extinguished, unless the chimney could be made to draw better, yet, rather than employ a French man for the operater, he would let the sparks die out, and the hearth hold nothing but ashes. Luckily, in this predicament, some one thought of your humble servant. The chimney-sweepers were forthwith dismissed, and the Englishman, being sent for, succeeded by good fortune in plaistering up the holes which his brethren had made. The air passed up and down the flue with freer current, the fire yielded its heat without smoking the apartment, and Doctor Henry Smith became, of course, a very great doctor indeed in the eyes of Don Cesar-Rolando Sublimidad de Zancos.— Since then, Jerry, I've had no one to share my influence with the grateful Creole, save Father Joseph. This stabbing business must make the holy patriarch fly from Egypt; and I become thenceforth sole vizier to Sultan Sublimidad. What follows? Listen, Don Jeremias de Bombo-chesto :— To-night's adventure cannot remain many hours undiscovered. The father of Beatriz will at first refuse credit to his daughter's word, though backed by the respectable testimony of two waiting-maids, and, believing that the stab was really given where it was intended, will think you have had but justice done you,— perhaps regret that the punishment was not capital. But this cannot last long; for Don Gaspar, unless he have more impudence than I give him, or any man, credit for, will not venture to appear again before his mistress, and the *Padre* having resorted to his old trick of hiding, Don Cesar will not only smell the rat, but have him by the tail. That is to say;— though well contented that you should be stabbed, he'll swear an implacable hatred against Don Gaspar for offering a like favour to his daughter, while you he will regard with admiration for your great folly — I mean gallantry, in suffering in her defence. Then, forth upon the stage steps Dr.

mith. He tells Rolando that your birth is ancient, and, though not exactly illustrious, highly respectable,— Rolando, who would not change his right to style himself *Don** for even the celestial honour of being canonized, listens gravely; the Doctor adds that by a former marriage you are allied with three families of rank in England, — Rolando augments his attention, calls forward his complacency, doubles his dignity, and grows sublime in his gravity; the Doctor unrolls still further the map of your recommendations, and bids Rolando mark the spots where grow the towering cocoas, and the lands so rich in cotton, — Rolando is pleased to say that he has heard you spoken of as very prosperous; and, finally, the Doctor, leaning towards Donna Melindrosa, remarks, with singular clearness of enunciation, that, though a protestant, you would on no account presume to meddle with the *senorita's* mode of faith,—whereupon, the eyes of Rolando and Melindrosa meet, and the former, rising slowly from his chair, begs the Doctor to assure his friend, that he, Don Cesar-Rolando Sublimidad de Zancos, is entirely devoted to his service,— which is to say;— that ‘the course of true love’ no longer is impeded, and Jeremy Levis may become a happy — ass.”

“Dear Harry!”

“*Dear Harry!*—and you squeeze my hand too, as though your warm imagination had converted its shark’s skin into the velvet flesh of Beatriz! Why, man, you’re a very thermometer! This is, I suppose, what you call your mercurial disposition,— now up at Fever-heat, the next minute down at Zero, just as we blow hot or cold

* There was a time when the title of *Don* was considered a certificate of noble descent; but now, like Esquire, it is given to every white man who has a change of linen to his back, and whose hands will do without the pumice-stick which he gives his feet,—at least, so says Depons. Happy beings, we of the nineteenth century!—for do we not live in a Golden Age? “Put money in thy purse,” is now the sole rule for the attainment of distinctions. And what more rational? Surely, if a man have a golden vessel, it matters little what with he keeps in it,— the outside being all his neighbours are expected to admire. Only it is somewhat unfortunate that the cover should occasionally be raised, and give us a scent of its real character.

upon you. And to think that a man should act all this foolery for a thing in petticoats! a little devil of a vision that will tear your eyes out six weeks after marriage, and then—cry her own blind, because she cannot put them in again! I swear I believe that ever since the days of Adam, mankind have found their reason a more troublesome complaint to get rid of than the piles:—your Englishman gets drunk, your Dutchman smokes tobacco, your Turk chews opium,—and those who are neither drunkards, nor smokers, nor opium-eaters, send their brains reeling after a woman,—or some other bauble.”

“Rail on, Smith,—you cannot make me angry, now.—But let me tell you, gentle Doctor, you rail to no purpose; for though you should wag your tongue, in the same course, till midnight, I would still believe you love the sex in your heart.”

“Love the devil! Good eating I do indeed love, I confess,—and so too I love good drinking; but—love a woman! I’d as soon stick a lighted fusee into a bomb, and then embrace the iron.”

“Bark away, good cynic,—I shall believe you—when you’re sixty.”

“Shake your rattle, sweet baby,—you will sing another song—some three months hence.—‘Thought is free,’ you know, Jerry. You may believe, with Van Helmont, if you like, that woman was originally created superior to man, and that even now God favours the female sex because of their greater moral purity,—and so too you may believe, with the same sublime writer, that fishes shadow forth the immaculate state in which we were meant to live but for the fall; but you will please to allow me an equal liberty of thinking,—‘hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.’ My opinion is, that woman is a— is a very pretty thing,—and so is fire. And, as little children have a propensity to play with the latter, and no all the warnings of prudent mothers, as to the danger attending bed-clothes, etc., can deter the naughty crea-

res from meddling with the coals, so 'children of a larger growth' have a propensity to burn their fingers with the former, notwithstanding all the lessons ——"

"That such old women, as Doctor Henry Smith, may roak in their ears.— But really, Harry, do you think as meanly of the sex as you would have me believe you do?"

"Do I?"

With that he* sighed as he stood,
With that he sighed as he stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good;
There's yet one good in ten."

"Well done, Smith! you're the most comical spouter of verse I have ever heard. Your words sound as though they'd been taking a stroll in the pleasure-grounds of our belly, and had returned to your mouth panting from the exercise."

"O, you can laugh, can you, my wounded hart! So this love is after all worth something. I shall begin to think it as good as a sugar-teat, to keep little brats from crying.— Now then, that you are in so good a humour, I'll give you the history of my adventures, which you were entreating me to tell the other day. They're not quite so romantic as yours, but they're infinitely more affecting,— and you'll learn from them in what high estimation I ought to hold *the* sex, as you call it, by way of eminence — as one speaks of *the* devil. You know that the school where we both received the rudiments of our education, and which I never mention, or hear mentioned, without putting my hands behind me, was not an ordinary village school. The limping pedagogue that ruled it was really a man of learning at least in every thing relating to the classics, and would crowd his pupils' brains with Greek

* The reader will perceive that the Doctor took the liberty of omitting a letter to suit his purpose. It is *she* in Shakspeare—(All's Well that Ends Well.)

and Latin, if he had to force every syllable upwards,—a last resort, or posterior application, to which it must be acknowledged the ready-handed Peleg was generally driven,—as the callousness of my cuticle will amply testify. Thus I contracted, for certain studies, an inclination which an university alone could gratify : and as, from my earliest childhood, I had always displayed much skill in cutting off the heads of chickens, and making young puppies swallow dirt, my parents starved themselves to scrape together a sufficient sum to pay my passage through Cambridge, and fit me out a regular M. D. But it happened that at the university I acquired a taste for other pleasures besides those of the mind ; and thus, being too great a buck for some families, as too great a boor for others, I found, on establishing myself in the metropolis, that I could get no practice whatever, that was worth getting. My parents soon died, leaving not a farthing ; for my extravagance had beggared them,—and, indeed, poor creatures, I believe that — that it hastened — damn it ! I hate to talk of such things.— Well, something must be done. So, off I posted to a distant country town, with my whole wardrobe on my back and legs. There, by writing myself several certificates of wonderful cures,— one of which, I remember, was signed by no less a personage than the Duke of York, I got into excellent practice.—One day, as I was strolling about the fields, sadly ruminating on the rise of medical speculation and the fall of diseases, Fate laid her hand upon my eyeball, and turned it about in the socket till the images of sundry kine, and a sturdy wench who was milking one of them, were reflected on the retina. The cows were fat, and the pasture was green, and the noisy streams, which the beef-red fingers of the damsel made spirt from the stretched teats into the pail, reminded me how nourishing was milk when easily digested, and that my stomach always found peculiar pleasure in welcoming a lacteous diet. Accordingly I approached the maiden, and, laying

my hand most modestly upon her brawny shoulder, began to talk with her of vaccine matter. My Galatea, tickled with the notice of so great a gentleman as a doctor, grew communicative, and told me, in a voice 'gentle and low' as the lowing of her own kine, that these cows were all her father's, and the pastures too were all her father's, and that her father owned many more cows, and many more pastures. Thereupon I felt all over me the prickings of cow-itch. I thought of my single bed, and how horrid it would be to sleep there all alone, and find myself in dreams tied to the belly of some monstrous Pasiphæ, with her hairy teat between my lips, a sucking bull-calf,—and, in the milkiness of my disposition, I proposed myself a candidate for horns. In a word, before the end of a week, Doctor Smith might have sat for his picture to embellish the House that Jack built :—

'This is the man, all tattered and torn,

'That married the maiden all forlorn,

'That milked the cow with the crumpled horn.'

O, she was a beautiful creature,—my wife, Susan! five feet, ten inches, in her stockings, and made in every respect as much like a man as a woman. G—, Jerry! she was Hercules in petticoats! and though I indeed stood over her, it was as Omphale,—for she could put me under whenever she pleased."

"She must have been a monster, Harry; for, if I remember rightly, you were, at school, more than a match in strength for even Dick Hazard,—and, in activity"

"Almost a match for you, Jerry. Very true; but I was inclining to corpulency; and, at the time I married, all my activity lay in my digestive organs. Besides, Suke Udderbagg had three inches' advantage of me in height, and was blessed with joints of the largest and muscles of the hardest, with just sufficient fat to give the latter play.

I swear, I believe she could have done the same feat as Milo and the wife of Minos did,—have carried a bull upon her back.— Her face was equally delicate with her figure. The forehead was flat, wrinkled, and pimpled ; the eyebrows met one another, with a closeness of affection that would have delighted Daphnis himself* ; the eye (—she had but one—) was a cameo formed of a chocolate-drop upon a ground of lemon-candy ; the nose was as long as the bill of a woodcock,— so sharp, that its owner might have used it to pierce eyelet holes,— and so modest, that it was always suffused at the tip with a crimson blush ; and the mouth, resembling in shape and relative proportion that of a frog, was richly tufted on the upper lip with something of a more decided shade than *lanugo*.—The second week after our marriage, my wife began to show her mettle. She thought nothing of boxing my ears, and would kick me with so little mercy, that once, when she had lifted her foot to bestow the dishonouring application, I seized it by the heel, in my own defence, and overset her on the floor,— whereupon, I was obliged to pass the night at a neighbour's house, for fear of being murdered. To tell the truth, Mrs. Smith wore the breeches in every department except my practice. And well she might ; for she drank like a man, swore like a man, took snuff like a man, and, though she did not exactly chew, (*scilicet*, tobacco,) spit like a man, and she scorned the use of handkerchiefs. Indeed, once, coming upon her suddenly by chance, I actually discovered that she usurped the manly prerogatives as much as the Egyptian women of old, of whom Herodotus gives us the curious piece of information,—*ὁυδέουσι αἱ μὲν γυναῖκες ὀρεθαί*.—Susan was very fond of cider. Happening one afternoon to be in the cellar, when no pitcher was handy, she took the barrel on her knee, and drank at the bung,— while I, (who was with her at the time,) could only stand by in silent

* THEOC.—*Idyll. 8. 72.*

envy of her capacity.* The consequence of this wholesale method of doing business was that Susan became somewhat fuddled, and, a half an hour afterwards, passing by a table whereon I was preparing a dose of arsenic for a man that wanted his father's lands, she staggered against it, and throwing down a bottle of laudanum, made such a mixture of the two kinds of food as I did not want. Enraged at this, I so far forgot the lessons she had taught me as to threaten to turn her out of doors,—and, the next minute, Mrs. Smith was in full chace of *his* flying better half. The back door of the house consisted of two parts, of which the lower was then closed. I had my hand upon the latch, and was about to open it, when the lady came up, and seizing me by the waistband of my breeches, saved me the trouble by lifting me over as she would a kitten.* 'There!' she spluttered, as I bounced upon the hard ground, 'You'll turn me out of doors, will ye! Learn to spell *able* first, you pot-bellied son of a b——!' For two years I led this quiet life with *my beloved*, having all my fleshly desires gratified—as far as thumps, and kicks, and scratches could effect so desirable a point,—when, one dark night, the cider-soaker took it into her head to appease her thirst in a neighbouring mill-pond, and, drinking rather too freely, never came out again. So, as her father was yet living, my pail of milk was dashed to the ground, and the eggs and chickens, (otherwise, cows and pastures,) went to the devil,—to seek my wife, I suppose.—Disgusted with the transitory nature of all human happiness, I left the scene of my departed joys, without a tear, (for, alas! excess of grief had dried my lachrymal ducts,) and carrying with me no other proofs of increased estate from marriage than sundry deeds of fee in tail, subscribed, in large blue characters, with the sign pedal of Susan Udderbagg. A friend of mine was, at this time, about to leave his native land to

* * Facts,—without the least exaggeration.

settle in South America. He spoke of the huge fortune which he expected to amass in a very few months, mentioned that there was a great want of good physicians in the New World, and that therefore a man of my extraordinary abilities would be sure to succeed — in a word, he wanted a companion ; and the consequence is that I am now here, blessed with very good practice, and the largest belly of any man in Cumana."

"And no more likely to be tempted by fat cows and green pastures."

"Tempted !" exclaimed, or rather screamed, the Doctor. — "O, if ever I marry again !" and the Doctor bit his lip, to show the earnestness of his resolution. —

"Well, Jerry, what say you now ? Don't you think I'm right to enjoy the only bequest my angel left me, — viz. the privilege of abusing every thing that wears petticoats?"

"Not at all. There is a wide difference, I should say, between bathing in stagnant water and washing one's self in the Manzanares. Your Susan was something like the tail of one of her own cows, — too thick with nastiness for any one but a cowboy to handle ; but my Beatriz!"

"O, dea certè !" Well, man, I believe it is your fate to be always dangling at some woman's apron-string ; and so, for old friendship's sake,

————— memor
Actæ non alio rege pueritiæ,
Mutatæque simul togæ,

remembering that we were once fellow-sufferers under the ferula, and had the pleasure of turning ourselves out of school together, I'll do my best to restore you to leading-strings. Clout, I'm going now to your mistress."

"What ?"

"O, true ! I did not tell you, my mooncalf, that your Beatriz, when she so cunningly insisted on my leaving her to visit her lover, added, with equal cunning, that the

Doctor might stop on his return and see how she did — that is, tell her how the *poor gentleman* was doing.”

“Smith! — And why did you not tell me this before?”

“‘Gad, I’ve too much sense for that! I knew you’d pop me off in an instant, and I wanted to stay and talk a little with you first. But make yourself easy, — I’m now about to commence my practice as physician in ordinary, and — something else in ordinary, to their royal majesties, King Jeremy and Queen Beatrice. Good night, man.”

“Do hasten, Harry. Tell Beatriz that I shall soon recover, — tell her that I’m doing very well, — that I’m perfectly well.”

“Yes. Good night.”

“And remember, Harry, — observe how she looks when you speak about me.”

“Yes, yes. Good night.”

“And don’t forget, — if you can put in a good word for me to the parents” —

“Yes, yes, yes! Good night.”

“And” —

“O! sh, sh, sh, — stop crying, deary, — stop it now, — or mama will whip it, so she will. — Damme, man, if you’ve a mind to play the fool, you shall never complain of being wise for want of a friend. Good night.”

And, rolling from side to side, like one of his favourite animals when descending a hill, the widower of Susan Udderbagg trundled his belly from the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

It has deceived thee.

Pen. O no! for twice it call'd, so loudly call'd,
With horrid strength, beyond the pitch of nature!
And Murder! Murder! was the dreadful cry.
A third time it return'd, with feeble strength;
But o' the sudden ceas'd, as tho' the words
Were smother'd rudely in the grappled throat;
And all was still again —————

De Montfort.

THAT accidents, which at first sight wear the colour of misfortunes, often turn out to be real benefits, is an observation as trite as the pen of every novelist can render it, and one most amply heaped with illustrations,—if the accumulated grains of every man's experience can make a heap. Had not the interview at the Indian cabin terminated as it did, I might never have gained possession of Beatriz; but now, moved by revenge for the attempted assassination of his daughter, urged moreover by Smith's representations in my favour, and by anxiety for the character of Beatriz, which the breath of scandal was already beginning to sully, Don Cesar consented to receive me as his son-in-law, *vice* De Mulo resigned.

It was settled, that the marriage should take place immediately on my recovery. In the mean time, I was loaded with civilities by the different members of the Creole family. Don Cesar and his male relatives paid me regular visits of ceremony; and Donna Melindrosa was constantly sending to my lodgings presents of preserved fruits, and other confections, which my medical attendant as constantly ate up, remarking that he had no objections to act as Mercury wherever it promoted the procreation of sweatmeats.— Of course, under these circumstances,

the surgical skill of Smith was attended with the happiest result, and, in little more than a fortnight's time, I was again upon my feet.— By the way, however, I must mention that as yet, notwithstanding all the exertions made to discover them, nothing had been heard of Don Gaspar or Father Joseph.

It was in the evening when I paid my first visit to the parents of Beatriz. Though Don Cesar was at home on no other subject than the segars of Cumanacoa, and Donna Melindrosa, (one of that virtuous class of females so admirably described by Molière*,) would converse on nothing but religion, I did not leave till a very late hour; for Beatriz was present, and, if I was debarred from speaking on the subject I had most at heart, I took ample amends with my eyes for the restraint which was laid upon my tongue. As the night was remarkably beautiful, and my feelings were under strong excitement, from the images of happiness which the recovery of my health and the sudden ripening of my hopes had brought before me in almost tangible shapes, I did not return immediately home, but had recourse to my favourite sedative, the exercise of a solitary ramble. Accordingly I directed my steps to the shore.— The moon had just passed the meridian, and her rays fell, with the rich lustre peculiar to tropical climates, upon the quiet sea, causing its harmless little waves to glitter with a tremulous splendour that was even dazzling to look upon. As I walked, with my eyes fixed upon the sparkling water, and wooed to my cheek the freshness of the night breeze, while my mind indulged in reflections, which, as every one, between the years of sixteen and fifty, can imagine them for himself, I am not novelist enough to occupy some dozen pages by detailing, I was startled by a loud shriek, or rather yell, of distress, that sounded as if it came from some distance, and the

* Vide *Le Tartuffe*,— Acte 1. Sc. 1., at the passage commencing thus;—

“ L'exemple est admirable, et cette dame est bonne ! ”

more horrible that the night was otherwise so still. Scarcely had I raised my head when the cry was repeated, but faintly, "as though,"—(to use the language of the poetess—)

"as though the words
"Were smother'd rudely in the grappled throat."

To hesitate a single moment would have been to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the distressed, and hasten homewards; for Reason would have urged, against the prompting of my better feelings, that I was about to run into a danger whose extent I was ignorant of, in order to carry assistance which, it was more than probable, would arrive too late to be of any service: but, fortunately for humanity, we obey on such occasions the impulse of the moment, without stopping to take counsel of Reason*,—and I was running towards the quarter whence I thought the cries had proceeded, when two vultures, of the galinazo kind, darted before me, though at a great elevation, and, with loud screams, bent their flight in the same direction I myself was pursuing, thereby converting into certainty my suspicion that some bloody act was being perpetrated, and was already completed, and serving me as the surest guide to the spot I sought.

The vultures continued their course, for a few seconds, in a right line towards the mouth of the Man-

* It would be difficult for the most cynical moralist of the Rochefoucauld school to prove, that, in cases where men have exposed themselves to the risk of drowning (*ex.gr.*) to save the life of a fellow-being, the motives have always been purely selfish. It sometimes happens, I have no doubt, that a man, feeling himself able to rescue the sufferer without greatly endangering his own person, will undertake the feat for the sake of applause, or the more substantial gratification of a pecuniary reward: for our ruling propensities, (whatever they may be,) become, by indulgence, so quick in their suggestions, that we are often ourselves unconscious of the motives of our actions, and it is only when the deed is done, and we begin to analyze the feelings that prompted it, that we see our conduct in its true light—(sometimes much to our mortification.). But, generally speaking, acts of this nature arise from the first impulse of a generosity which is one-fourth the gift of nature, and three-fourths the result of those nursery tales of magnanimous self-denial, and chivalrous daring, which are told or read, seldom with any other motive than that of giving or deriving amusement, but always with advantage, especially where the boy mind is of an imaginative turn.

anares, then, turning from the shore, flew, for a trifling space longer, more to the inland, till they lost their forms to my sight, and seemed as mere dark spots reflected on the clear blue heaven. Suddenly they stooped to the plain, and, with increasing clamour, wheeled round and round a black upright mass, which would have appeared at the distance like a solid rock, or clump of bushes, save that its size and shape kept varying every instant, thereby indicating some motion in its parts. Presently the birds contracted their circles, then, recoiling, darted upward with loud screams, and the mass parting appeared as three distinct human figures, which, after wavering a moment or two, ran with great rapidity towards the suburb of the Guayquerias.* No sooner had the Indians, as I supposed them to be,) left the field, than the galinas shot downwards, renewed their circles round the spot, and at last settled themselves upon what I could not doubt was the body of the wretched being whose cries for help I had heard too late, and nothing more was distinguishable of them, except the occasional flutter of their wings as they plied their busy beaks and talons.— Doubling my exertions, while I kept my eyes, alternately, on the spot where the vultures were feasting, and on the retreating figures of the Indians, I reached the former just as the latter disappeared. But it was with much difficulty, and some personal danger, that I succeeded in driving the ravenous birds from their rare banquet,—and even then they still hovered over my head, waiting the moment when I should retire to return to their scarce tasted meal.

Having effected this step, I proceeded to examine the body of the dead, which was lying stretched out, at full length, its mangled face staring horrible in the pale moonlight. It was that of a man in the vigour of life,

* The Indian suburb, separated from the city of Cumana by the river Mananacas.

large-framed, though spare in flesh, and was well dressed, saving that the head was uncovered, (the hat having probably fallen off in its owner's struggle with his murderers.)— I passed my left arm beneath the back, and slightly raising the body, put aside the hair on the forehead, in order to discover if the features were known to me. The vultures had already picked the eyes from their sockets, and partly stripped the right cheek of its flesh; but the rest of the features were so little disfigured as to render it easy for one, who had seen the unfortunate man while living, to recognize him at once:—I held in my arms the murdered body of my rival, Don Gaspar de Mulo.

Were I even of a revengeful spirit, I could not, at this moment, (my enemy thus stretched before me,) be moved with other feelings than those of pity and horror,—pity for the fate which had blasted him in the very strength of his manhood, and horror for the circumstances, so repugnant to humanity, under which I had found him; but, being naturally forgiving, now, as I held the still warm though pulseless hand in mine, and looked upon the mangled face of the dead, and thought how another's arm had stretched him powerless at the feet of his bitterest foe,—(for such he must ever have held me, to the end of his life, had he lived to double the years that were then upon him,—) it was much I would have given to stand him before me, breathing, face to face, even though our contact must have been at the dagger's point. Had we met, he and I, upon that very spot, both living, we had surely met as enemies; now, I looked upon my rival as a brother, as one of the great family of man of which I was myself a member,— and I felt accordingly.

But what was to be done? No help was nigh, and to leave the Spaniard thus exposed would be, literally, to throw him as food to the vultures; for the foul birds were still hovering near, and scarcely could be restrained from renewing their banquet before my very eyes,—de-

scending frequently so low, that I was obliged to wave my hat, and shout aloud, to keep them from attacking both the living and the dead. For once, I found my promptness in decision of service. I tore the coat from the shoulders of the dead man, and wrapped it closely round his disfigured head,—(in which action I discovered that the skull was beaten in, at the back part, in a shocking manner, and that there were several wounds in the neck, apparently inflicted with a knife—), then, turning the body over, laid it flat upon the face, and left it there to give the requisite information of the murder to the proper authorities at Cumana,—while, as I retreated rapidly from the scene, I heard the screams of the carrion birds as they darted once more upon their prey.

CHAPTER VIII.

Away with him to prison! Where is the provost?— Away with him to prison! Lay bolts upon him: let him speak no more.

Measure for Measure.

WEARIED and agitated though I was, I could not sleep that night, but tossed from side to side of my bed, tormented by my thoughts like poor Strepsiades by the fleas in the couch of Socrates.* For, the more I considered the circumstances of the tragedy whose closing scene I had just witnessed, the more likely it appeared, that, in the absence of all satisfactory information relative to the real murderers, suspicion would turn to me as the author of it,— since nothing would appear more natural, in the eyes of the Spanish Creoles, than that I should take revenge, for an attempted assassination—(whether of my mistress or myself it mattered little—), by returning the favour in kind,—and returning it with effect. Besides, every circumstance attending or following the bloody transaction was such as to give strength to the suspicion, should it once gain footing;— the disorder in which I had appeared when making my deposition before the magistrate,— my being on or near the spot, at the time of the act, without being able to assign any other reason for rambling alone in such a place, at such an hour, than one which could be comprehended only by myself,—my inability to give the least description of the three men whom I had seen running

* Απόλλυμαι δέλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σχίμποδος

δάκνουσί μ' ἐξέρποντες δι Κορίνθιοι,

Καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδᾶπτουσιν,

Καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπινουσίν,

and the rest of it. ARISTOPH.— *Nubes*. 700—15.

from the scene of their supposed crime,— these, and other circumstances, which I should not have much regarded in England, now, in a foreign land, and that land the territory of the Spanish Main, excited no little uneasiness.

My fears were not without foundation; for the very next day, while I was on a visit at the house of Don Cesar, and conversing upon my night's adventure, a party of *alguacils* entered, and claimed me as their prisoner. This was merely the verifying of my apprehensions, and therefore I was but little startled; yet, fearing that, if I submitted quietly, my behaviour would be attributed by the persons whose good opinion was so precious to me, to a consciousness of guilt, I affected astonishment, and demanded of one, who appeared superior to the other officers of justice, by what authority he acted thus.

"I am not obliged to answer any question, sir," replied the man, coldly, but without rudeness,— "nor would I, were it not for Don Cesar, in whose house I find you. You are arrested, sir, on suspicion of having committed murder upon the body of a Spanish gentleman, Don Gaspar De Mulo de los Sacerdotes. The authority, by which I act, is not to be disputed I imagine."

These words acted, of course, with different effect upon the different members of the family;— Señor Sublimidad folded his arms, and stood immoveable,— his saintly partner crossed herself, and raised her spiritual eyes to heaven,— but Beatriz, (who, like her parents, had risen in alarm at the entrance of the men,) sprang back, with a faint shriek, and grasped her mother's arm for support.

Half maddened by the difficulty in which I saw I had involved myself, I turned to the first mentioned personage. "Can you believe, sir," I asked, in a voice in which I cannot say whether sorrow or indignation predominated,—"can you believe me guilty of the enormity with which I stand charged?"

"Don Gaspar was your enemy," answered the Creole, with perfect coolness, and without in the least degree altering his position.

"And you, madam," I added, addressing Donna Melindrosa,—“will you join your husband in his cruel, ungenerous suspicions?”

"Alas, it is a wicked world we live in!" replied the lady,—and the lady clasped her hands, and made a pendulum of her head, in gentle compassion of human frailty.

My proud heart was almost bursting. 'I will not speak to Beatriz,' I thought,—‘I will spare myself that mortification, at least;—it would make the tears leap from my eyes, if she too were to reject me,—these men must not see my weakness,’—and I made a motion with my hand to the captain of the *alguacils*, signifying that I was ready to accompany him. But, as I turned to the door, I could not deny myself one look at Beatriz. She was standing beside her mother, with the left foot advanced, and the left arm extended towards me, while her right hand rested on the *Señora's* arm, (as I have said before,) as if for support. Her swimming eyes, fixed upon my countenance as I faced her, wore an earnestness of appeal that bade me not depart in anger, and her young mouth, half open, seemed to express the will, without the power, to utter something.

— Her silence, then, was not because she did not feel, but because she felt too deeply;—and requesting the officer to have patience for “A moment longer,” I approached the girl, and taking her hand, “Beatriz,” I said, mournfully,—“Your father and your mother, both condemn me—unheard. Will *you* too believe me so basely criminal?”

Before answering, the Creole maid bent her eyes for an instant upon mine; when, reading there the same feelings that had saddened my speech, she said, emphatically, “Never! if your own words assure me you are innocent.”

"I am innocent,—so help me God in mine hour of need!"

Beatriz did not reply; but her looks were more expressive than any language, and the warm pressure of her velvet lips, on the hand which still enfolded hers, was the seal set to the bond of our renewed confidence.

"Now, then, I am ready." And, submitting myself to the *alguacils*, I was led from the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

She'll come. 'Tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
 She'll come. But whither? and to whom? O, Heav'n!
 To a vile prison, and a captiv'd wretch;
 To one, whom had she never known, she had
 Been happy.

Mourning Bride.

EVERY reader, at the commencement of every chapter, naturally forms for himself some idea of the dainties wherewith he is about to regale his intellectual appetite. If the preceding chapter have been dull, he hopes to find the incidents of the present served up in the richest manner, that his flagging relish may be tickled into some degree of activity; if it have been passably interesting,—that is to say, a very good sort of chapter, though not exactly wrought up to that *pitch of intense, or thrilling, or feverish interest*, which is so great a favourite with literary epicures, he wipes his lips for the discussion of the following course, with the good-natured resolve to find it to his liking, whether the seasoning be plain English, or past comprehension French. But in both cases the building of the idea is after a like fashion;—the chapter

just read forms the foundation, whereon, with the assistance of the motto of the next the fanciful superstructure is laid.

Having said thus much with regard to readers in general, I proceed to divide my own particular readers into two classes. Of these one takes that kicked-to-nothing football, Jeremy Levis, makes him bounce some two or three dozen times up and down his narrow cell, and, after a round of sentimental curses on the injustice of his fate, deposits him on a wooden settle to quiet himself with the sugar-teat of an easy conscience ; the other takes the same romantic gentleman, under his favourite character of the Woman's fool, parades him through the aforesaid enclosure a certain number of times, with arms folded, brows knitted, and other marks of dignity indignant, and then, when he has gnawed his lip till it bleeds, in pondering the events whose fatal concourse had dashed the cap from his hand at the very moment he should taste it, flings him upon the bench above mentioned, writhing in labour-pains with some such beautiful conception as the following ;— “ Alas, and is it come to *this*, indeed ! that the moment Suspicion lights upon me, my friends should all fly me as though I were blown into a mass of corruption ! O, faithless, faithless world ! ” (gnawing his thumb nail to the quick, in the agony of his mental throes,) “ I am sick of thee !..... But Beatriz ! ” (and his hands are clasped, and his eyes roll divinely,) “ thou, O *thou* art all that is pure, and noble, and constant ! Thy truth shall be my buckler against the arrows of Slander,—and beneath the wings of thy dove-like affection I will shelter me from the cold blasts of Adversity ! ” — when, his brain being safely delivered of this triplicate fœtus, formed of flesh-flies, bucklers, and pigeon-wings, he is left to dandle the bantling, and forget his sorrow *for joy that a fine idea has come into his head.*

Now it happens, in the present case, that both these classes have been conceiving to no purpose ; for, though

in the point on which they agree,—to wit, in making me commence with cursing my fate, they are perfectly right, yet, when they proceed to give me consolation in the manner I have just mentioned, they show that they know a great deal about novel-writing, but precious little of human nature. Your easy conscience is a very good thing; but it cannot convert a prison into a palace: your faithful love is a very good thing too; but it cannot make manacles feel, even to a Quixote*, like the soft pulses of a lady's fingers.—The fact is, that though I had not exactly a halter dangling before my eyes, yet, when I found myself under lock and key, in an apartment of uncomfortably narrow dimensions, my reflections assumed a colour somewhat sombre; for I knew that Justice is a lady who changes her character with her climate, and that at Cumana, where the air is excessively hot, she generally played the bawd,—and that, though mere suspicion was sufficient to get one into her clutches, it required to get one out of them something a little more influential.

Not to bore the Reader to death with a page or two of stupid reflections,—let him fancy himself to have attained the summit of a lofty mountain, after much toil, and then, just when he begins to inhale the pure air, and delight his eyes with the prospect around him, that some demon, such as in "The Monk" for instance, catches him by the waist, and hurls him into the Red Sea, there to kick with his heels uppermost, with the chance that if he escape being smothered at the bottom he will meet with suffocation at the top;—Let him fancy this, I say, and he will have an image stronger, "for the nonce," than any set of soliloquies which the most skilful novelist can put into the mouth of a hero who has the wonderful faculty of thinking, even when in a passion, in as well turned periods, and with as choice phrases, as though he were rehearsing a thrice polished essay.

* *Vide* Don Quixote,—Parte 1. Capit. 43.

Most heavily, then, passed the morning and the afternoon.— The evening came. I was watching the rapid thickening of the gloom, with a sort of jealous regret at being thus forsaken by the day, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a whispering at the door of my cell, and the motion of feet. Before I could form a supposition relative to the noise, the bolts were withdrawn, the key grated in the lock, the door was cautiously opened, and a female figure entered the room. The arm of the jailer then appeared through the open entrance, and set a lamp upon the floor; when the door was immediately closed, the bolts were restored to their staples, the key again grated in the lock, and I was shut up with my visiter.

All this was the work of an instant. The very next instant, before I could rise from my seat, the stranger threw up her veil, and, exclaiming, in a burst of joy, “Life of my soul!” rushed into my arms. It was Beatriz. The single, forcible expression, *Life of my soul!*— the tone in which it was uttered,— the nervous clasping of the hands towards her bosom, and then unclasping them, as though she were opening her very heart, to draw thence the language for her feelings,— the eagerness with which she sprang to meet me,— the strict embrace, as though she would grow to my breast and blend our beings into one,— all, all was Beatriz; there needed no light to make her known.

I seated her beside me. “Dear Beatriz,” I said, as I pressed with my left hand a hand of hers, and raised its soft small fingers to my lips, while my right hand stole gently around her slender waist, “this proof of attachment ——— ! A little while ago I thought this day one of the blackest in my life; but now I bless it, Beatriz,—for it has tested the truth of your affection,” (and my voice sunk to its softest tone, and I drew the charming girl still closer to my breast.) “And yet—I know not whether I should feel most joy or sorrow at your coming.”

"Sorrow?" (Beatriz released herself from my arms.)
"Wherefore sorrow? You speak to me in mystery."

"Hear me, Beatriz. Though I must eventually be acquitted of the infamous charge under which I rest at present, the mere circumstance of my being supposed capable of a crime I shudder even to mention, will go nigh to ruin me; and why should you cling to the tree when its roots are severed, and it cracks with its approaching fall?—Besides, it is to be greatly feared that your visit to this place will be discovered; when ridicule, perhaps dishonour, must be the reward of your noble affection. Why I tell thee, Beatriz, the very idea that my jailer has dared to smile in his sleeve, or sneer at thee, when he gave thee admittance——! —God! 'Tis damning!"

"And is it for this you regret my coming?" exclaimed the Creole girl, regarding me with a look that was singularly expressive of mingled pleasure, displeasure, and surprise. "Ridicule? I do not mind it *now*; and for dishonour,—who can deem it wrong that the wife should seek her husband in his hour of trouble, when he most needs the consolation which her hand, her voice, her look alone can give him? And do we not stand in such relationship to one another?—Our hearts are one,—we have plighted our mutual faith in the sight of heaven,—this very week had seen us united by the laws of men.—You speak to me of ruin. Think you then my love so mercenary, that I should cling to you when the warm sunshine is upon you, and leave you when you shiver in the blast? O my beloved!" (—her voice, which had been somewhat raised, subsided now to its usual, melting tenderness—)
"to me this wooden bench is softer than my own sofa, for thou art seated by me, — and the air from that narrow grate, methinks, is a freer and a purer air than fans the rich curtains of my own windows, for it breathes upon thy cheek! Dishonour and ruin, — do not name them! they are welcome for thy sake,— more welcome borne for thee, and with thee, than were every good without

thee!— O, you are cold, cold as these walls, or you would feel no sorrow now!”*

“Cold, Beatriz? Look at me. Are my eyes cold? See! your own, bright though they are, shrink from their fire; and your colour, deepened as it is, grows deeper with your blushes. O, my Beatriz! while I strain thee to my breast, as now, and feel thy warm heart beat with mine,— while I press this little hand, and gaze upon thy beauty till my very soul grows sick with pleasure, can I indeed be cold? Let this — and this — evince the ardour of my passion!” I exclaimed, as I imprinted, once and again, a kiss of fire† on the full, rich lips of Beatriz. The young Creole, whose every vein ran boiling hot with passion, gave herself up without restraint to the feelings of the moment. Her left hand fondly encircled my neck, and her right, through whose fingers of satin softness the pulses throbbed with a force that made every nerve within me thrill with pleasure, lay in mine, — loosely — so that I could just feel, (and thus with keenest sense,) the quick beating of the arteries grow still quicker, as passion sent the hot blood through their channels with more and more impetuosity; while her beautiful head rested on my breast,— the fine dark hair touching my flushed cheek, and seeming, (for what will not fancy suggest at such a moment?)—to impart a delicious and needful coolness to its burning skin.—I saw and felt that I must think for us both. “Dear Beatriz,” I whispered, kissing the smooth lids of her half-closed eyes, as I gently, (but not without a mental effort,) disengaged myself from her embrace, and seated her in a less recumbent position beside me,— “This is happiness, dear Beatriz,—

* The reader must remember who Beatriz is, and not expect, in the young Creole, the same delicate reserve he would look for in a woman of milder temperament, more extended education, and riper years,— such as Mary Anne, for instance.

† *Pressim deosculato*, says Apuleius. Who will help me to an equivalent expression in English?— Shut the book, dear Reader, of happy one and-twenty, and feather your imagination,— its flight will serve as well.

ut we must not indulge in it,— it is intoxicating,— it is
delirium !”

There was a silence of some minutes,—which, as
being rather embarrassing, especially after what I had
said, I broke by asking Beatriz how she had gained ad-
mittance to my presence.

“By bribery,” was the answer.

“And have you come hither all alone—for my sake,
dearest ?”

“No, my maid, Bona, bore me company. She now
waits my return at the door, with your jailer.”

“Your own servant ? With the jailer ? O, Beatriz !
how have you betrayed yourself !”

The Creole smiled,— perhaps in surprise at my deli-
cacy, (or, rather, my pride.) “And think you, *señor*,”
he said, “it could be well otherwise ? Do you suppose
I could have gained admittance, unless I were known ?
Money was not sufficient with your keeper ; I was obliged
to declare myself explicitly,— even unveil before him.”

“Great God ! And have you suffered all this for me !”
cried, rising, and walking up and down the room in
much agitation ;— “To become the jest of a filthy jailer !
vile, unfeeling brute, like that ! — And then, every
one will turn to ridicule your noble constancy ! the wretch
will glory to expose you.”

“Hush ! Be patient for one moment,” said Beatriz,
gently drawing me back, by the arm, to the bench I had
quit. Her voice was tender, but her countenance wore
an expression similar to that I had before observed,— de-
voting pleasure at the warmth of my attachment, mingled
with surprise at a sensibility for which she could not ac-
count.—“Ridicule, I have said, I do not regard — for my
own sake ; and, if you will consider, love,— this man
dares not expose me, — for by so doing he must betray
himself.”

“My angel !” (It was thus,— quite in character,— I
sprang at once from shadow to sunshine.)— “My better

spirit ! —— My life ! —— every way, my life !” not dare, this time, to press her in my arms ; but, at fond epithet, I kissed the delicate hand I held, as though I would show my skill in velvet painting, and leave a rose tint of my lips upon its spotless whiteness. fools are lovers in their hours of dalliance !

Again there was a break in the dialogue. My beautiful companion sat with head depressed, evidently absorbed in thought. Her right hand lay carelessly dropped beside her ;— the other was in my possession. Suddenly she bent her eyes on mine as though she would read my heart ; and placing the hand, which I have just said lay carelessly beside her, upon that of mine which held hers, so that my own left hand was locked in both of hers, she said, in a manner peculiarly earnest, and even so — “ Can you meet death ?”

This was a very singular question ; but I answered without betraying surprise. “ No man, dear Beatriz, would willingly part with life ; and for me, who have youth, and strength, and every enjoyment that an increasing fortune can add to such advantages,— I am, moreover, happy in thy love, dearest,— the sacrifice would be awful ; still, should duty, or honour, or an incessant call for it, I trust I have sufficient moral courage to submit myself with decency,— even as I am now, with youth, and strength, and thee.”

“ And so I did, and do believe !” said Beatriz, pressing my hand, with ardour, to her lips.— “ Now hear me, Juan. You hope to be acquitted. You deceive yourself. In the circumstance attending this unhappy affair must I criminate you ; the enmity between you and that accursed De Mulo—(I shudder to name him !) is notorious ; very morning, soon after your apprehension, your faithful Juan came to me, almost in tears, and told me of the murder and your name were coupled in the mouths of every one,— that but one opinion prevailed,— most persons pitied you, (for Don Gaspar was gene

disliked,)— and many were even bold enough to approve of your *just revenge*, as they called it,— but that all were firmly convinced of your guilt, and thought the law must take its course. Nay! do not interrupt me. I know you would assert your innocence. It is needless; were the appearances against you ten times as strong, I would not credit them; for have not your own lips assured me they are false?— My beloved——” She paused a moment,—then, pressing nearer to me, continued in a still lower, and more impressive tone, while her dark eyes again burned with the peculiar expression mentioned above:— “I would not have thee die on a scaffold, like a common felon,— nor stand the ignominy of a trial, which must terminate unfavourably,— I — I am come to die with thee. This drug ——”; and, as she spoke, she took from her bosom some article of trifling bulk, (probably, opium,) wrapped in paper.

“Beatriz!” I exclaimed, interrupting her, while I snatched the poison from her hand, and threw it to the other end of the apartment;— “Great God! Are you —— You cannot mean it!”

The Creole instantly sprang from the bench, and, replying, in a manner at once indicative of strong indignation and stronger contempt, “No,— not now! I did think that the man, who could offer his own breast to receive the stab meant for his mistress, would prefer an honourable death, shared with her, to a solitary one of infamy — the death of a dog! but I find I was deceived;— You have taught me, sir, the difference between a momentary impulse and deliberate moral courage,”— she made towards the door.

“Stay, Beatriz!” I cried, following the angry beauty, and grasping her arm. “Hear me! for one moment!” She suffered herself to be detained. “You do not know me, Beatriz. Could I be convinced that my condemnation is certain, and my fate determined beyond the possibility of a reprieve, it were absurd to say it would matter

much, in a moral point of view, whether I should die by my own hand, or that of the executioner; but, while the smallest chance remains of preserving a life that is not my own, but yours, my friends', my country's, this city's, every one's,—I should be guilty of a foolish and most wicked murder, were I to act as you would have me do. And that such chance does exist I must not cease to hope. You despond too readily, dear Beatriz; you only look to the dark side of the picture, and do not suffer yourself to see the light. It is impossible that the laws of this place can condemn me on evidence that amounts, at most, to little more than mere suspicion. And such suspicion! Gracious God! that any man that knows me, — that knows the men of my country, their customs, should suppose me capable, even in thought, of revenging an injury by assassination! For my own self, I declare to thee, Beatriz, in the ears of Heaven, that were Don Gaspar standing before me, at this moment, with the stain of my blood still red upon his hands, I could take him to my arms,—though not as a friend, yet as my neighbour,—and forgive him, ten times over, the commission of an act, which in his eyes, Andalusian as he was, perhaps appeared justifiable!"

"And I!" exclaimed my mistress,—her eyes seeming absolutely to blaze with passion,— "By the blood of Christ! I would strike this weapon," (—she drew a small dagger from her bosom—) "up to the hilt, into his false heart, and trample on his quivering body as it lay fallen beneath me!" and, saying thus, she stamped upon the floor, as though the victim of her revenge indeed lay quivering beneath her feet, and she were sating sight, and hearing, and touch, with his dying agonies.

"Beatriz,"— I asked, in a tone of sadness,— for, notwithstanding my affection, it pained me to the soul to find that the same ardent temperament, which made the young Creole overstep the delicacy of her sex in one passion, was likely to lead her into similar excess in every other,

— “will you give me that dagger?” She looked at me for a single moment, and, without a word, put the weapon into my hands.

“This was brought for me, love?”

“For us both.”

“I will keep it. Should it be as you fear——. Beatriz! the man you have honoured with your love shall never disgrace you by dying on a scaffold.”

Strange, delightful creature of passion! with a scream of joy, that must have been heard without the apartment, she threw her soft arms round my neck, and whispered in my ear these few— but these few words;— “And Beatriz will not survive him.”

Just then was heard the sound of voices, as of persons in dispute at the door of my cell. The Creole maid started, turned pale, and named her father; but, in an instant recovering herself, with that suddenness of resolution which formed a conspicuous trait in her character, she added,— “But I need not fear him; he gave me to you; I am where duty bids me be,— am I not, love?” I passed my arm around her waist; and in this situation, standing erect, in the middle of the floor, side by side, we awaited the entrance of De Zancos.

“You have the order, sir,” said the voice of the Don, without; “open it,” (*sc.* the door,) “this instant.” There was a muttering on the part of the jailer, who, honest man, had his private reasons for delaying; then the bolts worked, with a lazy motion, as though they had been slumbering in their staples for ages, and were not yet completely roused; then there was a curious jingling of iron, as though the jailer had suddenly grown purblind, and could not find the right key,—which, when at last found, blundered in the lock as if it had quarrelled with its old friend, and was a key of too much metal to make advances. “You are excessively deliberate, Mr. Jailer: your caution deserves commending to the governor,”—said Cesar-Rolando, (—what a condescen-

sion in a man who scarcely ever spoke to even his equals!)— and, therewith, the door rode on its hinges and his donship entered the apartment, followed by the jailer, who, this time, left the opening after him free— doubtless, to give his prisoner's fair companion an opportunity of escaping, before she could be recognized. And where was Bona? *Señor Carcelero*, so justly commended for his caution, had managed, to conceal the wench from the eyes of her master.

De Zancos showed much less emotion, at seeing his daughter a sharer of my imprisonment, than I expected— all he did being to raise his coarse black brows with astonishment, and depress and join them with displeasure. His whole discourse,—and that was not much,— he addressed to me. “Mr. Levis,” he said, marching up to me with due goose-dignity, “I have mistaken you, I find. You are at liberty from this moment. With us, Spaniards when one gentleman has wronged another, the most he can do is to confess his fault:”— and *Señor Sublimidad* extended his yellow hand.

“And with us, Englishmen,” I answered, taking the hand he offered, (for his daughter's sake,— for my own I would rather have given him my foot,)— “when a gentleman expresses his regret for the wrong he has done another, the least the latter can do is to forget the error, and remember only the courtesy that condescended to acknowledge it.”

“That is, indeed, the spirit of a gentleman!” exclaimed De Zancos, his saturnine visage relaxing, for the moment, into something like a mercurial cast of countenance. “Now, sir, I am doubly proud to call you my son; for your heart, I find, is of the same blood as my own.” (The devil!) “There is Beatriz. She was readier than I it seems. Take her, señor,— she deserves you; she has won you, as you have her. To-morrow she is yours indissolubly.”

Need I say whose eyes then looked up into mine, all glowing mid their tears, as flowers on whose leaves the dew-drop glistens when the morning sun looks in upon them? whose eyes sunk their long white lids beneath the burning gaze they had sought,—and met, till they grew dim with pleasure,—as the same flowers droop, receiving, unshaded, the noontide radiance of the very planet, whose light and heat, when duly tempered, gives them their beauty and existence? O foolish old man! (if aught be folly that is truly pleasant,—) cannot age slacken thy nerves, that even the memory of past joys should make them thrill, not indeed with the same exquisite delight as in youth, but with a soothing, pensive enjoyment, that is, to that keener sense, what to richer, *nearer* music, are the last, dying notes of some distant flute, heard in the still night, growing sweeter and sweeter as they fall yet fainter and yet fainter on the listening ear!

“Come,” said Don Cesar, interrupting the endearments of his *children*, “let us quit this place. I left the *Señora* thanking heaven for the vindication of your innocence, my son. While we hasten to her embraces, I will explain the sudden turn this day’s events have taken;”—and standing by the door of the cell, that I might pass before him, (a ceremony that marked his perfect breeding,) he bowed his majestic head till the tip of the nose touched the ends of his fingers. Doubtless, the fingers were perfumed of Don Cesar-Rolando Sublimidad de Zancos.

* * * * *

By way of Appendix to the present chapter, I will now disclose the machinery, whose action set in motion the events therein intimated as occurring, as well as certain others, detailed in the two or three chapters immediately preceding.—The result of inquiries, conjecture, &c. take in the following narrative form:—

After the base transaction at the Indian hut, my rival would probably have taken refuge in the asylum afforded by the church at Cumana, even had his intended crime been fully perpetrated ;* but the influence of Don Cesar in the city being very powerful, while his own, in consequence of the general dislike entertained against him as a man, being comparatively very weak ; and the fact that the attempted assassination had been directed against the person of a woman,—and that woman one of the most considerable in the place in point of beauty, talents, and the high standing of her parents,—stamping the deed with features of peculiar atrocity ; and, moreover, the character of the then governor, (Don Vincente de Emparan,) who was not the man to wink at any infraction of the laws, no matter by whom committed ; and, finally, the influence exercised over his weak mind by his unprincipled confederate, whose effrontery seems to have entirely deserted him, at the very moment when but a small portion, (which he could, undoubtedly, well spare,) was all that was needed to bring him off with flying colours ; all these considerations determined Don Gaspar to follow the advice of his privy counsellor, Snubbs,—which was, that they should both conceal themselves until they could effect their escape from the country, an object that might easily be accomplished, as a vessel belonging to the former would be ready to sail for Cadiz in a week or two. Accordingly, they put themselves under the protection of three Indians, who, supplied with money from Don Gaspar's purse, hid them in a place known only to the three, and kept the secret of their concealment most faithfully.—It seems, however, that Mr. Snubbs, whose propensity for making converts the reader is already acquainted with, did not change his character when he assumed a new name and a new faith ; but, still

* Consult DEPOS.

attached to his trade, of cobbling leaky souls, he, with his apprentice De Mulo, presumed to meddle with what was the prerogative of the monks of St. Francis,—to wit, the task of propping up the backsliding Indians of the suburbs, and giving their morality a new footing. The monks had no objection to this, as, in the first place, it promised to lighten their own labour, and, in the second, Don Gaspar De Mulo had some fine vessels belonging to him, that brought nice articles from Cadiz,— among others, the delicious wines of Xeres, certain casks of which were sure to find their way to the monastery of San Francisco ; but the Indians, who were not parties in this spiritual contract, had great objections,— for Father Joseph was rather too indefatigable in his exhortations, and, in his zeal for their souls, seemed to forget that the poor wretches had bodies. The consequence may be supposed ;— Joseph and his disciple were absolutely detested on the left bank of the Manzanares. Unfortunately for our zealots, whose ambition did not aim so high as at the crown of martyrdom, one of the three Guayquerias, to whom they had intrusted their safety, was their mortal enemy. The preacher had caught the man, one day, in the indulgence of an impulse that marked him more an admirer of nature than of the precepts of Christianity. Shocked at a grossness so abhorrent from his own smoke-dried purity, Joseph informed his coadjutor, and the latter used his influence with the monks to procure the Indian a flogging. The punishers forgot the act ; but the punished, who bore their notes of hand endorsed upon his person, vowed within himself to exact full payment on the very first opportunity.* Don Gaspar and the preacher, in throwing themselves upon

* A similar punishment for a similar offence, among the Goahiros, (a more savage tribe of Indians,) caused the massacre of a whole village in 1766, and reftunged, (irrevocably, says Depons,) a people, that numbered 30,000 souls, into the barbarism from which they were just emerging.

the hospitality of this man and his fellows, (they being the first they met on crossing the Manzanares,) knew enough of the Indian character to believe they were safer thus than they could be with their proper friends; but that was all they knew,—and they paid the penalty of their ignorance. The Indian I have particularly mentioned formed a plan, in concert with the two others (who,—from fellow-feeling, and common cause,—more readily entered into his views,) to murder the holy alliance the moment it should cease to be under their guardianship. The vessel belonging to De Mulo was to sail for Spain in a week or two, as has been said. De Mulo wrote a letter to the master, begging his assistance. This the Guayqueria, to whom it was intrusted, faithfully delivered, and brought back an answer, stating the day when the vessel would sail, and promising to have a boat in readiness, the evening previous, at a little distance from the mouth of the river,* within hearing of Don Gaspar's whistle.—When the evening came, the party set out for the shore,—one of the Guayquerias walking a few steps in advance,—then *Señor Beato*, (Don Gaspar,)—and, directly behind the latter, the most hostile of the Indians,—while *Señor Beatico*, (little Joseph,) followed at some distance, with the youngest and least powerful of the three. This arrangement, most cunningly devised for the perfect accomplishment of their treachery, the Indians had the art to pass upon their victims as necessary to guard against surprise.—The reader can tell for himself how Don Gaspar was butchered. As for the preacher,—he thought it proper, as this was the last opportunity he should have in Cumana, to give a parting sermon to his escort, on the sin of drunkenness, and other

* The Manzanares is only navigable to small craft. Merchant vessels therefore, are obliged to anchor on the *Placer*, (a sand bank under water,) a league west of the mouth of the river, and load and unload by means of lighters.

partialities, to which the latter was addicted. The young Indian, whose complexion was not pure copper, but alloyed with the lapis calaminaris of white blood, and who, therefore, was possessed of less apathy than his redder brethren, had not the patience to carry his victim to the plain, where to lie, with his fellow-martyr, till the undertaker's duties should have performed the rights of sepulture in their stomachs and thus concealed the crime, but slew the *padre* on the spot, and threw him into the Manzaneros to feed the *bavas*.* (And thus was legalized the marriage of Sir James and Lady Maitland.)—The next day, in the afternoon, the rumour that Don Gaspar De Sulo, for some time missing, was found, murdered by the very Englishman for whose attempted assassination he himself had been forced to seek concealment, and that the Englishman was apprehended, reached a hut where the real murderers had assembled some other Indians for the purpose of getting drunk on their booty. Immediately on hearing the news, the three boastfully proclaimed themselves to be the true criminals, and, amidst the acclamations of their drunken companions, who acknowledged the justness of their revenge, exhibited the watch, knife, and other articles belonging to the deceased, as proofs of their manhood. A negro, who happened to be standing at the door of the hut, admiring, and doubtless envying, their happiness, heard the tale, and immediately gave information against the parties. The murderers were apprehended, and brought before the governor. They acknowledged nothing, denied nothing,—but, maintaining all the apathetic indifference of their race, stood unshaken by threats or promises. At last it was whispered to De Emparan that one of the men was but a half-breed, and might be brought to give evidence against the others, if taken alone, where he could

* Small crocodiles, so called.

not be influenced by the behaviour of his confederates. The hint was adopted. The Indian, being questioned apart, confessed the whole transaction in full detail, from beginning to end; and the governor, (who in his own mind had entertained great doubts of my being guilty,—not merely from personal acquaintance with my character, but from the facts, that the murder was connected with robbery, and that I had defended the dead from being disfigured, which I had scarcely done, if I were the assassin,) immediately sent for the father of Beatriz, and signed him an order for my release.

As any particulars respecting the martyrdom of that persecuted Saint, Malachi-Joseph, must be interesting to the devout reader, I will add;—that the Indian who threw him to the crocodiles declared, that when, provoked by his admonitions, he stabbed the poor preacher, the latter merely exclaimed, “*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis! Sancta Dei Genitrix, ora pro nobis!*”—which, though he knew not its meaning, yet, being familiar to him as part of the prayers and confessions he detested, enraged him so much that he cast himself upon his victim, and finished him by strangulation,—while the miserable worm, as the obstructed breath struggled through the grasped throat, muttered strange, uncouth sounds,—which the Indian described so well, by imitation, that there can remain no doubt of their being, “*O blessed sinner!—fly from the wrath ———! Strike — while the ———!*” Singular force of habit! that even the garment of hypocrisy, though at first tight and embarrassing, may fit by use the person of its wearer like a second skin, and become so necessary to his comfort, that even in death he will not part with it!

CHAPTER X.

Good night, good Doctor.

Macbeth.

It were not well to hasten through my life at Cumana, without devoting one little chapter to the man, to whom, above all others, I was certainly indebted for my happiness with Beatriz,—I mean Harry Smith, “quo nos medico amicoque usi sumus.”

Notwithstanding his aversion, affected or real, from the society of the softer sex, the Doctor honoured my nuptials with his portly presence.—I had never seen him in better spirits ; but, towards the close of the evening, just before he took his leave, he approached me with a strange solemnity of manner, and requested a few minutes’ private conversation. I withdrew with him to another room.

“So, Jeremy, you are indeed married?” said the Doctor, with a most rueful visage, and holding both my hands in both his own.

“Certainly ; I trust I am. Don’t you wish me joy, Harry?”

“Joy? Hum! I would,—heartily,—if you had buried a wife ; I wot, as you have married one.

• Γυναῖκα θάπτειν χρεῖσθόν ἐστιν ἢ γαμεῖν.”

“Tenderly cooed, most mournful widower! Why, man, have your eyes shrunk into the bottomless pit of your stomach, that you cannot see there’s as great pleasure in marrying such a girl as Beatriz as in burying such a giantess as Susan? Susan,—a cow-girl of Brobdignag! Beatriz,—an angel!”

“Angel! ’Gad, Jerry, if you give her wings, she may return the favour by presenting you with horns,—and then what a couple of beasts you will have made of

yourselves! Faith, you may have a race of children equal to the fabulous griffins!—But don't look so grave, man,— your wife is an angel, if you so like her to be,— and as handsome a one, by my soul, as Mohammed ever put into his Paradise; but you know what the Severians, and followers of Andronicus say— “*Mulierem supra opus Dei, infra autem ab umbilico diaboli.*”*

“Rail on,— I see how it is with you, Smith,— you harnessed yourself abreast with a raw country-wench, as ugly as an Ogress, and in temper like the devil, or Xantippe, (which is much the same,)— and now, you are jealous of my happiness, because I am linked with a fine, sensible, heroic girl, as beautiful as a Houri, and who loves me to distraction.”

“Heroic, egad! You'll find, soon, that a woman can't have heroism without being something of the Amazon: and as for your *beauty*, and *love*! wait a few months, my Adonis,— the fire that burns so fiercely must soon come to ashes, and then your furnace is likely to go to some other hearth to be replenished. Take care of that beauty, Jerry. You have already been a scabbard for it; yesterday, for the same bauble, you thought you should swing like a sign, between two posts; in the next elegant transformation, we shall have you butting like a ram.— O! a woman is the devil any way!† “*Si pulchram duxeris, habebis κοινην* :” and — hum! — “*Si deformen, habebis κοινην*.”

“Come, come, Smith,— this is going too far.— But, no matter, you are privileged. No one that knows you

* EPIPHAN. *adv. Hereses*.—citante Scherzero.

† And, by transposition, I suppose, *the devil is a woman any way*. The monks, at least, would appear to have thought so; for, in an illuminated MS., which I have in my possession, where the holy men have painted the devil tempting a father of the church, (St Anthony, perhaps,) while they have furnished the former with horns, wings, tail, and the other regalia of satanic majesty, they have added the mammary distinctions of a female, generously developed, and tipped, (or *nippled*, ut ita dicam,) most temptingly with gold.— By the by, the rounded visage of the saint wears a most relenting expression, (while his bible seems about to change its owner,) whether at the sight of the paps, or their gilding, I leave to those to say, who are better versed than I am in the secrets of papistry.

pect any thing decent out of *your* mouth. And as modesty which might teach you to conceal your ts, any one that sees you will swear you want it, — ice is too red to blush, and, if you wished to hide lf, your belly wouldn't let you."

avo, Jerry! you take a joke the right way. O, make a passive husband! *Here, dear,—place them right on the forehead, love.* Ha, ha, ha!"

ell, Smith, you have had your jest; I must leave ow."

, no, Levis,—not so soon. I have not told you yet e good things I know of matrimony."

it you forget, it will not do to leave the company so.

That soul of etiquette, my *upright* father-in-law, never forgive me such a breach of politeness.—

Smith, you must excuse me. I am just married, ber,—and a young wife, in spite of your jests, is company than an old friend."

nd it is because you are just married that I have are. No, no, you shall not leave me till I have ed my sermon,—which I mean you to repeat rself, to-night, by way of curtain-lecture,—the *diiloquy* of the kind you are likely henceforth to — until you are a widower; for we all know on side of the bed curtain-lecturés originate."

as in vain I tried to escape. The Doctor thrust, her, *forced*) his huge fingers through the button- f my coat, and held me before him, till he had run h a satire on the sex, a thousand times more abusive he 6th of Juvenal, and scarcely more decent,— bellished with innumerable quotations from authors ever before heard of;* for the Doctor was blessed

may amuse the reader, I subjoin a few of these quotations. Epiph- of the followers of Lucius,— "Conjugium ut opus et præceptum diaboli it," (*Hæres.* xliii.); of Saturnilus,— "Matrimonium contrahere re ex Satana dicit," (*Ibid.* tom. ii lib. i.); of Tatian,— "Matrimo- ne mullerem diaboli inventionem et opus dicit," (*Ibid.* xvi.); and fn t we have,— "*Hydroparastatæ matrimonium scortationem atque dia-*

with a memory of high-pressure power, and a library, on whose shelves the modern volumes figured among the vellum-covered tomes, something as the planets do among the fixed stars, or a ruby in its setting,—I mean, in number and appearance, not in value.

When, however, I was permanently settled as a married man,—that is to say, when the ceremonies of visits, &c. &c. &c. (no trifling matters in Cumana—) were over, and I sat on my own sofa, in my own house, with my own, dear little Beatriz, the happy mistress of it and me,—the misogynist seemed to change his sentiments. Almost every day he passed an hour or two with me and my bride, towards whom he manifested an affection like that of an elder brother for a favourite sister,—a warmth of feeling, that surprised as well as pleased me, since, till then, I had never known the doctor to evince the least fondness for any thing but good eating and good reading.—Once, when I rallied him on this phenomenon, he gaily answered, “Ah, ha, Jerry! Falstaff after Mistress Ford? What did I tell you about handsome wives? ‘Si

bolicam conjunctionem appellârunt,” (*Hæret. Fab. Lib. i.*)—Vide Schærerus, (*Syst. Theol.*—Locus xxvii. De Conjugio), who cites these fathers and heretics just as I have given them, with many more equally ludicrous.—One would say these grave theologians must have had sad experience. The truth is, it is with men satirists, (I speak now of Dr. Smith, and his heathen authors,) and women satirized, as with the man and the lion:—were the minds and occupations of the two sexes to suffer an interchange for a time, the males would have the worst of it,—and I believe, upon my soul, with justice.—The best and the worst that can be said of dear woman is this;—

Τερπνὸν κακὸν πέφυκεν ἀνδράποισ γυνή.

The satire is meant for *her*; but it turns, I think, on *us*. There are men who see neither good nor evil in women, and wonder what poets and romancers can find in them to talk about, and cry loudly against the fools that waste their time &c. in pursuing nothing,—that is, they

“Compound for sins they are inclin’d to,
“By damning others they’ve no mind to,”—

(the case, indeed, with all men); but to us, that are troubled with certain quantities of taste and imagination, women certainly prove a κακὸν,—for they play the very devil with us. Heaven knows how many hours I have wasted in my devotions at the altar of beauty! hours I would now recall, (perhaps to spend them in the same way,); but, then, I was twenty,—now, I am sixty, and have the κακὸν without its qualifying adjective.

culchram duxeris——' Beware, my Pán! they are growing.

And felt for budding horns on his smooth forehead rear'd."

'Psha, my dear Doctor! what would set Cupid to groping for a heart in that great meat-cask of thine?' (touching delicately, with the tip of my index finger, the umbilical button of his nether integuments.)....." Why, the very fact that he would more easily find it there than in that little tea-urn of thine. Dost think, dolt, that this protuberance of the lower man is caused by the stomach and its journeymen intestines! The heart, the heart's in fault! During the life-time of my lamented Susan, the organ was subject to such daily enlargement, that it got into a habit of swelling, which, continuing to the present time, has produced the appearance you see,—and, heigho! it will never cease, I fear, but with my life.—Jeremy, my friend," (concluded the fat leech, while he took my hand, and his ruddy countenance assumed a look such as Comedy might wear, if she attempted to ape the manners of her melancholy sister,)—"your poor Harry was doomed, even in his mother's womb, to die of *fungus amato-rius*."—To Beatriz, Smith was always a pleasant companion, and she would laugh at his jokes till actually obliged, in very weakness, to beg him to desist. These jokes, assuredly were not always of the most delicate kind; but then Beatriz was a Spanish girl, and excused the high seasoning for the sake of the dish,—perhaps, only liked the latter the better on that account,—for when women are married their tastes do alter wonderfully.

This intimacy continued for about five months, when the jolly M. D. began to make his visits less frequent, and, when made, to curtail them of what, from custom, had become their just limits. Yet did not the doctor show himself the less facetious; but, always good-humoured, he came laughing and laughable, and went away as he

came. When I plied him with friendly reproaches on the apparent diminution of his affection, he excused himself on the plea of increased business, or answered with a joke,—such as ;—‘He had too much respect for my honour, to visit me too often ;’—‘He was devoting every leisure hour to his obstetrical studies, in preparation for a certain case, which he saw was getting ready for him, and on which, from his overflowing love and admiration for the parties concerned, he was determined to bestow such skill, as had never been displayed to the children of women since the days of Tamar.’

It happened, however, that, about this time, Smith was much teased by some of his friends for the frequency and length of his visits to a certain young female of mixed blood, whose parents had both lately died under his management. When I joined in the persecution, and hinted mysteriously, that I *now* could account for my seeing him so seldom, the doctor turned up his brazen nose in disgust, talked of *Susan*, and swore ‘he had had too much of the devil’s blood in one woman to wish to meddle with his complexion in another,’—and concluded by asserting very gravely, that ‘the girl was his patient,’ and that moreover, ‘as he had deprived her of both her parents it was but right he should do all in his power to afford her consolation.’ My wife, when she heard him, shook her head very sagaciously, laughed, and said,—‘There was no knowing ;’—‘Englishmen were less scrupulous, on such points, than Spaniards ;’—‘The mulatta was decidedly handsome, and still more decidedly rich ;’—and ‘Stranger matches took place every day.’ For myself,—as I thought the matter not worth thinking about, I laughed with Smith, or laughed against him, according to my humour.—And thus, for a month, were the proceedings of the doctor very interestingly enveloped in mystery,—as codfish is kept warm at table by being wrapped in a napkin.

Immediately after the earthquake of December 1797, (the succeeding month,) a great change took place in the manners of our medical hero. At least, so I have heard; for I was too much occupied with my own afflictions to note the troubles of others, (as the reader will learn in the next chapter.) The Doctor not only appeared to have lost all gaiety of temper, but acted as though his wits were buried in the ruins of his dwelling. He would start at every little noise, like a child that has been reading of ghosts, (though I never knew him to be afraid of any thing animate or inanimate, except,—according to his own confession,—of a certain thing called Susan,) and press his hands to his head, as though the latter were still aching from the concussion of the earth; and, when asked what ailed him, he would fall to cursing the city, and damning the earthquakes, and swear that, rather than spend another year in Cumana, he would make a second Empedocles, and bury himself at once in the bowels of *Ætna*. Then, after *cutting* a few more *didos*, (if I may apply so vulgar a phrase to a man of the Doctor's refinement,) he would add, more quietly, that his friends must not be surprised if he left the place in a week. An excellent caution this! for, sure enough, before the expiration of many days, it was discovered that Dr. Henry Smith, without leave-taking, was safely sailing on his way to England,—and—wonderful effect of earthquakes, and congeniality of sentiment! that the *fair mulatta* had taken her departure, at the same time, for the same land, and in the same conveyance.

"O, if ever I marry again—!" had said the Doctor, some few months before,—and the doctor bit his lip, to show the earnestness of his resolution.* But we are all frail creatures! and so—the Doctor took his second wife.

* See page 280 of this volume.

Let us now imitate the flight of Shakspeare's Chorus.—Passing over time and space, on wings like the eagles' that bore Munchausen, we alight in a beautiful little cottage, most beautifully situated near a thriving village, in one of the richest districts of England,—it matters not which,—say thine own, dear Reader. It is the domicile selected by the good taste of the jolly Doctor, and bought with the rich purse of the jolly Doctor's wife.

And how agreed the white, or—rather, the red skin and the yellow? the blazing sun and the moon? O, the sun and moon being in conjunction, an eclipse took place. But, in direct defiance of astronomy, and in the very face of previous facts, it was the moon, this time, that was obscured, and not the greater luminary. Smith had been a slave to his former wife,—he was the master of this; and, as it is your beaten subject that makes your beating despot, (just as it is your *novi homines*, your grubs, generated in the filth of the people, that are most apt to question the respectability of better insects,—flies *ab origine*,*) so the Doctor shook over Carlota the rod which Susan had shaken over him. And yet he did it all in good-nature,—all for amusement,—as boys pelt frogs with stones, or pinch off the legs of grasshoppers; and his very caresses were those of a tamed lion, whose tongue takes the skin from the hand it licks in fondness. Thus;—

* *Is he genteel? Is she genteel? Who are they,—I never see them any where? Stars and garters! that such questions should be asked of us by the grandsons and granddaughters of our grandfathers' shoeblacks! Yet do we hear them every day, wherever wealth is power, and self-assurance dignity,—that is, wherever the candle of revolution sends its light to attract the ephemeral, buzzing moths, and drive back to their holes the anolent, quiet spiders,—(which catch these pretty moths, and suck their juices.)* In the U. States, where the national diversion is leap frog and the cry of every little frock-and-trowsers, 'y turn next!', this puffiness of fungosity,—(I did not think my distended mental bladder could have relieved itself with such felicity of expression,—) vegetates to an enormity hysterically ludicrous.*

* I am no more an aristocrat, or monarchist, than I am a republican. I but amuse myself with laughing at the excessive follies of the private vulgar, as with sneering at the foolish excesses of the vulgar public; while I believe, and know, that, for one evil-existent in a popular form of government, there are ten in any of its opposites.

But what have this Note and Note upon Note to do with the page? Nothing. They are bones for reviewers. I have a cynical affection for the yelping quadrupeds, and love to indulge them,—under the table.

he would call his wife, "Come here, you little devil!" and make her sit on the floor, and pull off his boots, and, when the operation was finished, would thrust his feet in her face, and push her down; then, after laughing heartily at her tears, he would throw his arms about her neck, and, while the poor bootjack was in the agonies of strangulation, cry, "Well, it doesn't signify,—you are a good soul, Loty, though your skin is yellow!"

Nor even did the hours sacred to sleep bring rest unbroken to the poor woman. Frequently, her husband would wake in the middle of the night, stretch himself with a grunt, and kick her out of bed,—then apologize, kiss his Loty, and tell her he had been dreaming. There were innumerable other childish tricks that seemed to give him peculiar pleasure; of which take the following as an instance.—Waking one morning a little before daylight, and knowing that his wife was a strong sleeper, and always lay till eight o'clock, when undisturbed, he rose quietly, and, calling up his servant, bade him go round to the neighbouring houses, and 'knock up' all their tenants,—begging they would 'come, for God's sake, to his master's assistance, as his master's wife had cut her throat, and was dying.' When the neighbours came, men and women, almost breathless from the haste into which their alarm and curiosity had impelled them, the servant, according to his orders, bade them enter the room without ceremony,—and there lay Mrs. Smith, quietly sleeping in bed, and the Doctor stretched beside her, snoring with a trumpet-sound, and each crowned, by way of nightcap, with an earthen vessel very appropriate to bed furniture, having the handle directly over the nose.

For twenty long years, Mr. and Mrs. Smith contrived to live together, without once attempting to scratch out each other's eyes. At length Death, growing tired of his steward, handed him his ticket of dismissal, bidding him leave the premises very quickly. Carlota, probably

fearing that the doctor would not be ready enough in obeying the last summons of so good a master, sent for one of the medical fraternity. The physic-giver came, with all the haste required in a business such as his, so vitally important. (*To run like a lamplighter* is proverbial,—and I believe the *κόδαξ ὀμὸς* dealer in oil, wicks, and matches, displays the same expedition in extinguishing the lamps as when he lights or trims them.*) The first salutation that met his ears, on his entering the sick-chamber, was from a very peculiar voice, which, half cracked by weakness, half smothered in the bed-clothes, cried to him,—

“What the devil brought you here?”

“What? Heh? Ha? *Me*?—Hum!—Mrs. Smith, sir,——”

“O, she did, did she! Then Mrs. Smith will please to take you back.”

The astonished ibis looked first at the mulatto lady, or, as I should say, Creole, (for as such the Doctor took care to pass her on his neighbours,) then towards the sick-bed, then towards the door; but recollecting, I suppose, that he belonged to no vulgar tribe of birds, he raised his head, hopped nearer to the invalid, and, opening his beak, began,—

“I meant to say, Dr. Smith, that Mrs. Smith kindly sent to me, out of regard for your health, and——”

“Very kindly, indeed! She’s a prudent woman, Mrs. Smith. But, as it is Mrs. Smith that sent for you, I suppose it is Mrs. Smith that will entertain you; for I sha’n’t.”

The repulsed physician looked once more on the lady, but, this time, with a smile that seemed to say, Ah, I see how it is! your husband is not in his right mind; and

* The operations for birth, restoration, and destruction, in the analogous profession,—that is, *Obstetrics*, with the *Theory*, and *Practice* of Medicine.—Quere,—Which is the more useful,—an enlightening body of men, or an enlightened body of men? I know which is the more luminous,—a lump of resin, or a putrid clam.

and the smile was repeated, when the sick man added, in a different tone,—“However, since you’re here, I may as well try your skill. Come,—begin.”

The doctor sat down by the bed, looked, felt, questioned, canted a little, and, after much preface, told his patient ‘he must prepare for the worst, as there were no hopes for him.’

“And is that all you have to tell me?” was the question put calmly in reply by the patient.

“I can say no more, sir.”

“Than that I must die?”

“Yes.”

“What a d——d fool, then, you must be, to take all this trouble! to tell me what I knew when I was just big enough to kill flies!—Why, look you here, you man of gallipots and syringes,—I can teach you more, myself! I shall not live, sir, twelve hours.”

“Madam,” gravely said the *man of gallipots and syringes* to Mrs. Doctor Smith, “your husband certainly has it here,” (touching his little round forehead with a forefinger;) “but it’s a jolly delirium. If there were ~~many~~ such death-beds, men would have as little fear of dying, as—of marrying,” (with a beautiful bow to the yellow lady.)

“Hullo, you stupid poulticer!” squeaked the sick lion,—(he could not roar,—) “if men could have a foretaste of the joys of both, they would rather, a thousand times, go to bed with that he thing Death, than with Sin, his mother.”

“*For the wages of sin are death,*” added a deep, sepulchral voice, at the door. It issued from the lungs of the Revd. Canton Graves, who had entered the room just in time to hear the last six words, and mistake their application.

“And the curse of death is the parson,” feebly growled the voice from the bed.—“This, I suppose, is another specimen of Mrs. Smith’s *kind regard for my health!*—

Wife!" (Carlota approached her master.) "Send for the lawyer. No staring, woman; do as I bid you. You have clapped Divinity and Physic, one on either side of me, (or, rather, one at my head and the other on my belly,) because I was fool enough, this morning, to promise you a speedy divorce; now you shall stand the rascal, Law, at my feet,—and I will bid farewell, at once, to the three professions, that have tried their best, through my life, to puzzle my brains, worry my guts, and trip up my heels,—thank God, without success."

Carlota had submitted to the yoke, in patience, too long to be restive now, when it was so soon to be slipped from her neck,—and the lawyer was sent for; but the Revd. Mr. Graves thought it incumbent upon him to reprove the dying man for his levity, and prepare him to make his exit with more of the seriousness becoming in tragedy.*

"Stop, Mr. Graves," said Smith;—"it is my wife that invited you hither, not I,—if, therefore, you be pleased to remain, you will please to wait till I shall be ready."

"Doctor," meekly inquired the physician in attendance, "sha'n't I prepare you some little something that may give you ease? your breath grows short—"

"It wont be long before it will be shorter.—Yes, do as you please."

* The reader must not suppose I approve of my friend's conduct any more than Mr. Graves; if I paint the devil, I must give him his attributes. Smith was a believer in a creating, though not an over-ruling Providence: and, while, in admiration of the wondrous beauties of creation, he would sometimes give vent to expressions of reverence that were surprising, as coming from a man who appeared to have nothing serious in his composition, he firmly believed that mankind differed from the rest of animals merely by an infinite superiority of physical construction, which presented, in the brain, a finer marble, as it were, for that invisible, and immaterial, sculptor, the Mind, to work upon, and produce the different impressions of Reason, Imagination, Humour, &c.—whence arise those thoughts and feelings, which are attributed to another agent, a Soul,—and that, as in brutes the mind and body, born together, and reared together, connected breast and breast, (if I may so say—like the twins of Siam,) has the same limits of existence, so it is in men.—How he accounted for this immaterial "sculptor," and explained its nature, and by what reasoning he endeavoured to support his dangerous theory, cannot of course be even intimated in a note. I may one day give them, at large, in a treatise I purpose writing on "Moral Education."

ghted at this scarce expected acquiescence, Mr. er began to fidget, bustle, and rummage, among als, boxes, and other rubbish of his medical bro- while the latter,—with the love of humour which proach of death seemed only to render more eager joyment, as it increased the distance between it objects,—appeared to take pleasure in directing the exact places wherein to find the particular ar- ne wanted.

ength the dose is prepared,—and offered. “Set it stand beside me,” says the dying doctor. The cup ced within his reach.—“Carlota.” Carlota ap- es.—“Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh,— passes through you must work in me. Here, swal- is stuff, if you like ; for damn me if I will.”

, swear not, in an hour—” began the clergyman ; : this moment, the village lawyer, Mr. Sliedogto em, entered the apartment.

low d’ye do, Mr. Catchem?” Mr. Catchem made ws,—several, general, yet particular.—“Mr. Catch- have sent for you to draw up my will.” Mr. em stared ; and so did Carlota stare ; for they not think what the Doctor had found of his own to ath.—“Very well, sir,” replied the pettifogger,— ll do it with pleasure, sir.” The paper was got ; the ink and pens lay waiting to be used.—“Stop,” he dying man, as the limb of the law was compla- y passing its thumb over the paper to make the late unwrinkled,—“I have changed my mind. I be- I will write it myself. You three shall be my cre- s—I mean, my credible witnesses ;”—and, to the ise of all present, Smith, being propped up with pil- and a book to hold the paper being set before him, l strength to act as his own secretary.

e wrote as follows :—

meeting of the Society of Undertakers, held pursuant to special notice into consideration the propriety of paying some tribute of respect to the ry of their late patron, Henry Smith, M. D., the Revd. Canton Graves,

(*Presdt. ex off.*) was called to the chair, and Mr. Sliedogto Catchem, (*Record. Sec. ex off.*) and Mr. Squertwel Catheter, (a patron of the society,) were appointed secretaries. Whereupon,—the Chairman having stated the object of the meeting, and dilated upon the extraordinary virtues of the deceased, ‘*clarus arte morandi*,’ the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

Resolved, that, in commemorating the loss which this Society, and society in general, have sustained by the death of Dr. Smith, we commemorate the loss of a man, whose professional merits no coffin can conceal, nor shroud shall envelop, and who, with unprecedented disinterestedness, after he had held, for many years, his energies screwed down to their tightest, to keep decay as long as possible from the boards of the society, submitted himself, his own final captive, to the bands of death, and thereby capped the climax of his benefits.—Therefore,

Resolved, that, as a feeble testimony of respect to his memory, the members of this Society wear the usual badge of mourning, on the left arm, for thirty days. And further, that the feelings of the Society towards so great a man, may be extensively known, and thereby more generally sympathized with,

Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman, and Secretaries, and published in all the daily papers.

And, on motion of one of the members, it was unanimously resolved—that, holding this a precedent worthy to be followed, the Society will hereafter, on the death of any physician, pay a like tribute of respect, as being one demanded by common decency to be rendered to all the Patrons of the Society, individually as well as collectively.

Having finished, after many interruptions from weakness, this novel kind of will, Smith doubled down the written portion of the sheet, so as to conceal it, and called upon the clergyman to sign his name. “May I not see what I subscribe?” asked Mr. Canton Graves. “No sir,” replied the testator,—“You subscribe nothing; you only witness that I wrote the above.”....“That is all, sir,” subjoined Mr. Sliedogto Catchem; and the divine affixed his signature as desired, and after him the sons of Physic and the Law, each his respective signature.

“Now,” continued the dying man,—but with considerable difficulty, and many breaks in his language, (which, unnoted in the printing, I leave my reader to imagine,)—“I must settle with you gentlemen.—To begin with the lowest. Loty, you yellow devil, you will find my new black cassimere breeches in the smallest wardrobe. My purse and pencil-case are in the pockets. Hand it to Mr. Catchem, with your eyes shut, that he may pick the pockets of what he pleases without being seen. So much for the Law.—For you, Doctor, as I suppose you would deem it derogatory from the dignity of your

profession to take a fee from a brother quack, and as, besides, I have heard you well spoken of for skilfulness in killing, I bequeath to you, in presence of these witnesses, all my drugs, pill-boxes, clyster-pipes, etc.—and may you do with them ten times the mischief that I did.—For you, reverend sir,—come hither. I have nothing to leave you,* — my wife will join the fee for marriage sacrament, and burial service, I'll be sworn to it; but I have a favour to ask." The minister approached, and sat down by the head of the bed,—doubtless, expecting that the reprobate was about to confess the errors of his creed, and retract them under his own pious reasoning.

"You have a cow, Mr. Graves."

"Sir!"

"You have a cow, sir."

"Yes."

"I have observed it pasturing, occasionally, in the churchyard. I beg you will keep the animal under lock and key, when I'm a tenant there; for I shall lie with my face upwards."

The clergyman started from his seat, in horror at this ill-timed jesting. Just then the Doctor, with a sudden exertion of his little lingering strength, reached his arm from the bed, and overturned the stand, which held the medicine, ink, and other liquids. The reverend gentleman, endeavouring to save his satin breeches from the soil of the falling articles, made a backward move, brought himself into contact with the body of the physician, and both parties fell prostrate on the floor, with the stand on top of them. The dying wag looked at his work a moment, turned gravely over on his pillow, and spoke no more for many hours,—except to mutter occasional indistinct sounds. Let us hope they were in prayer.

* His library he had left to me, in a testament regularly signed, sealed, and witnessed,—and bearing date in the year 1798,—the very same in which he took French leave of his friends in Cumana.

Towards midnight he called to his wife, who watched beside him. "Are they gone, Carlota?"

"Who, Doctor?" (— the simple wench never presumed to call her husband by his name—) "the gentlemen that ——?"

"Yes, the owls that were mousing here. Have they taken wing, yet?"

"*Sta. Maria!* I did think they had wings, they made such haste ——"

"Carlota." His voice was feeble, and much broken. "I have never treated you well, my good girl. You must forgive me.— And hark ye, you spawn of the devil,— if you ever meet that— Mr. Levis, you have heard me speak of,— ask him, if he remembers—how he and I— pep—peppered old Cordery's ——" He essayed to laugh, but the sound became a rattle in the throat. Death, hearing the lamp thus sputter, advanced in haste, clapped his extinguisher upon it, and Harry Smith was —— snuff.

'Fare thee well, great *stomach!*' One of my earliest companions,— my second friend, my latest,— I love to think of thee, and all thy thousand humours, ever merry, and the wrinkles of laughter bury those of age, when Memory, true to thy beauties, stands thee before me in all the unmeasured grandeur of thy person, makes thy little pig eyes once more twinkle, and tints with new fire the 'blushing honours' of thy nose. Even now hast thou beguiled me of more space than I intended to bestow upon the last act of thy farce of life, and the *little chapter*, fed upon thy scraps, fat Harry, has grown imperceptibly, against my wishes, to the adult size of fifteen pages. Once more—'Fare thee well, great *stomach!*' and

'Good night, good Doctor.'

CHAPTER XI.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.

Childe Harold.

"WELL, my dear, if I must repeat it, I do assure you, on my word of honour, the story is totally without foundation. Does not this satisfy you?"

"No, it does not, you deceitful, tantalizing, barbarous man!" (women are always vulgar, when in a passion—)
"it but confirms my suspicions."

"Why what, in the name of God, would you have me do, madam! If I laugh at your reproaches, it enrages you; if I show myself indignant, you weep; if I calmly assert my innocence, you, without hesitation, impeach your husband's honour, and abuse him as *deceitful, tantalizing, barbarous*. I'll no longer be the fool of these senseless jealousies. If I cannot find, at home, the quiet happiness I look for in the society of a wife, I will seek it elsewhere." The husband took up his hat to leave the room.

The wife altered her tone directly. She threw herself back on the sofa, and spreading her hands, (they were exquisite—*ad unguem*,) before her face, to hide the tears which really did flow, and flow against her will, she said,—"You no longer love me."

Down went the hat. "Not love you, dearest! Who is it, now, that is *tantalizing*, and *barbarous*!"

The lady, sobbing, threw both her arms around the neck of her husband, and the gentleman, of course, could not but suffer one of his to encircle the waist of his wife. "How can you," said the gentleman, kissing away the

tears from the very beautiful eyes of the lady,—“How can you, love, indulge in fancies that render you miserable, and distress me! Has not my conduct, ever since our marriage, evinced a fondness increasing rather than diminishing? or, have we been united so long, that I should be weary of your beauties?” (A kiss on the part of the gentleman; but no return, of any kind, from the lips of the lady.) “You are silent, dearest. Tell me now what I shall do to satisfy you: then banish for ever these suspicions, as unworthy of yourself and me.”

“There is, indeed, one thing that you *might* —”

“And that?”

“Promise — O, promise me never again to see that hateful *Señora Sirena*!”

Up went the hat again. “Madam,” said the gentleman, in a manner particularly decisive,—“this is carrying matters a little too far. I am not yet a dotard, that I should give up society, and stay within doors to nurse my wife’s queasiness. Whatever concessions I may make at home, I certainly am not disposed to render myself ridiculous abroad.— When you are in the humour, madam, to put that confidence in your husband’s honour, which he feels he deserves of you, I will return.” The gentleman was at the door.

“Will you then leave me in anger?” The lady had that ‘excellent thing in woman,’ a soft voice, in perfection; and every body knows, (that is, every body with a heart,) that sadness is a rare cutler for giving a *delicate, irresistible edge* to a woman’s voice.

“Not if you do not wish it, dearest.” And, as he spoke, the arm of the gentleman rested on the back of the sofa where the lady was seated.

“Forgive me!” then exclaimed the lady, rising in tears that were of the mule kind, (begotten by pleasure on sadness,) and casting herself upon the neck of her husband:—“I will never, never again, question your affection!” A kiss given and returned,—another,—and the

arties were reconciled, to quarrel again, and again be reconciled, before bed-time.

It was four months after marriage. The scene was at Lumana; the *dramatis personæ* were Jeremy Levis, and his wife Beatriz.

Methtinks, at this, the unmarried romantic reader, of the masculine gender, frowns in great displeasure,—the fair, unmarried romantic reader, mutters *Abominable wretch!*—while the married, matter-of-fact reader, of either sex, exclaims loudly against me as a perjured nason, for betraying to the uninitiated the mysteries of matrimony. I am fallen into a bowl of slops! Thus, poor fly, I struggle to the side of the vessel, and cleanse my clogged wings. My unmarried readers I answer, by reminding them that I am not writing a romance,—my married readers, by bidding them read on.

By most persons the life I lived with Beatriz will not be considered a happy one, inasmuch as it afforded nothing of that easy, undisturbed enjoyment, which is generally implied when we speak of happiness in married life. It was no twilight calm,—cloudless, sunless, soft, and sleepy; but a morning of alternate storm and sunshine,—the landscape now bright in the splendour of a perfect heaven, then black with impending thunder, or wild with the unloosed fury of the tempest.—Beatriz did indeed love her husband with an affection that knew no bounds. Its ardour was even oppressive. She could scarcely bear to have me from her sight an instant;—she would watch for me at the usual hour of my return from business, and, when she saw me coming, would run to the door to bid me welcome, and actually impede my entrance into the house by her caresses,—and if, at any time, languid or irritable from fatigue, I failed to meet her with the warmth she looked for, she would tax me with a decrease in my affection, and burst into tears, or passionate reproaches. Accustomed to see the marriage tie but little regarded by most of her acquaintances, (many of

whom,— on the male side of the contract,— were living in the primitive simplicity of the patriarchs of old,*) her jealousy, with regard to me, was ever on the watch. Merely to look upon another woman was sufficient to arouse suspicion; to smile upon her was proof positive of guilt; but to be seen chatting with her, in a corner, “solus cum sola,” was at once to assess me in heavy damages on an action for crim. con.

Of the many objects of her jealousy, the one the most obnoxious to my wife was the lady above-named,— the Señora Sirena. She was a widow, a native of Seville, young and beautiful, sang enchantingly, and bore a great resemblance to my ill-fated Agata. Of course, under these circumstances, I could not but take particular pleasure in her society; and, in so doing, I gave to Beatriz, who would have me hate all women but herself, particular umbrage. I shall never forget one instance, in which the violence of her feelings completely overcame the latter. We were with a small party at the Señora's one evening— my wife and I. Our beautiful hostess took her guitar,— at my request. The music was melancholy; and the musician— she never had looked so like poor Agata as then. Away flew my thoughts;— Andalusia— the place of the little brook— the peasant girl,— the whole scene of my first passionate love was before me;— and I forgot myself. That is to say, there rolled, down either cheek of the sensitive Jeremy, a single drop of that pellucid secretion, which canting novelists are wont to term *unmanly*, (because they are ignorant of what is *unwomanly*,†— and never dissected a lachrymal

* Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.—HOR. Carm. ii. 4.

The ladies sometimes returned the compliment, kind for kind.—

Ancillariolum tua te vocat uxor, et ipsa

Lecticariola est. Estis, Alauda, pares.

MART. Epigram. xii. 58.

† Strange as it may appear to those who are only accustomed to look at the fairer sex by the moonlight of romances,— and moonlight is very becoming to the complexion,— it is seldom we find in women that deep sensibility we are too often led to expect in them from the softness of their exterior,—though they

land.) I was not suffered to indulge in this delicious every ; for, immediately, my wife, exclaiming, "It is too much !" fell back into the arms of one of the ladies, and was carried from the room in convulsions.

Had such scenes been too often repeated, had there been no extraordinary light to relieve the great depth of shadow in the picture, my affection might have waned before the honey-moon had run its last quarter ; but, as I have said, ours was a life of alternate storm and sunshine, and, when the tempest was over, so delightful was the calm that succeeded, it seemed I trod a path bestrewed with flowers, and breathed an atmosphere that was cented with their sweets.

But, whether happy in the main or not, this life of uncertain joy, over whose sky of azure the lurid clouds gathered and passed to re-gather and repass, was but a day — a winter's day,—and thick night came of a sudden, and sun and cloud were both gone, and darkness, cold and dreary, and longer than that day had been, fell

re very apt to affect it,— especially, if subscribers to a circulating library. A woman, at the loss of a friend, or a bauble, cries till her organs of vision are of larger dimensions, and her organ of smelling is of copper-tea kettle complexion ; a man, deprived of his dearest possession, smothers his feelings, actually ramples on them, and rises superior to their struggles : the latter,— if a man of refinement as well as sensibility,— finds his eyesight affected by a generous sentiment ; the former,— even though she keep a scrap-book, and write thread-needle poetry,— reads the same passage, and passes it without emotion,—or, if he hear it from the stage, and the fences of her mouth happen to be well ticketed, it is ten to one she takes it for a jest,— because — pearl teeth are more becoming set of ornaments than garnet eyes.

However, women are dear creatures, after all ; and I love them still, in despite of their follies, and my gray hairs. Only, I would teach the reader, fresh from works of fiction, to bring all things down to their proper level, to look on life as it really is,— ridiculous in the cradle, ridiculous in the marriage-bed, ridiculous in the hearse — when life no longer.— The lesson is easy. As thus :

Women are angels, great men are exempt from the infirmities of humanity. Do not works of fiction, (as now written,) teach you so ? Go,—make love to your mother's chambermaid, and purchase busts of poets, kings, and statesmen. You are at the topmost round of the ladder ; now, for one leap to the bottom. Fancy the lady of your heart's desire writhing in the agonies of a colic, and our gracious sovereign in his shirt ; or, give breath to the mighty dead, and see Milton pause, in the midst of his contemplations of Heaven, to damn a flea,— or his wife, and Shakspeare amusing himself with the procreation of flies—(vid. Lear, A. 4 Sc. 6.)—O, I do love to make human nature my laughing-stock ! I do love to watch this idol of puling poets and romancers, when she is about to retire for the night, and has laid aside her eyebrows and her teeth, and struts majestic in a short chemise ! Ye gods ! what pipe-stem legs ! what pendulous adders ! what vacuous tenuity of rump ! what — Poor lady ! let her draw the curtain.

upon my spirits.—It was the 14th of December, 1797,—a day, when almost every individual in Cumana had his own individual misfortunes, great or small, to grieve for, yet even the greatest counted as a mere unit in the sum total of the general calamity. I was at the house of a Spanish gentleman, conversing with him on some matter of business, when suddenly it seemed as though the floor on which we stood was in motion, for, without any exercise of volition, I found myself staggering from my place like a drunken man. At the same time, the furniture in the room trembled as if shaken by the feet of dancers, the pictures rattled on the walls, and a small bit of plaster fell from the ceiling. With a cry of “Mercy, God!” my companion grasped me by the arm, and drew me from the house. The instant we reached the street, a loud subterranean noise was heard,—such a sound as one might fancy would be made by heavy artillery, discharged at a great depth beneath the surface of the ground; then the earth heaved with a strong convulsion; and, in a second, scarcely one house in ten was left standing of the whole city of Cumana,—swept in pieces to the ground, like the parts of a puppet-show disjointed by a single movement of the hand of the player.

Dizzy, as one who feels for the first time the rolling of a ship at sea, almost stupefied by the horrors that thickened round me, so unprepared to meet them, I did not forget that there was one existence, still dearer to me than mine own, involved in the perils of this fearful hour. My companion, flying for safety to the great square, would have led me with him; but I broke from his friendly grasp, without a word, and forced my hurried steps through the streets, blocked up as they were with ruins, and thronged with people—a miserable crowd! children calling on their parents, wives on their husbands, and none to answer,—numbers, of all ages, and both sexes, on their knees, invoking Heaven for mercy, while braving, in their superstition, the very dangers from

which their own exertions might deliver them,— the rounded, and the dying, screaming for help, as they lay rushed beneath their fallen dwellings, or groaning in agonies from which they hoped for no relief, saving in the death whose tardy coming they would fain hasten,— and over all, and through all, Rapine striding with eager steps, rejoicing in her unmolested harvest. Then it was that Beatriz, could she have observed me, had been satisfied of my unwavering affection. For, as I hastened onward, turning an anxious eye to right and left, in hopes that the object of my solicitude, warned to seek for safety in the open street, was now looking for him who should support her in an hour so trying, a female, calling me by name, cast herself at my feet, and, clasping my knees, besought me, in the most piteous accents, to save her. It was Señora Sirena. O, how powerful was the appealing beauty of her eyes! So had Agata looked, the night when *she* besought my protection. But I was not moved. Putting one hand before my face, that I might not meet the gaze I could not answer as I would, I unclasped, with the other, the arms of the suppliant beauty, and exclaiming, earnestly, "The square! the square!" sprang from her side, and continued my way,— pitiless — but from necessity.

Onward I pressed, no obstacle impeding long my course. At times, the ground trembled beneath my feet like the turf in a meadow; and thrice, as successive feeble shocks threw down some wall which the great convulsion had left standing, was my life in imminent danger; yet, without a thought of myself, I passed rapidly from street to street, borne up by the giant strength of an excitement, that was neither hope nor fear, but a mixture of both in the most intense degree. Soon I reached the quarter of my own residence; I stood nigh the very spot where my own dwelling should be. Where was that dwelling now? and where were the houses that had stood beside it — on the right — and left? that had faced it? All level with the



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

HOR.—CARM.

That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me.

1st Pt. Hen. IV.

COULD I ever love again? It is a question to be answered only by conjecture. I had not yet completed my nine-and-twentieth year, and, by a wise provision of our nature, sorrow for the dead is not of very long continuance; nevertheless, after the loss of Beatriz, I never regarded woman with any steady affection, other than that of a mere indolent, bastard sort of friendship. I preserved indeed all my admiration for beauty,—as, I trust, I shall preserve it, till my eyes fail me, or my brain ceases to welcome the impressions transmitted through them; but that was all,—possibly, because, warned by previous suffering, I would not indulge the transient sen-

sation, and cut, as it were, the very fuel to consume me, as, in my more romantic youth, had been perhaps too much the case. Besides there was I confess very little to tempt my heart in Cumana, where I passed the ten remaining years,* that might yet threaten danger from the enemy—"mater sæva Cupidinum;" for the only woman that could have roused, to any purpose, my dormant susceptibility—(dormant, because worn to exhaustion by over excitement,—) she, a true woman, irritated by my apparent indifference on the day of the earthquake, would never afterwards acknowledge my acquaintance. I need not tell her name.

Premising, then, more from duty than as german to the matter, this piece of information,—that our model of pious chastity, my awful mother-in-law, fell, as became her greatness, amid the convulsions of nature, being knocked down by an image of the Virgin, which she herself had, at her own expense, erected in the church,—I bid thee, dear Reader, take thy leave forthwith of love-scenes; and thy leave too forthwith of women — at least as actresses in such scenes; while, for myself, as it is the wont of historians and biographers, by way of finish to their pictures, to sum up the chief points of excellency and defect in the characters they have portrayed, I cannot turn my back upon the whole churchyard of "painted sepulchres," wherein my best and worst hours all lie buried, till I have carved, by way of inscription, over the great gate at which I make my exit, (viz. this 7th book,) the following lines of Edward Clayton's:—

Dear, teasing woman! charming evil!
Compound of angel, man, and devil!
Vessel of glass! uneasy treasure!—
Most cold in look when fiercest burning—
From what thou pantest most for turning—

* Men do not love after forty. They marry indeed after that juvenile period—and so do they after seventy; but, heigho! love and marriage are so very different!—as different as coals and ashes.

When most repelling best alluring—
 When careless seeming most securing—
 No law confessing but thy pleasure—*
 What joys, what torments hang about thee!

Artful at six, at sixteen snaring,
 Most false when smoothest feature wearing,
 False as the falsest wind that blows,
 But in that falshood more beguiling
 Than were there candour in thy smiling,
 (Mix'd hopes and fears on passion throwing,
 Like sun and rain, to keep it growing,—)
 'Tis hard to rest with thee, God knows!
 But harder still to rest without thee.†

But to our task; already is the goal in sight:—

"Sed jam age, carpe viam, et susceptum perice munus,
 "Acceleremus."

It may be remembered that, in the commencement of Book iv., I made mention of the birth of a son by my first wife, Mary Arne, and that, on the death of his mother, I had intrusted the child to the care of that mother's relations, and afterwards, from causes it would shame me to repeat, had totally neglected him for a short period. I owe the reader little thanks for close attention to these pages, if, because I have made no subsequent mention of the boy, he suppose that I could leave the latter dependent on the charity of more distant relatives, while his own father had an arm to support him. After the timely wreck of my fortune, and necessary change of life in a foreign land, I regularly remitted to England, to my uncle Timothy, a third of my annual income, wherewith he should disburse the expenses of my son's education, clothing, &c.—first deducting from the amount one small portion for the widow of Captain Berther.‡ — When, in

* So too says a Greek poet,—though he is not here imitated:—

Γυνή γὰρ οὐδὲν οἶδε, πλὴν ὃ βούλεται.

† Imitation of Martial:—

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

Lib. xii.—47.

‡ I had it afterwards in my power to settle a comfortable annuity on this respectable woman; and, though doubtless it would be more romantic and inter-

the *New World*, *Fortune* began to look with most propitious eye upon my efforts to rise, I wrote a letter to Lady Arne, in which, after thanking her ladyship for the kindness she had so long shown to her little grandson, I begged her to consult with my uncle on the choice of a suitable instructor, with whom to board the boy, unless they should agree in preferring a public seminary. My wish, I added, was to have Edward complete, if possible, in every accomplishment that becomes the scholar and the gentleman; for which purpose a correspondent in London was authorized to furnish my uncle with means to any amount that might be requisite.—In return, Lady Arne, intimating that she supposed I had heard of the death of Dr. Levis,* which had taken place shortly before the receipt of my letter, said she should consider it a great favour, if I would permit her grandson to remain with her, as she thought his education could be better conducted at home, on account of the superior facilities which the metropolis afforded for private instruction,—in which opinion Sir James Maitland, (who was almost as fond of the boy as herself and Lady Maitland,) fully concurred.

This was the opening of a regular correspondence between Lady Arne and myself. Her ladyship's first letter was polite, but distant; then, as the tenour of my own letters indicated a striking change in my character, and as she probably learned, on due inquiry, that I was indeed an altered man, or, at least, that time and trouble had

esting to have killed the poor creature with the news of her husband's shocking fate, I am happy to inform the Reader she survived it twenty years, doing more good above ground than she could under it.—to wit, by taking care of her family till the eldest boy was established, with his two brothers under him, a highly respectable and prosperous tradesman.—I have now before me a letter from Dick, in which, after thanking me the thousandth time for the advice, which, he says, induced him to abandon the idea of following his father's profession, he informs me that he is about to take his brothers into partnership, and will be happy to execute any orders in his line addressed to Richard Berther & Brothers, Birmingham.

* The Doctor, very properly, left to the children of his brother Isaac, (the miserable being introduced in chap. iii. bk. iv.) his entire fortune,—exclusive of a small, but sufficient annuity, settled for life upon the parent.

cooled the fire of my youth, and taught me prudence if not morality, her language grew kind,—then, still kinder; and her fourth letter was even affectionate. Then came the compliment,—a letter from Sir James Maitland! the more flattering that I had never solicited his friendship, but, on the contrary, as the Reader knows, had returned his coldness with even more haughtiness of carriage than was decent, as assumed towards a man so much my senior. He wrote to congratulate me on the flattering report, which it was in his power to make, of my son's improvement,—who, he said, was as remarkable for beauty of mind as of person, and moreover gifted with virtues of the heart that made him as much beloved as admired. Edward was the constant companion of Sir James's eldest son, and Sir James expressed himself delighted to encourage the intimacy between the boys, in the hope that time would ripen their young attachment to the friendship of manhood,—a high compliment from one parent to another.

This last letter reached me the second year after the date of the earthquake. I had repaired my shattered fortune; but I was not easy. My wife was dead; my friends, if I could boast of any, were far away; I had not even a dog to love me,—to daily watch for me in my hours of absence, and spring to welcome my return home, to look me in the face with his affectionate eyes, and sooth my jaded spirits with his fond caresses. I was indeed a lone man, a solitary in the midst of crowds; and, with a heart so filled with tenderness that it was* ever ready to pour its overflowings upon any living object on the least show of kindness, I had no warmer intercourse to contrast with the cold, calculating selfishness of the individuals with whom it was my business to deal. When,

* *Was.* "*Fuimus Troës.*" Alas! how soon the winter of age freezes over the once warm fountains of the heart! The springs, indeed, still bubble mid the sands at the bottom, but clear and uninterrupted must be the sunshine, that would thaw the hardened surface and give their waters flow.

therefore, the accounts I had already received of my little Edward's growing graces were confirmed by testimony of so high a character as Sir James Maitland's, the weight, that held my spirit pressed to the earth, began to lie more light upon me, till by degrees I felt that I might still be happy. For my affections had found a new channel, and they gladly turned their quiet stream whither nature and duty both directed them, but whither neither nature nor duty could ever have forced the current.

I now longed to be with my child, or have him with me ; but the latter could not be done without an irreparable injury to the boy's education, which was progressing so happily, and for myself to return to my country, scarcely better than the beggar I had left it, was too rank a folly to deserve a moment's thought. I was, therefore, obliged to content myself with the prospect that the lapse of a very few years would bring us together.

In my answer to his letter, I entreated Sir James to continue the fatherly care, which he was so generously extending over my son's education, till the boy should have attained his fourteenth year, when I would myself complete his instruction, having him with me at Cumana. And I desired that Edward should write to his father on every opportunity.

Accordingly I received a letter from my child. It was certainly a very uncommon composition for a boy of nine years of age, (if a parent may be permitted to judge,) and was marked throughout by an affectionateness of spirit that delighted me, notwithstanding that I knew that Edward's love could lie in his imagination only, as he had not seen me since his infancy. How my heart devoured line after line of the precious writing, as my glistening eyes traced the rude, schoolboy characters ! and I read and read again, and yet a third time, and a fourth, the assurance of Sir James, appended, by way of postscript, to the last page, that neither he nor the boy's instructors

had interfered in any shape with the composition of the letter.

I had no friend in Cumana that might share my happiness, and increase it by his participation. But there was one man, to whom, in his strong attachment to my person, all things were interesting that concerned me,—the only being, I verily believe, besides myself, that grieved sincerely for the death of Beatriz, (—the more so, that he thought that death had been prevented but for his own temporary absence from my house.) To him, who could not be my friend, because fortune and the accident of birth had cut the lines of our lives at right angles with each other instead of parallel, I imparted the feelings, which, if kept restrained within my own bosom, had held me too uneasy for enjoyment. Reader, are you,—have you ever been a parent? and circumstanced in any respect towards your child as I was towards mine? I translated the letter to Juan—my servant. Honest fellow! from this hour he began to love the image of my boy as though it were drawn by memory, and not by fancy merely, taking as much interest, in all that related to him, as I have known domestics, that had been born and bred in the family with which they were living, (*vernae*,) display to the children of that family, dandling them in infancy, caressing them in boyhood, serving them with soul and body when men. Doubtless, a condescension so unwonted on the part of his master had its due effect upon the susceptibility of Juan; for our feelings, of what kind soever they may be, whether transient or permanent, are never of material so pure that some thread of cotton may not be found to cross the silken texture.

Year after year expired, terminating what appeared to me a tediously prolonged existence. The time arrived when I should send for Edward. No better safeguard for the boy could offer, even had I the choice, than that of Juan. I therefore sent the latter to England to bring my

son across the seas, ostensibly his servant, but in reality his protector.

With what impatience the return of the faithful black with his precious charge was expected I need not tell. But Time is an honest fellow, notwithstanding all that is said against him, and, as he does not, like other drivers, urge his jades the more because of those who cry out *Not so fast*, so does he not, like others, slacken in his speed because of those who curse his tardiness,—and, accordingly, one morning I received the welcome news that the ship I looked for was in sight, and would come to anchor in a very few hours.

To run to the shore, and watch the approaching vessel, as she slowly, too slowly moved, and seemed to grow upon the peaceful water,—myself the stillest of all the gazing group assembled on the sands to greet her coming, though perhaps than mine no bosom there beat more tumultuously,—was an impulse, sudden and strong as any that had swayed me in my greener age. The ship came to anchor. I jumped into the first boat that put off for the *Placer*.

On coming near the merchant-man I observed a young lad standing on the quarter-deck beside a tall, athletic *man of colour*, who, with his right arm extended towards the shore, was evidently indicating to the former the points most worthy of observation in the site of Cumana. The man was Juan. And this the Mentor, who could the other be but my Telemachus! My heart beat high. The boat touched the side of the ship. I sprang up the ladder. One step upon the deck—and Juan, turning at the sound of the salutations addressed to me, recognized his master, cried eagerly and joyfully to his young charge that his parent was come, and the next minute I held my boy clasped to my throbbing heart.

“My son!”

“*Father!*” answered, in a low, suppressed tone, the richest voice I had ever heard. A title so endearing! heard

too for the first time ! and from the lips of one whom my imagination, more powerful to exalt than any paternal affection, had made a very deity in my thoughts' eyes !—— I felt that I should render myself ridiculous, were the scene prolonged another minute. Accordingly, I withdrew with Edward to the cabin ; whither Juan needed not be told he must not follow us, waiting till he should be sent for to take his part in the happy meeting,—a delicacy that in a gentleman would have been considered to mark his breeding.

I will not detail what passed between me and my son, this first, truly joyful day, either in the ship's cabin, or afterwards, when I had taken him to my home, since all the information that could interest the Reader, relative to the boy himself, or to other personages, connected with him, that figure on these pages, has been already given. If, however, I must play the guide to the aforesaid reader's fancy, and set it in the way to see the author make his *début* as a parent, thus it may be done in few words. I interrogated Edward about his friends, his teachers, his studies, himself, and, before he could form an answer to any of the thousand questions, which trod on each other's heels with a closeness of pursuit the veriest little magpie of a woman would have envied, I interrupted him by caresses, as fond, as frequent, and as foolish, as a lover bestows upon his mistress at their first familiar interview, or a young girl upon her newly-purchased doll, then repeated the questions, or commenced afresh with others, and again prevented reply by my testimonies of affection, and by expressions of admiration so unguarded and unqualified, as to make the brow and cheeks of the flattered boy redden with confusion.

Indiscreet this admiration was at best ; but the object, in himself, was worthy of it.—It is seldom we see a man truly proportioned. If the upper part of his person be well made, the limbs are found to be deficient ; or, if the latter be as they should be, the former suffers in the com-

parison. Edward, however, was indebted to nature for a figure the nearest to perfection I have ever beheld. Though in age he had not yet numbered fifteen years, his form was as fully developed as an ordinary lad of eighteen, without the weakness usually attendant on such precociousness. The shoulders neither so full as to be effeminate, nor so square as to be vulgar; arm straight and muscular, and terminated by a hand which the long thin fingers reminded me of his grandfather Lady Maitland's, and were almost too delicate for a man; the chest nobly expanded; the waist small, and round as a woman's; the hips tight, and remarkably graceful; legs that might serve as model for a Mercury's; and feet as well-proportioned, and springy, and of a rare perfection about the ankle and in the lope of the instep;—all excellencies, with the advantage of uncommon height constituted, doubtless, a form of no ordinary elegance, and when I add, that the head, if not so nearly perfect as the rest of the person, was strikingly noble, having a forehead, head, nose, mouth, and chin, that were sufficiently similar as mere features, and were very manly in their character,—the most beautifully shaped, and most powerfully expressive dark gray eyes it is possible to conceive, and a profusion of light-brown hair, straight, but of peculiar fineness, and easy to be adjusted into any fashion, most by a single touch of the fingers,—I have described, I think, a person that promised to become, when the lapse of a few years should have matured the body to full size and vigour, a splendid specimen of masculine beauty,—one indeed of which, with little exaggeration, we might use the language of Hamlet—

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Adorned with these external graces, and, what is still more similar enough, gifted with a mind that matched his figure, its almost perfect *symmetry*, (*ut ita dicam*,) and fa-

ed it in vigour and activity,—or, rather, (if I may more force the language to be most expressive,) in *power* and *agility*,—and that promised, under careful re to yield at no distant day fruits that would not be its present precociousness, is it wonderful, considering the circumstances under which we met, that Edward should appear to me—I had almost said a more mortal! and that, as I whispered to myself, “It is spirit flashes in those eyes! It is *my* blood that gives colour to those cheeks! That beautiful and active, those well-knit limbs, are, joint and nerve and bone, branches of my own stock, *bone of my bone and of my flesh!*”—is it wonderful that I should fling reins upon my feelings, and, carried thus beyond the pale of prudence, should speak and look the love and admiration which I felt! the love and admiration that their birth, (though not conception,) their growth, their full maturity, in a single hour!

Thus the poor Hindoo prostrates himself upon the ground before the senseless deity his own hands have fashioned and erected. The car is set in motion, the ponderous wheels revolve, and grind with the dust the body of the frenzied wretch, who glories in his immolation.—Ah, well!

—du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme—

and I cannot see that the bells on the cap of one folly gle more musically than those which decorate the tops of its cousins.

CHAPTER II.

If then thou be son to me,
here lies the point ;—Why, being son to me, art
thou so pointed at ?

1 Pt. Hen. IV.

Exi, inquam, age exi ; exeundum hercle tibi hinc esto foras.

PLAUT.—*Aul.*

Is the Reader so far advanced in life as to have already acted in the two distinct characters of child and parent ? If he be, he will, perhaps, find much in the present chapter to remind him of himself and his own follies ; if, however, he have yet to learn the vast difference between parental authority when exercised by us and the same authority when exercised upon us, the present chapter will teach him a lesson that may prove serviceable, as warning him from a line of conduct in which most men deliberately walk with their eyes open, while, like myself, they very charitably caution their fellow-travellers against a like stupidity,—it being one of the distinguished prerogatives of our race to play the finger-post to others, if we cannot post upon the road ourselves.

I have said that Edward, both in mental and bodily powers, was considerably in advance of his years. Of course, the passions were not backward in their development ; and I soon discovered that my only son was a decided rake at the very early age of fourteen. The Reader is astonished, seeing that up to this period the boy had been under the guardianship of a man like Sir James Maitland, and that the latter had uniformly expressed himself delighted, in every respect, with the behaviour of his young ward,—considering him the fittest companion his own son could have selected : but the spe-

cies of licentiousness here alluded to is one of those secret vices, which, while they work mischief to the health and happiness of millions, very generally escape detection, and in extreme youth, as they may then exist without that destruction of honourable principle which is the almost certain consequence of their long continued indulgence, seldom fail to elude the watchful eye of parents, and other guardians of the morals of the young.

The existence of this sensual propensity in Edward, (and it was the only one that could be laid to his charge,) I at once suspected from the over susceptibility he showed to any thing like beauty in woman,— a susceptibility he could not conceal. It burned in the sudden flushing of his cheek, blazed in the momentary flashing of his eye — or floated there in liquid lustre, and spoke in the seducing softness of his voice : *the creaking of shoes, the rustling of silks*, against whose witchery mad Tom so reasonably warns us*, was a music that at any time would call him from his studies, and, every duty neglected, would draw him to the windows or the door to gaze. And when I frequently detected him putting in practice, against his fair friends, (he would have half-a-dozen at a time,) arts of seduction that might rival the most finished coquetry of the most refined coquette,— arts which his graceful person and expressive features made so easy to him,— I judged that he indulged this propensity at a sacrifice of moral right that stamped it as vicious.— Thus far, however, it was mere surmise on my part. But in a very few months, the matter was put beyond doubt by the discovery of two intrigues, which no less excited my astonishment by the thorough knowledge of the sex which they displayed in their design, and by the boldness of their execution, than they shocked me by their licentiousness.

* "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women." *K. Lear*, A. iii, Sc. 4.

Every circumstance, indeed, that could influence abetted Edward in his folly.* The loose morals of the women of Cumana smoothed the way for his success, and his personal beauty and mental accomplishments sent him through it on a gallop; while the money, with which his foolish fondness fed his prodigality, secured every turnpike, (to continue the figure,) that might bar his travel on that high road, which, open to all, is passed the soonest by him who carries toll in hand — “*aurea poma manu*.” Often I resolved to check him; but, when he came before me, in form and step a very Mercury, his noble features so composed in their expression, that you gazed upon them as on the placid surface of a magnificent lake, nor thought that such serenity could cover an abyss of passion soathomless and full of peril, the words of censure, like Elidied upon my lips, and the interview would terminate in my gently chiding him with remissness in his studies, and filling his purse with gold — by way of encouragement to future application! Juan, too, whose honour and fidelity I have as yet had reason to extol, began to show a different character. His affections he appeared to have transferred from me entirely to Edward, and, blinded by his fondness for the son, forgot his duty to the parent, and not only assisted the former in all his plots, and stood beside him in all his difficulties, but actually impressed his own talents for intrigue, (no sickly crew,) into the service of his young master,— an exact picture of the whole world.

* For to call his conduct by a harsher name were to show but little knowledge of the heart of youth — I mean of *sensible* youth. And I appeal to every graduated student of nature for the truth of what I say. — To the general readers, however, it may be necessary to urge something in vindication of language — (“*O tempora!*” that Honesty must plead to Cant!) Thus then a few words:— Here are the Passions, in their full power,— Imagination to combat them — Judgment to oppose. Imagination, at the age we speak of, is stronger than Judgment. Judgment, therefore, is thrust aside, quite cavalierly. Imagination, triumphant, wreathes the Passions with her fairest, sweetest flowers; and then — they are irresistible. Mark me, to a temperate youth Edward’s..... But *Morality? Morality? Religion and Morality?....* Dare our daughters venture where the mother is treated with so little ceremony?

every man is honest until he be tempted according to his humour.*

In length, Edward's wantonness grew of so dark a colour that I was compelled to notice it. Complaints against following complaints,—bills handed in day after day, of them to an enormous amount,—threats of vengeance from fathers, brothers, and, I dread to add, from friends,—riots in the open streets, caused by his effrontery and Juan's spirit in defending it,—these, and other annoyances, cried for redress; and redress I resolved that I should have. And did I proceed the right way to attain my purpose? Was not the injudicious conduct of my own father towards me, while I myself was yet subservient as a son, a sufficient caution against a similar dependence on my own part? No; nor ever would be, if I even bring back the years that are fled, and once again figure in the self-same scenes. So easy is it to say what we cannot practice! (And with good reason; we do not make up lessons for our own instruction:—) Having, then, from one extreme to another, I began to draw the rein too tight upon the stubborn neck of Edward. The consequence may be presumed. The boy had gone on long without a curb to be now easily held in, and I might have effected by slowly gaining his reason

For honesty is always in the inverse ratio of the temptation. Or, as that maxim no more than every man is willing to allow, take the proposition less dramatically thus:—No man may say to himself—*Thank God! I am honest*—he knows what it is to be sorely tempted; and the poor devil, that bends to opportunity, and pockets his neighbour's purse, is every whit as man as he who seats himself upon his neighbour's throne, or plunders the wife of his neighbour's daughter.—I once was looking from my window, when a ragamuffin pass by a new edifice, on the opposite side of the street, visible on a couple of plane irons, which the workmen had thrown out as useless. The fellow stopped—kicked the irons over, to see their other side—laid them down—felt their edges—looked dubious—shook his head—paused to longer—and then threw them both into one of the open windows of the building. "Honest fellow!" cried I; and following this *rara avis* with my eyes, a few seconds afterwards, turn over a purse which Fortune, or Devil, had caused a gentleman to drop, directly before him, in recompense of his niggardly. The lucky dog snatched up the purse in quick time, felt about, looked around him with a hasty and anxious glance, pocketed the money, and—took to his legs. "Ho, ho! Honestus!" I cried,—"*this is it, Good b' w' y'e, thou noblest work of God!*"—and I shut the window in. The next moment I threw up the sash again, and indulged in a fit of

to my side, I entirely prevented by only appealing to his fears,— a mode of discipline his haughty spirit scorned to brook.

He was now close treading on his seventeenth year, when an incident occurred, which, calling loudly on my paternal interference, precipitated the rupture that was daily threatening to take place between us. Edward, it appears, was deeply enamoured, (as far as the senses merely were concerned,) of a beautiful Creole maid, who lived at a short distance, almost in our neighbourhood. He was in the habit of visiting the lady three or four times a week, and always after midnight— in order to avoid detection; while Juan, a very spaniel in fidelity, followed at his heels to guard against surprise.— I must add that the pair went always armed, when on these enterprises,— our young gallant helping himself to his father's sword which conveniently hung in the study.—Impunity begat its usual consequent, incautiousness, and Edward, in one of his visits, suffered the dawn to break upon him,— though not from any fault of his Alectryon, who, stationed beneath the window of the Venus, warned our Mars in vain of the coming Sun. The father of the damsel, a man upwards of sixty years of age, happened to awake at this early hour, and, hearing the black's suspicious whistling, looked from a window to reconnoitre. The presence of the servant in such a situation told him at once how much he was dishonoured by the master, (for Edward's libertinism was notorious,) and the old man retired with a fury in his countenance that plainly enough announced his purpose of revenge. The black saw the danger of the boy, and, as ingenious as bold, threw, without a moment's hesitation, a handful of pebbles into the lover's place of rendezvous. But it was now too late; and, as Edward leaped from the window * in his drawers, his cloak in one

* The houses in Cumana are built very low, on account of the earthquakes.

and sword in the other, the insulted parent appeared at the house door, likewise armed. Thus closely pressed, young *Don Juan* shook the scabbard from his weapon, twisting the cloak around his left arm, as a defence, in the Spanish fashion, confronted his opponent. But, very brave, no sooner did he observe the latter's gray eyes than he changed his intention, and, dexterously turning his cloak over the head and weapon of the old man, turned his back for flight; a manœuvre in which he was curiously assisted by his *innamorata*; for she, seeing the peril that menaced her lover, had the address and audacity, though scarcely turned of fourteen, to dash a pail of water directly upon the head of her father, just as Edward threw the cloak upon it,—and, thus doubly and ludicrously disconcerted, the miserable devil of a parent was obliged to let his enemy escape, covered with the spoils of his honour and revenge..... The Creole was old and kept but one man-servant, and he, luckily, was never too sound asleep to be disturbed by the trifling noise made by his master, or too much in fear of Edward's terrible body-guard, to pursue the fugitives, and our people reached home without further molestation. Had the morning, however, been but a few minutes more advanced, they would have fared worse; for a mob of boys, doubtless, found no little sport in hallooing after one so rare,—to wit, a tall, vigorous negro apparently in the pursuit of a youth of Edward's figure, who was flying swift as the wind, with a naked sword in his hand,—himself scarcely less naked, having no other scabbard on his polished limbs than a pair of thin small drawers, and no other shield for his manly shoulders than a fine linen handkerchief, which, a banner rather, floated 'fair and free' in the morning breeze.

Posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu,
Et segetis canæ stantes percurrere aristas.

Thus far our serenaders were cheaply off, being detected only on one side of the house, (so to speak;) but, no sooner would decency permit, than who should call upon me but the father-in-law of our young gallant! He held in his hand an empty sword-sheath, which, much to my astonishment, I instantly recognized as my own property. "Señor," he asked me, very gravely,— "is not this your name?" pointing to the band of gold, upon the upper part, where stood our own sweet *nomina*, both *pra* and *cog*, most legibly engraved..... "It is, sir," I replied with equal gravity,—swallowing, like an Indian, the feelings that tempted me to ask him how the sheath had come to leave the blade at home, and put itself under his protection.... "Then, sir," said the Creole, "by this token has your libertine son done me most foul dishonour,—and, by my father's soul, he shall redress it!" and the scabbard was thrown upon the floor, with a violence that threatened damage to the innocent metal.

I understood, but too well, to what offence on my son's part the old man's language must refer, and the mingled grief and indignation, which rose within me at this new instance of Edward's profligacy, may be readily imagined. But I had learned of late to subdue my feelings, or, at least, to cloak them. Accordingly, checking the expression of my first emotions, I answered as it became a parent insulted through the person of his child. I told the Creole, that, as I could neither be expected to know of my son's misdemeanor, nor be made answerable for its criminality, it was very foolish in him to vent his wrath, however just, in my presence, especially as I was, to him, a total stranger, and entitled to some courtesy on this account,—and that it was besides unmanly, if he presumed upon his age as giving him a right to offer insult with impunity. I then added, that if he would be calm, and explain the nature of my son's offence, we might then see what could be done.— This was throwing oil on the fire of the old man's rage,—and I never saw a brighter blaze.

After giving, in fewer words, and somewhat coloured by his feelings, as was natural, the story I have detailed from the facts I subsequently learned of Juan, he swore by his ancestors, and every saint in the calendar, that, if the laws of his country were insufficient to do him right, he would bring his cause before the king of Spain himself,—and that even blood should not be spared to make him full atonement.

I will be frank,— the more so, that I have promised, in my drawings after nature, however rude may be the hand that pencils them, to be Greek in the design, at least nor veil, with useless drapery, the true anatomy of the figures. I will be frank, I repeat,— and confess, that, when I found that Edward's misdemeanor was not in reality threatened with the public disgrace I at first dreaded might attend it, my indignation at the individual act itself, and grief for the profligacy in which it had its birth, were forgotten in my joy at the youth's escape from the punishment he so richly merited. And so had it been with the justest man — of feeling — under heaven ! Nor let the parent, who boasts the iron sternness falsely dignified as Roman *virtue*, smile at his own fancied superiority : — it is but a difference in *feelings* between us ; and I would not exchange with him.— Relieved, then, of my worst apprehensions, I began to look with kinder eyes upon my visitor, and see that his passion was no more than natural, considering his wrongs, and that, as from my close relationship to the aggressor I might be considered in some sort the injuring party, it was my duty to sooth the poor old man, and not resent his reasonable reproaches. Wherefore, altering my manner entirely, I begged him to be calm for one moment, and answer me the question I should ask him. Being then assured of what I had already gathered from his story,— viz. that none had witnessed the affair, save those whose interest it was to conceal it, I reminded him of the extreme youth of both the parties, and advised that for the sakes of all con-

cerned the whole transaction should be kept secret. I said that it was impossible he could obtain fuller satisfaction by recourse to law than could, and would most readily be given by private and amicable adjustment; while, in the former case, whether he were successful or not, his daughter's good fame must inevitably suffer, and, in the latter, with very little care, the mirror of her honesty might still show with as bright a polish as though it never had been breathed upon. I added, very emphatically, that as for his threats of a bloody revenge, if he meant to execute them openly, Edward was no son of mine if he were not ready, at any time, to offer his body in answer to the wrongs it should have committed; but, if assassination were his purpose, I bade him look to it well, for he had now betrayed himself, and no such design should be even attempted with impunity. And, as I concluded my speech, I opened the door and bowed,—thereby intimating, as decently as I could, that the conference was at an end. “Señor,” said the Creole, as he was obliged to depart,—“I am a father as well as you. You shall see!” * Poor old man! I really felt sorry for him. He was wronged—bitterly wronged. Yet I could not help acting as I did.

And now for the interview with Edward!—What must be done first? *Assuredly, a great deal of deliberation*, says the prudent man,—*and perfect coolness acquired*. Ah, my good sir, do you know how very efficient is philosophy opposed to passion? I will tell you. Put a plank to stem an unloosed flood. Does the flood

* His purpose of personal revenge, (if, indeed, he meditated such,) was thwarted in a way the Reader will soon discover; and I afterwards found means to appease the old man; for he was poor, as I have said, and I took an opportunity of obliging him, in such a manner as rather to flatter his pride than offend it—as is too often the case in the conferring of benefits. From that nucleus he actually raised a very pretty fortune, and became thenceforth *sincerely* my friend. As for the lady of the water-pitcher,—she soon married, and —
“O, Desdemona!—away! away! away!”

regard it? O, yes! it oversets it; and away goes the poor plank, carried headlong with the rushing water.

"Anton," (to one of my servants) "tell the *señorito* to come to me,— on the instant."

Edward entered,

*Omnia Mercurio stillis, vocemque coloremque,
Et crines flavos, et membra decora juventæ.*

My anger almost bowed before his noble presence,— an assertion all mothers will believe, if not all fathers.— He appeared, at first, somewhat embarrassed, and the blood started to cheek and brow as his quick eye fell upon the empty scabbard, which he knew he had left where it never should have been. But, recovering himself in a moment, he stood before me erect and firm, yet modest and respectful.

"Sit down, sir." The culprit took his seat opposite to mine; but his eyes sought the floor.

"Edward."

"Sir?"

"You have nearly completed your sixteenth year, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, sir; I have not then to teach you, I presume, that those offences against the laws of society, which are follies in boyhood, become crimes, when reason, assisted by education, points out the right, and is strong enough to nearly balance the power of the imagination and hold the passions in some sort of check?" (Not a word in reply.) "You are silent, sir. Perhaps it is best.— I have borne with you, Edward, longer than I can ever answer for, either to you, to myself, or to the world— wherever it may be your lot to move: I have sought to turn you from your evil courses, not by the usual severity of a parent, but by gentle admonition, and advice such as a friend might give, trusting that your heart and

head, together, would recommend what common gratitude alone were sufficient to inculcate. But no! far from what I expected, you have shown yourself wholly insensible to my forbearance,—growing worse and worse, day after day. And now,—mark me, Edward!— I shall forbear no longer.— Yes, sir,” I continued, with increasing warmth, as I observed him move his fingers rapidly over the table with an impatience that marked, plainly enough, whose son he was,— “your profligacy must from this day have an end! I will bear no more reproaches for your wantonness; I will pay no more debts of your contracting—— Nay, sir — you need not beat the floor with your feet, nor bite your nails,— I care little for your impatience. I will pay your debts no more, I say!— Look at this bill,— and this!— and this!— Shall I be forced to squander, on your dozen nights of debauchery and blackguardism, sums that would educate — thoroughly educate — twenty sons! Have you so little shame, sir, as to waste in beastly riot what your father toils to earn!— And though, sir, that may never have disturbed your spirit, though you may put no thought, besides, to either health or character, one would suppose the mortal risks you constantly incur would cool your ardour:— twice stabbed — twice shot at — mobbed, hooted,— stoned, in the public streets,— is the devil in you so hardy that nothing can affright him!— Edward! I tell you sit down, sir!— you *shall* hear me!— You have scorned my friendly and reasonable discipline; now learn that, pennyless without me, indebted to me for the very air you breathe, you are subject to my every will:— such obedience as the slave owes his master does the son owe his parent,— and such — *boy* as you have proved yourself— such you shall render me!”

Edward sprang from his seat, and threw it from him.
“Slave?”

“Yes, sir,— the obedience of a slave!”

The blood of our family — the same lava, which time had not cooled in my own veins, flowed liquid fire in those of my son. His eyes blazed as I had never seen human being's blaze before ; his chest, his limbs, his very hands appeared to swell, as though bursting with the passion that scorched them, as he stood before me, confronted, breast to breast, no longer the subject son, but the equal I myself had made him, when I suffered my blind fury to sink me to his level. "Such obedience I will never render!" he said. "I owe you nothing! I thank you for nothing! The life you gave me was to gratify not me but yourself; and for the maintenance you now reproach me with you bound yourself, when you begat me, to provide for the helpless wretch your own selfish pleasure was sending, unasked, into a world he may perhaps one day wish he had never seen. Nature claims of you that maintenance, and the laws of men enforce the claim."

"Go on, sir!" I cried, grinding my teeth.

Edward was too wrapt in his own passion to regard the interruption even for an instant. "The duties of a child and parent," he continued, still at the top of his voice, "are reciprocal; one owes the other no more than that other owes him. Treat me, sir, as a reasonable being, and I will render you respect and obedience; but never otherwise! A son, I must obey you — and will; but, man to man — yes, I am *not* 'a boy'! — man to man, I am your equal! I feel it, and dare tell you so."

Such outrageous insolence no parent could have borne. I entirely forgot myself. "Take that, ungrateful wretch!" I exclaimed, striking him to the floor.

Edward rose, and sprang upon me like a tiger; but instantly shrunk back, and, pressing his clenched hand to his breast, "You are my father," he said, with a solemnity that was awful in that storm of passion, and rushed from the room, — from the house.

"Go!" I cried, as his last step sounded on my ear, — "and a father's curse go with you!" — and I clenched

my hands till the nails were actually buried in the flesh; for I felt, at the moment, as though I would indeed bring down the wrath of Heaven on my son's impiety.

I did not go to my business that day, as will be supposed. I locked myself up in my room,— saw nobody, tasted no food; but entertained my own sad thoughts, and fed upon my self-reproaches.— I could not but be struck with the similarity between my own rupture with my father, and that of Edward with his,— a like offence, followed by a like degrading punishment, and threatening a like issue; yet, at first, instead of making that allowance for the conduct of Edward which was really his due, and attributing his insolence to my own fault, in not having habituated his haughty temper to the restraints of discipline, I only doubled my anger against him when I thought of my own filial impiety. “Let him go!” I said, ungrateful, heartless as he is! He will soon learn the lesson of repentance.”

The morning passed, and when, towards evening, I detected myself secretly peeping from the windows to watch my boy's return, and listening at my door to catch the music of his voice, I checked the kinder workings of my nature, and still said, as I strode my solitary room, “Let him go!— What do I care!”

But when the darkness came, and brought not Edward, — when hour after hour passed, and still the prodigal returned not to his father's home,— then my feelings changed, or rather, the struggle between wounded, yet living affection and offended pride terminated in the complete triumph of the former, and I said to myself, “Surely he will not go! He cannot have the heart to leave me! Yet I — I once found it little cruelty to leave my father.— But then, it was not in a foreign land; I had relatives and friends to fly to. Edward has no such resource; he knows not whither to turn his steps — except upon his enemies. Yes, he will return! He is loitering somewhere near, ashamed to ask for pardon. His pride

will soon recover of its wounds, and then —— Yes, he will return!"

This conclusion, however, was not altogether satisfactory, and I passed a miserable night. Memory, ever industrious to add to our sorrows, as she is careless to increase our joys*, marched, in review before me, my three

* Because in the latter, even when moderate, there is always more or less excitement of the nervous system, and, accordingly, the faculties of the mind, that is — the different parts of the brain, are more or less nearly engrossed, or prevented from separate, distinct action; while in the former there is rather a depression of the nervous system, and Memory, Imagination, all that can bring up from the past, or gather in from the future, to add to the present heap of suffering, is unchained and vigorous. In the highest excitement of pleasure which we know, say the intoxication of love, the entire man is merged in present enjoyment,— all the functions of the intellect being as completely absorbed in the present object, (or better, *kept back*,— the nerves being sent on another errand,) as in the highest excitement produced by the most acute mental or physical pain, say very sudden and very violent anger; but plunge the mind into the deepest distress, and it is not possible to merge the entire man, so that no portion of his mental or physical being shall show above the flood; or what follows? the distress would be *short lived*,— or produce instant madness, if not death,— in either of which cases the feeling comes under the acute mental pain we have mentioned, and, of course, is as much a nervous excitement as *acute pleasure*, (if I may use the expression,)—and of this we have occasionally illustrations, where individuals go mad or expire under the news of some sudden calamity, (*acute pain*), or unexpected good fortune, (*acute pleasure*).— Descend we a little in the scale of pleasure, and what do we find? Decreased excitement, and the mind — (the body I do not mention, its actions, under the same stimulus or influence, being in the same ratio with those of the mind;— complete suspension of all its functions, (i. e. death,)— momentary suspension, (i. e. syncope,) — its functions all directed to the one object, except those immediately essential to life,— or some still acting separately,— as the case may be.) Descend we a little in the scale of pleasure, I repeat, and what do we find? Decreased excitement, and the mind, or brain, thus attended by more of its ministers the nerves, exercising its distinct faculties with greater clearness. Thus I have known a lover court his intended with great eloquence, and, at the same time, ogle another damsel in the window of an opposite house; because, though sincerely attached to his mistress, his nerves were under less excitement than when, a week after marriage, she boxed his ears, and his *Recollection*—that he was a man, and his *Imagination*— of the consequences that might follow a display of passion on his part, having deserted him, (being employed with the other faculties in the *enjoyment* of the blow,) he threatened to kick her out of doors. In the latter case he was doubtless under the excitement of acute pain, both mental and — auricular,— and we have seen that acute pain and *acute pleasure* were precisely alike in their effects on the nervous system, as connected with the mental faculties, i. e. as the keys of that curious piano-forte, cycled the brain; while in the former some of the functions of the mind were not absorbed in the vortex, and his case was as that of a lady whom I knew engaged, at one and the same time, in mourning the death of a husband to whom she was tenderly, (not *distractedly*), attached,— studying the most affecting attitude of distress,—and endeavouring to catch the admiration of a handsome youth who was about to act as a pall-bearer at the funeral.— Hush, Reader! I am not scurrilous; neither have I been deceived in my observation of character. The man and woman were both sincere,—he in his wooing of a living bride, she in her mourning for a deceased husband. What then! am I worse? a cynic?— No, far from it! I am no cold-blooded sneerer at what the press, in a notice of the broken windows of the anti-reforming Duke of Wellington, calls, in the pathetic poetic spirit of modern writing, "the dearest feelings of the heart;" I but say,

periods of voluntary exile,— the first, when I quitted the house of my birth, the home of my infancy and boyhood, to go — I knew not where,— the next, when I added to that folly the abandonment of another home, a quiet and a wealthy state for beggary, and to that guilt the wounding of another heart that loved me,— and the last, the worst, (preceded by that horrid day and night of hunger and despair!) when I forsook my native country, where I might have lived in affluence, to seek for other fortunes in a land of strangers,— and, as the grim corps met my tortured vision in damnable distinctness, unjust that I was,

in extenuation of my offence against ordinary notions, or received opinions, what Chaucer's *Merchaunt* offered as apology for his downright English,

*Ladies, I pray you be not wroth,
I cannot glose, I am a rude man,*

while I tell what actually I once saw, what actually I may see every day. My business, (have I not often said it?) is to speak what I know of human nature, and give reasons for the facts I advance, as far as I find it practicable so to do,— in the notes, if not in the text.— For the rest — I did not make the nerves Nor let the narrow-minded cavil. Shall I not, if such may be my humour, wave my wand, and dissolve the beautiful illusions, which other writers conjure up for tender hearts like thine, my Reader? Shall I not, when such may be my pleasure, strip Nature of the lovely vest, wherewith she chooses to keep herself half hidden from the eyes of the profane, and show how common in itself is the form we have so long admired? I will; and let him, who derives pernicious maxims from these disclosures, suffer for his own fault. The ALMIGHTY MIND has chosen to make such common instruments the agents of his goodness,— and who shall gainsay His wisdom!

And here may I not depart from the highway of my duty, and take, even at the expense of my narrative, a few steps in furtherance of one of my opinions, and in opposition to those, who blaspheme the all-wise, and *all good* Creator of the universe, by bleating of the wretchedness of man? Look at the thousand pleasures which so fill the heart that nothing may be added to the measure; look at the woes, of equal number, which so occupy us that we have room to accommodate a thousand others, ere we shall be filled to loathing; then say,—are not the excitements of the former a balance, if not more, for the depressing effects of the latter? Yes, if the former did not visit us more seldom than the latter. O, fool! and do you ever count the pleasures? If your Sunday, and your Monday, your Tuesday, and your Wednesday, have been clear, and the days that follow them be overcast, will you not cry at once, *This week was bad!* Measure your sunshine and your shade, and see if, first and last, the former has not lighted an equal space of ground with that which was darkened by the latter; count the hours of your years of life, and tell me,— if the nights are longer than the days in one of their little seasons, are not the days too longer than the nights in another.

"Eheu! fugaces, *Jeremy, Jeremy, Labuntur hora, scribbling notes that weary!*" The devil! I see I shall have to write you a book of philosophy, dear Reader, before I attempt another work of adventures and — spoil it. However, forgive me for this once:— read the chapter over again, if you forget whereabouts you are,— and, in return, I will promise to matriculate in the *impassioned school*, by the time I enter on my next work, that thus, rapt in the 'high excitement' of *scenes of thrilling interest, and passages of touching tenderness*, I may lose sight of 'reason' altogether.

unjust as every body is in such an hour, I cursed my fate, and murmured at the lot of humanity, because, like all things else beneath the heavens, it is subject to changes and decay.

One trait in the human character, as called forth by this occasion, I cannot forbear mentioning; and the Reader shall prove, by his daily observation, that the drawing is correct. When conscience reproached me, with my own filial ingratitude, and whispered that, if the Deity do indeed directly punish us in this life, otherwise than in having made a proportionate suffering, of mind and body, the necessary and unavoidable consequent of every delinquency, I was now receiving the wages of my sin, I answered aloud, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, "My father did not, could not feel as I do!" *And my mother?* "She loved me; but she loved not with the love I bear to Edward!" Our own scratches are always more painful than our fellow's wounds.

At length the morning dawned. My anxiety was become insufferable, fast and watching having done their work, and added to the fever of my spirits. I was about to call for Juan, when I heard a gentle knocking at my door, and the voice of the man himself, supplicating, *for the love of Christ, that I would let him in for one moment.*

With a change of feelings too common to need explanation, I assumed a tone of indifference, and, unlocking the door, bade him "Come in." — It was the first time I saw him since his recent offence; yet was there nothing servile in his deportment. He stood before me with arms folded, and head bowed submissively upon his breast, — an attitude, which the grand proportions of his Atlas frame rendered so striking, that, strange as it may seem, I found room to admire it, notwithstanding the feelings which crowded on my brain — to the exclusion one would suppose of all other matter.

"What would you, Juan?" I asked, somewhat softened. Were the black deformed, my language had been less gentle!

"I scarcely dare tell you, señor..... I have been most ungrateful to the best of masters' ——"

"You have indeed, sir.— You may spare yourself the recital,— I know it all."

"O, no,— I would you did, señor; the worst is yet to come. Yesterday morning when the *Señorito* left the house, I followed him; for there was something in his looks that frightened me, knowing as I do what ——"

"Spare words, if you please, sir. If you have any facts, let us have them at once." I was writhing with the most dreadful anxiety, while I affected this indifference.

"I ran after him," continued Juan, "calling, entreating; but he did not heed me in the least; and twice — twice, sir,— when I came up with him, and ventured to lay my hand upon the skirt of his coat, he struck me — because I loved him, señor.— My young master never paused in his flight till he came to the very edge of the water; and then I threw myself at his feet, and begged him — to beat me, trample on me, if he pleased — but not to turn me from him ——"

"Once more, sir,— spare me this tale of your own feelings, and come directly to your facts — if you have any. Be quick!"

"The matter, then, señor, which I come to tell you, amounts to this. Master Edward was about to take passage on board a vessel which would sail this morning for Spain. I urged all I could to dissuade him from his purpose; but, when I found him resolute, I declared boldly that I would go with him.— Forgive me, sir,— I could not help it.— The *Señorito*, at first, would not listen to me, and, saying I should only prove an incumbrance, absolutely commanded me to return to my duty. But I urged that my duty to you, señor, was not to abandon

your son when he most needed my services, besides using other arguments which my feelings suggested, till at length Master Edward seemingly consented, stipulating only that I should not come on board till the vessel was just about to sail, in order, he said, to guard against discovery by his father. He bade me bring him, in the afternoon, all the presents he had brought from England, which he said were of value more than sufficient to pay the expenses of both of us,— though, in my own mind, I had resolved I would never cost him a rial.”

“ Juan — be quick with your story; or leave me.”

“ Pardon, señor,— I am not used to be tedious; but ———. I carried him the articles in the afternoon, favoured by the Señor’s close retirement, and returned again at evening without having been missed. This morning, just before day-break, I stole to the shore, with the expectation of finding a boat for me, as Master Edward had promised. The boat was indeed there, and the vessel lay off the Placer, just ready to set sail; but one of the boatmen said that the Señorito had sailed in another ship during the night, leaving word for me to return to my duty to his father, as pursuit would be idle.— O, señor — he is gone ——— !”

“ Well, sir,— and what then ?”

“ *What then !*” exclaimed the poor black, forgetting where he was, in his amazement at my apparent unconcern.—“ Does the Señor, then, know where Master Edward is fled ?”

“ Yes ; there was a vessel to sail for Jamaica last night; I suppose your *master*, sir, will find his way, thence, back to England.— Leave the room.”

Juan gone — and the door locked — the play was over. I threw myself prostrate on my bed, and groaned aloud. * *

Let us cut short this wearisome detail.— With the first conveyance I despatched a letter to Sir James Maitland, informing him of my son’s flight, and probable intention

of returning to his friends in England, and requesting the baronet to send me any information he could gather relating to the youth.

Of the miserable interval, which seemed as though it never would have end, between this period and the receipt of Sir James's answer, I could say much. I will not. Let the Reader, if he please, discourse with himself upon my sufferings. He may draw thence an useful homily,—his text (It will serve, too, to mark the time omitted in my narrative, describing, by a single stroke of the pencil, the state in which I lived for many months —) *In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and great mourning,—Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.*

The months passed; the answer came;—Edward had not been heard of.— One terrible pang, and my decision was taken; for I had already made up my mind how I would act in case of such an answer.

“Juan.”

The faithful fellow is before me,—his eyes upon the letter.

“Do you love my son, and me, with such devotion, that you could at any time be ready to leave your country, and travel with your master, in search of his lost child?”

“Do I, sir! — Señor! — Do not ask me!”

“Then be prepared; for, as soon as I can settle my business, I shall leave this land for ever.”

Juan leaped for joy. But I — when alone, — I wept.

Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? * * *
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

BOOKS EIGHTH AND NINTH.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown;
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle-down.

PERCY's *Reliques*.

It was originally my purpose to proceed regularly with my narrative; but my publishers object that the work, for a *débutant*, is already too corpulent to force its way through the press of public favour,— and against *their* decisions what may I, poor devil, whose life and death are in their hands, presume to offer! They have turned their thumbs upward, I have no kind *Editor* to interfere, and my poor two Books must be butchered, and dragged from the arena.— It may be, however, that the Reader is no sufferer by this unfeeling measure; for though he would have found, perhaps, sufficient of the humorous in their composition, yet, for the amorous, ordolorous— paragraphs of “passionate feeling,” or scenes of “deep and thrilling interest,” (except he would count of this nature the loss of my faithful Juan, who died on the voyage to England *,) he must have put on spectacles to discover

* His last words were:—“Dear Señor, will you give this to Master Edward,” (taking a plain gold ring from his finger,) “and beg him to preserve it for the sake of the poor black, who loved him better than he did his own honesty?” Noble fellow! I have known many of his colour to equal him in heart, but none in head. *Requiescat in pace!*

such in the Books condemned,— consisting, as they chiefly do, of sketches of odd characters taken, during my long pilgrimage through different countries, rather from a wish to lose the sense of self, than from any love of observation, and the “*humani nihil à me alienum puto*” which, like Chremes, I boast of in my nature.

And why mention this omission? There was no necessity of giving my reasons for passing unnoticed the space of time that would be described by these two Books;— the Reader might have been carried at once to the next division of the work, calling it the Eighth, and would only have supposed that he owed me thanks for omitting what I thought would prove tedious to him;—but, when we cannot do as we would, there is a vast satisfaction in telling what we meant to do.

As for the information, which it is really important the Reader should have, before he be conducted to the Tenth and last division of my memoirs, thus it is in few words:—

Leaving Cumana, I returned to my native country. Edward had not yet been heard of by his friends, nor, on diligent inquiry at all the principal port towns in England, could I learn of the arrival of any individual answering to his description. Suspecting, then, that the orders left with the boatmen at Cumana for Juan were a mere artifice on the part of Edward, and that the youth had actually gone to Spain, I immediately took ship for Cadiz. It was too late;— Edward had indeed been in Cadiz, but had left it for Lisbon many months before my arrival. To Lisbon then I went;—Edward was not there.— Thus did I pass from country to country, and city to city, travelling over half the continent, and staying sometimes more than a twelvemonth in one place, at others scarcely a day, till I found myself even in St. Petersburg. There, learning that I had been on a false scent ever since my quitting Portugal, and receiving no encouragement from my friends in England, with whom I kept up a constant

correspondence, I gave up the search as hopeless.— I had left the shores of South America, a man of middle age, erect, and little scarred by the vicissitudes through which it had been my lot to pass; fifteen years had dragged their harrows over me since then; and I returned to the nearest relatives I had now on earth, wrinkled, bent, and gray.

About two years, or a little more, from this period, a friend of Sir James Maitland's—(not the Sir James we have hitherto spoken of, but his son and heir — the old man being no more *—) a friend of Sir James Maitland's returned from a visit to the United States. The baronet, anxious, as well on his own account as mine, to clear up the mystery that enveloped the fate of my son, made inquiries of his friend; when, behold, the latter instantly exclaimed that he had met, on his arrival in New-York, with an English gentleman of the name of Levis, who, he now remembered, was singularly inquisitive about Sir James's family, though for what reasons he never could imagine.

Need I say more! The next week sent me, with renovated spirits, to seek *a new existence* in the United States of North America.

* In his death he was preceded but a short time by his wife's sister, Lady Arne. Peace to their ashes! they deserve it.



SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

JEREMY LEVIS.

BOOK TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

England, with elbow-room, and doubly free.

COLERIDGE, (*citante newspaper.*)

IN New-York.— Was Edward there? No; nor had been since the summer of 1824. And this was the year 1826!

What then was to be done? That my son was still in the United States I could not doubt, from certain points of information which I gathered from the few Americans who knew him; but further than this nothing could be learned. All, who had conversed with Edward, spoke of him as one that might win "golden opinions from all sorts of men," did he show himself at all disposed to welcome their advances, but so excessively reserved that most persons, ascribing his demeanour to haughtiness, actually viewed him with dislike. And this reserve he was never known to have laid aside, except when he met with individuals that were but recently come from

his own country or from South America. (What a change from the heedless youth of seventeen!) Hence but little was known of him. He moved about a sort of mystery,—attracting notice by the elegance of his person, and, when he entered into conversation, drawing a little crowd around him by the fascination of his voice alone, but repelling by the sternness of his eye and the chilling aspect with which he regarded any thing like approach towards familiarity. Hence, I say, little was known of his movements:—he came—no one knew whence; and went—no one knew whither.

There was, then, a very doubtful prospect of my meeting with Edward by continuing where I was; yet to travel from State to State, led by no other guide than vague conjecture, were as silly as to go on a voyage of discovery without chart or compass;—I therefore concluded to remain in New-York, at least till the prospect from being doubtful should become obscured altogether.

My spirits, which had seemed to revive a little, now drooped again, and my health of course began to decay with alarming rapidity. To forget myself, and thereby dissipate the melancholy listlessness which hung like a blighting damp over mind and body, I mingled in every kind of society, studying character, and indulging my love of the ridiculous, as I had done upon the continent of Europe.

The result of my observations, as bearing on the citizens of New-York, would no doubt be highly gratifying to my countrymen at home; who, from a kind of paternal anxiety, are never tired of hearing of the New World, no matter what may be the nonsense, or how asinine soever may be the mouth that brays it. Especially would it be gratifying, if I could have the art to make my notes on one city pass current for a correct description of the whole Union. But, for the latter favour,—I must confess, I am not so obliging as to render it. The former, though, I am more than half inclined to grant, as it will

serve to make the time I spent in New-York, which should be taken up by this chapter, pass insensibly to the Reader, and will prepare him to find me, at the beginning of the next, in a new scene.

But I must premise this brief remark,—that my scraps, though taken from one bag, are little connected,—scarcely, indeed, stitched together.—They will have, however, one advantage over those of any other traveller, in as much as they will leave the Reader, at their close, as well acquainted with the people of New-York, as he is at their commencement.

I shall say nothing, I repeat, of that portion of the Americans with which I have as yet not made acquaintance, unwilling as I am to come in collision with Smelfungus II.*, whose seven-league genius could stride over the character of a whole people, and take its measure, in the space of some dozen or two of months. As I have not the felicity to be possessed of so convenient an apparatus for the mensuration of distances, and could not, with my snail's pace, take in the different bearings under ten — no, nor twenty years, I must beg my readers to excuse me for declining to satisfy their curiosity on a point, which is exciting still more and more interest with all our countrymen, lest my crude opinions should come in direct opposition to the concocted judgments of a mind, whose acuteness of observation, I am pleased to say it, is only rivalled by its extraordinary faculty of drawing thence conclusions which certainly no other intellect under heaven would ever have thought of.

Indeed, of Englishmen in general in the United States, I may say:— I wonder how the Americans can treat our countrymen with any decency; for their conduct certainly does not deserve it. When a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, comes to America, he behaves just as he was

* *Vide Smel's Travels in North America, passim.*

went to do in his own country ; but the moment an Englishman sets his foot upon the ground of the New World, he struts as an inhabitant of a city does in the aisle of a country church. He leaves his native shores, predisposed to find the Americans barbarians,— and you know when John Bull has once made up his mind to any opinion, it is hard to make him drop that opinion, even when its absurdity stares him in the very face. I have observed that his conduct is the same in any foreign land. Just so a dunghill cock struts when he is newly set down in a strange farm-yard.— I can account for the kindness of the Americans, only by supposing that, as they are all a sensible people, (notwithstanding what Captain Basil and the Quarterly may say,) this behaviour appears so ridiculous, that it keeps them in constant good-humour with its actors,— just as one looks kindly on the clown in a circus, or gives nuts to the monkey that amuses him by its antics.

One thing I could not help noticing in the people of New-York,— their admiration of every thing that is new, and contempt, or rather, hatred of what is old. Their houses are never suffered to look the least mouldy ; as soon as the paint grows dull, on goes a fresh coat from basement to chimney-top : and the only church in the city that looks as a church should, (I mean that of the Trinity,) they have, within a few weeks, daubed to the very vane with a bluish gray, accurately pencilling in white the exact dimensions of the stones, so as totally to efface any thing like a venerable air from its exterior ! It now looks, for all the world, like an old lady in a fancy cap and trimmings.

I would advise the corporation of the church to assign, to those among them who voted for this renovation of the dame's complexion, a coat of arms in common, to be suspended over the staircase leading to the gallery, as a suitable commemoration of their great achievement. Which coat, to save them trouble, they may blazon thus :

— *Checky argent and azure, on a chevron tenné, between three monkies' heads erased or, a mushroom proper between two asses' heads coupéd of the first.* For Crest — *on a foolscap, tasselled and belled or, a dexter arm flexed sable, holding in its fist clinched of the same a white-wash brush proper.* With the Motto, *Rerum novarum studiosi.* Should the gentlemen object to this, that in a republican government, where all men are equal, and families are confounded as soon as founded, the distinction of armorial bearings would be, like all other distinctions, a very great absurdity, besides an indecent parade above their fellow-citizens, who ought to hold their crests as high as they, I answer — that, as every individual in their city, no matter what may be his station or his origin, that can afford to keep his carriage, paints upon the pannels, merely as an innocent ornament, the arms that Mr. Lovett, seal-engraver, may find belonging to his name, which arms most generally display a duke's or an earl's coronet surmounting them, I cannot see why they, the gentlemen aforesaid, may not in their corporate capacity be *scutcheoned* likewise,— especially as they aspire to no distinction above the coxcomb of a private gentleman.

And since I am upon the subject of distinctions, I would remark, that, as every man naturally would raise himself to a level with his neighbour — the secret of all republics, and as the said neighbour, when elevated, would, also naturally, keep himself above the aforesaid every man — the secret of all aristocracies; otherwise, as every where, from the North pole to the South, “Those that are *in* sing, while those that are *out* pout” — the secret of human nature, so, in the New World, (I beg pardon of the Royal Navy — in New-York,) so, in New-York those that are up to-day being down to-morrow, their friends, that sit upon the other extremity of the board, rising in their turn, look down with supreme contempt upon the former,— their position obliging them to so unpleasant a use of their optics. Hence we find that the best blood, in this great city of the Western Continent, is that which flows in obscurity;

while those who have no claims to respectability either on the score of birth, or better, of those recommendations which are the only just claims to respectability, a good head and a good heart, having bought themselves a hobby higher than their neighbours', ride cockhorse triumphant. The consequence is that both are haughty :— the former, because they are slighted, and feel their real superiority in station the more where there are so few to compete with them fairly ; the latter, because, having the sceptre of fashion in their hands, and not being accustomed to wield it from early life, they think that the best way to make it be seen is to thrust it into the eyes of every one they meet. Both are haughty, I say, and arrogant ; but the former's arrogance is that of the lion, the latter's that of the ass. Which is the more bearable I leave every one to pronounce for himself ; all can see which is the more ridiculous.— And yet, why should we begrudge the poor butterfly his day of sunny existence ! It matters little that his spotted wings and downy body sprang from a nasty grub. Or why, when we smell the flower, or eat the salad, should we ask how they were raised ! The brightest and sweetest buds that decorate the bosom of the fairest belle, and the most esculent vegetable that helps digestion in the grist-mill of the fattest belly, were sprinkled through the vulgar proboscis of a tin watering-pot, and drew their juices from the sweepings of a stable.*

* A word on this same subject ere we leave it. Let not the Reader suppose that I am backward in this age of reform. Though an old man, I am not so wedded to ancient prejudices and abuses, as to dote upon them because they are ancient. I cheerfully float down the current of opinion,— not because I fear to have my windows broken, or cannot afford to lose an inch of popularity like Sir Walter Scott, but because it suits my principles ; and I can honestly, as joyfully, say, In the name of God, let the stream flow on ! It must wear in time the channel that it wants,— though not so soon, in my opinion, as most of those who watch its course are disposed to think. The remarks in the text, somewhat satirical I grant, advance nothing against the blessings of the noblest government under Heaven ; they but attempt to prove, (if such poor evidence be indeed needed, where we have our senses to convince us,) that there is no such thing in nature as equality. Doubtless, *that all men are born free and equal is a truth self-evident* ; that is,— they all come into the world alike without a shirt ; but

In conclusion, I will add one other scrap, which, like the rest, having nothing to do with the chapter, or indeed with the work at all, may be neglected or perused, according to the pleasure of the Reader.

The citizens of New-York are a very peaceable, orderly sort of people. They are but little litigious,—except one portion of the community, which, indeed, is quarrelsome wherever found, (*ubinam gentium*,) as all fish-women are scurrilous, and all hackney-coachmen fraudulent,—I mean the medical tribe. Very lately, a ridiculous action, for a more ridiculous libel, was brought before the Court of Sessions, which amused me excessively. As my purpose in this place is solely to amuse *thee*, pliant Reader, and cheat thee of a page or two of graver matter, give attention now, and laugh with me at the whimsies of a race, that are the same in the New World that they are with us of the Old, as irritable as though they fed upon their own cantharides, and were one grand plaister from *œsophagus* to *rectum*.

Certain members of the profession form themselves into a secret society, which could do no harm,—as it matters little, I should say, whether blind men walk in the dark or light. Two other members of the same profession, jealous that these cocks should scratch for grain, and clap their wings, at the very top of the dunghill, the admiration of every Partlet in the farmyard, while *they* are forced to keep at the bottom unnoticed, forthwith open their throats, and crow most magnanimously at the aforesaid cock association. This the latter take in great dudgeon; but, afraid to come down to beat their enemies, lest they should spill some of their own blood, and thereby err against a law of their instincts, (which bids them

it is by no means so self-evident that they all alike have it at their option whether they will put on linen or cotton, or, shirtless altogether, be contented with a simple dickey. Rank there must be, rank there is — every where; but the only claim to its possession should be merit; and such a claim is not acknowledged, and never will be acknowledged — any where.

bleed copiously — but never themselves,) besides leaving their pleasant situation exposed to be occupied by others, refer the matter to the lawyer crow.*— The whole farmyard is put in commotion,— cocks crowing, crows cocking, and ducks, dogs, cats, and hogs, quacking, yelping, mewling, and squeaking, and all because one spurred chicken is a lump or two of filth above another!— And how was this matter decided, this wing-clapping, this mighty gallic complaint? Not at all. The crows only plucked a few feathers from both sides of the question, and left the parties to fight it out. They should have stripped the whole roost, and then — been shot themselves; and thus the farmyard would have been benefited, being deprived of two evils, quarrelsome cocks and plundering crows.

And now, have I not fulfilled my promise, Reader? What have you gathered from these scraps? Not to mention my little hints on the pleasure of walking arm in arm with one's brother when we have it in our power to ride upon his neck, you have learned that the citizens of New-York are not so barbarous as travelling Englishmen would make them. The decent people, of all sorts, paint their houses, the wealthy ride with coronets on their coaches, and the doctors squirt their syringes at one another,—just as they do elsewhere. Pah! *Pas-sons sur ce chapitre.*

* Ordo,—*pica*. Genus,—*legisperitus*. Species,—*jurisconsultus, caudicus, procurator*. LINN.

CHAPTER II.

_____ datur ora tueri,
Nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces.

VIRG.—ÆN.

MONTH marching after month, and with so slow a step it seemed as though there were an echo doubling in mine ears the tedious time,— yet no Edward, no news of Edward, nothing to bear up my spirits from total prostration but a forced excitement, the more difficult to be maintained that my age and the trials through which I had passed, having tamed my once wild nature, disposed me rather to the enjoyment of domestic quiet than the life I was leading,— my constitution, which had stood unshaken the great vicissitudes of my eventful career, the storm that blighted, and the sunshine that scorched, almost sunk before the slow but sure sapping of melancholy, and that *sickness of the heart* which comes of *hope deferred*.

Were I circumstanced like most men, had I intimate friend or near relative, some one with whom I could forget that self, that cursed self, which wore me to the bone, I might by little and little have weened my thoughts from Edward, and in time have reconciled myself to his loss ; but, here, I was ten times more lonely than I had been at Cumana immediately subsequent to my wife's death and previous to my son's arrival. Too old for the young, and too young for the old, I had none to care for me, none whom I could care for in return,— no living being, no *thing*, to which I could link my own existence and feel I was not all alone.

Sick, then, to absolute loathing of the city, I determined to try a change of scene, and endeavour, by constant novelty, to lighten, if I could not remove, the weight upon my spirits. Accordingly, leaving such instructions at each of the principal hotels that in case of my son's coming to New-York I might be instantly apprised of it by letter, I set out for a tour through the states of New-England.

It was my intention to go as far north as the White Mountains in New Hampshire; but my journey was suddenly arrested, almost ere it had well commenced.

Having stopped at a small town on the Connecticut, I took advantage of a delicious moonlight evening to stroll about the adjacent country. My strength was much enfeebled, as I have intimated, and being fatigued I sat down on the bank of the river to rest myself. My eyes were on the silver water, my thoughts — no, not on Edward — but gazing down the vista of my past life. A leaf, half withered, had fallen at my feet:— This made me think of the month, which was August — August just expiring; thence the transition was natural to the year, which was 1827; then, in like course, the thought was suggested that soon, (in less than fourteen weeks,) I should have completed sixty years, two thirds at least, of my existence; and thus, brought back to the leaf, I said within myself, “In ten years, ten little years, the period allotted to man to live will have had its course with me. Should I fall, like this half withered leaf, before my season of duration has run its proper length, what things useful have I done, in all that space of time, to redeem the many misspent hours? What things good to set in balance against the folly and the wickedness which stand charged against me?” And I *gazed down the vista of my past life*.— More important thoughts than these have had their origin in a meaner cause than the fall of a decaying leaf.

My reflections were interrupted by a rustling in the bushes behind me, and the rough yet half suppressed voice of a man, muttering curses in his impatience to secrete himself. As the spot I occupied was on the slope of the bank, and at least a foot below the place where the man lay hidden, which was at the top and close to the road it bordered, and as the trees, which projected over the bank, threw a shadow on my situation dark as that, which concealed the man from me, I felt that I was playing the involuntary spy upon his actions, and accordingly I would have changed my position and removed to a greater distance; but the man's impatience to gain his place of concealment, the anxiety wherewith, (to judge from the *sound* of his movements,) he every minute or two looked out upon the road to watch the coming of some expected object, and the horrible oaths that fell in scarce distinct muttering from his lips, when the dry twigs would crackle noisily beneath his pressure, were so suspicious, that dreading some meditated villainy, I felt it was not only justifiable on my part to listen, but even an act of duty, seeing that I could easily remove from my cover in case the fellow's actions should prove to be misconstrued.

Presently were heard the sound of footsteps and the voices of a man and child approaching:— My neighbour's hiding-place became at once as quiet as the grave. The sounds grew nearer, — passed:— The rustling was renewed, the man that had crouched among the trees above me stole from his lair to the edge of the road, and, as I crawled after him noiseless on hands and feet I saw him look up and down the road suspiciously, then, thrusting his right hand into his vest, walk on with quick but silent steps behind the party he had watched, carefully keeping near the bank where the trees cast a broad shadow. I had now no question of his motives, and, while a chill ran over my whole frame, I followed the villain,

(using his own precautions,) in order to prevent the murder if possible.

We both approached the party. The fellow left the shaded side of the road, took two steps towards his intended victim, then, springing forward, raised the hand he had hitherto kept in his vest, while something glittered in the moonshine. At that moment I grasped him by the throat, and we fell together.— The action was so instantaneous that the party attacked seemed not aware of his danger till startled by the heavy fall, notwithstanding that the child that was with him had cried out at the same time that I seized the ruffian.

The fellow with whom I was struggling had the advantage of me in youth and personal vigour, besides the stimulus arising from the urgent peril of his situation, and before the other party could interfere he released himself from my grasp, sprang from the ground, and, turning down a lane which crossed the road near the scene of action, disappeared.

The individual I had rescued from such imminent danger now informed, by a single exclamation from the child of the obligation he owed to me, stooped and assisted me to rise. "You are wounded, sir?" he anxiously inquired, as he drew his hand from under my left shoulder and found it wet with blood. The voice thrilled to my very heart; for in every respect, save the greater depth of its tones, it resembled my lost boy's,— the same as his its peculiar accents, the same its sweet harmonious flow. I had no time for the thoughts, the hopes, that might have risen on this foundation; for the moment I gave my answer, (that the wound received in the struggle was but slight,) the stranger started back with a loud exclamation of mingled joy and amazement, and taking my arm made me face the moon, while the same pale light revealed in part his own features. The recognition was instantaneous.

"Father!" exclaimed the stranger, throwing himself upon my neck.

"My son! my son!" I sobbed, as I clasped in my arms the recovered soul of my existence.

Could the circumstances have been selected to add affect to this scene, they could not have better concurred to render it impressive;— the hour, the solitude, the solemn stillness, the dim but holy light, — no broad glare of day to shock by the appearance of publicity feelings which, like others of their kind, loved to nestle in the shade, no stupid starers to insult us by their hollow-hearted sympathy,— but the soft, pure splendour of the beautiful planet, and God himself looking down from his own blue heaven on this reunion of the nearest and dearest tie in nature.

When the first transport of emotion was over, Edward gently withdrew himself from my embrace, but still suffered his head to rest affectionately on my shoulder, and said, "My father! is it thus, after so many years of separation, and now in a foreign land, is it *thus* we meet! You gave me life, I was unthankful for the gift, and you renew it! O, my father, how can I ever ——!"

"We have both been guilty, Edward," I said, hastening to interrupt him; "and we have both suffered for it. Let the sorrows of the past be now forgotten in the joy of the present and the prospect of better days to come."

Edward merely pressed my hand in reply, and then said, with a tenderness that at the moment seemed to repay me for all I had endured on his account, "I fear, sir, your wound is more serious than you would have me believe?"

"It is but trifling I do assure you, my son."

"Thank God!— Lean upon me, dear sir;— my home is not very far from here." Edward put my arm through his.

As we walked onward, "How singular," he remarked, "that after so long a separation we should at last meet here — so far at once from our own country and that other land which we both have left! Am I wrong, dear

sir? you have wandered hither solely to seek the worthless prodigal, who could so heartlessly abandon you?"

"I have indeed, Edward. To find you, to see you once again, has been my sole object for these eighteen long years."

"And how little have I deserved this tenderness!— And yet, dear sir, I am not quite so guilty as I seem. Had I but known of your forgiveness, if I had had the least intimation that your love was warmer than my own repentance, we had both been spared much sorrow, and I — much remorse. Ten years ago, when fortune began to favour the industry necessity had taught me, and I thought I might venture to solicit your forgiveness without clashing against the pride which has been at once my good and evil counsellor in all the changes of my life, I wrote to you at Cumana, acknowledging my past offences, and praying to be restored to favour; but — I received no answer —"

"O Edward, do you know me then so little as to think, for one moment, that I could cherish resentment for an offence, which was after all as much of my own sinning as of yours! Your letter never reached me; for I left Cumana a twelvemonth after you yourself had quit it."

Edward pressed my hand, and continued:— "This letter was written at Bourdeaux in France. Three years afterwards, in New Orleans, in this country, when I was about to enter into marriage, I wrote again,— but believe, me, with a sore, distrustful heart. Judge of my feelings, father, when the letter, (which I had sent, for better security, to the care of a commercial correspondent in Caracas,) was returned to me unopened, with the information that no such person as yourself was known in Cumana, though many years ago one of your name was resident there, of whom nothing now could be learned! Immediately on receiving this afflicting intelligence, I wrote to my early

Friend and classmate James Maitland, (the old baronet being deceased,) acquainting him with my exact situation, and my ignorance of all I wished to know respecting my only parent, and begging him to use every endeavour to satisfy my filial anxiety. This letter I gave in particular charge to a man whom I had essentially obliged, and I enjoined it upon him to see Sir James himself, and deliver it into no other hands than his; yet, sir, not the least notice was taken of it by Sir James, and, when I had written to the bearer and inquired the reason of this neglect, I received for answer that the letter had been faithfully delivered into the baronet's own hands."

"Depend upon it, my son, the individual you trusted could never have executed his commission. He had probably lost the letter, and was meanly ashamed to acknowledge his carelessness; for Sir James, Edward, is a man too much like his father to act unkindly by an old friend; and, indeed, it is to his inquiries on your account that I owe the information which has sent me hither."

"And so I am, now, most happy to believe; but, then, my pride was sorely touched, and, involving all my friends in the supposed fault of one, I forswore my country and determined never to leave America.— Being sufficiently wealthy to give up business, I left the south, and settled myself in this part of New England. Here, devoting myself to study, I lead a life of the closest retirement; so much so, indeed, as to give great offence to the good people of the neighbouring town, who forsooth, because it is not my pleasure to make friends of any of them, or to publish my whole history, must needs whisper among themselves that *all is not as it should be*, and that *the English stranger has good reasons, no doubt, for preserving his own secret*.— I am reputed rich, and as my custom is known of walking in these solitary spots by night, with no other companion than my wife or child, and not unfrequently alone, I can readily account for the attack which

has just been made upon me, and to which, dear sir, I owe — so much!" Here Edward pressed my hand, — a trifling action — but it spoke the force of feelings which words would have made appear but tame.

"I heard of you in New-York, Edward. Your reserve appears to have been as little relished there as you say it is here."

"Yes, on the few occasions I have had to visit that city, I associated with but few persons other than those who, lately come from South America or our own country, could satisfy the inquiries which I made in the faint hope of learning something of the parent I had forsaken; — for I have passed through *that*, my father, which almost makes me loathe the society of my fellows." Were the light sufficient to render so minute a change of countenance perceptible, I am sure I should have seen the dark cloud gather on his brow, so deeply sad was the tone in which the last few words were said. He sighed, and added, "Nor does the seclusion necessary for my studies fail to nourish these unsocial feelings."

Though my anxiety was strongly excited to know what troubles he could have suffered, the recollection of which seemed so distressful, I hastened to change the subject. "Well, dear Edward, — I find you, then, settled in life — married, and a father I presume," leaning across him to place my hand upon the shoulder of the little boy, who had hitherto walked beside us entirely unnoticed."

"Hush!" said Edward, playfully, "you shall know all in good time. And see, here we are at my home — and *yours* too I hope, dear sir."

Thus speaking, he opened a gate, which led into an avenue so thickly shaded that scarce a gleam of moonlight might penetrate the leafy canopy to make the *darkness visible*, — a peculiarity, in a country where the inhabitants in general seem to prefer the prospect of even the barren road to being shut up in a hermitage of trees. I caught upon my cheek the pleasant coolness of the grove,

and listened to the melancholy murmur of the branches and their foliage, as the night breeze swept over them, and for a second my thoughts were of my native land.

We walked up the avenue in silence, and came suddenly in front of the house, a plain white building, altogether English in its character. The "watchdog's honest bark" brought to the door a large negro man-servant, whose smile of welcome, as he made way for his master, reminded me of Juan, and made me think of Juan's ring, which I am not ashamed to say I wore upon my finger. "Mother, mother!" cried our little companion, running into the parlour with the eagerness which all children display when they have news to communicate, be the budget good or bad, "father had like to have been ——" Edward silenced him, and, putting the child aside, led me into the room, where a very beautiful woman was seated, like the Roman matron, busy with her needle-work.

"Julia," he said, "I have brought you home a father. This is the parent whose loss I have so long lamented."

At first my son's wife could not speak from amazement; but, when I approached to salute her, she gave me her hand, and turned her fair cheek to my kiss, and welcomed me with real warmth.

"And she, dear sir," said Edward, addressing me, "has a double claim upon your love. Julia is the daughter of your first friend's youngest and favourite sister."

"What! of Julia Clayton?"

"The same, dear sir," replied the lady, extending me a very pretty hand to clasp, and with a modest grace that made no light impression on my happy heart.

"This," I exclaimed, pressing the soft fingers with a fondness which I even then began to feel for my new daughter, "this is, indeed, adding to my cup of happiness, which I thought was already full!"

"But how is this!" I added, as I observed my grandson hiding behind his mother, and peeping at me over her shoulder, as though he were afraid to be seen, "Wont you come to me, my little fellow?"

"No," stoutly answered the child.

"How, sir!" exclaimed my son, "Is this the way you behave to your grandfather?" *Grandfather!*— how curious that word sounded in my ears! (as it sounds no doubt in yours, my Reader.)

"I don't like him," answered the boy, "his eyes look so sharp and funny, and he's got such a great long nose."

"Jeremy!" cried his father, sternly, and quite in anger,— though, for my own part, I could scarcely keep from laughing,— "Go to your grandfather this instant, sir!"

"*Jeremy*," said I, putting out my arms to the reluctant child,— "Why you are my namesake too! Wont you come to me now?"

"Am I?" exclaimed the little fellow, arching the long lids of his beautiful blue eyes,— "Why then I'll come. And I like you better now, for your eyes don't look so bright," — and he suffered me to set him on my knee, pass my fingers through his flaxen ringlets, and kiss his cherry lips.

I was sensibly touched by this little proof of Edward's affection and remorse, the calling his first-born son after the parent he had parted with in anger, and whose forgiveness he feared he had for ever forfeited.— And yet, though it was so pleasing to trace the motives, the act itself I could have well excused; for now, dear Reader, behold my laudable intention in giving my own son a decent name completely frustrated, and the odious *Jeremy* still sticking like a bur to the family nomenclature! O, had the sublime novels, that are written now, been written sixty years ago, then might my mother have conceived the idea of calling me by some more beautiful

prænomens than any of those which roused my father's opposition, and my father, in admiration of its euphony, have consented ! Then what capers might I not have cut on the pages of romance, an Algernon or a Clarence ! But, ah me unhappy ! who was christened Jeremy ! * now ——— Heigho ! I am growing melancholy on this rhapsody, and must break the *spell*. †

I had had as yet but little opportunity of observing closely what changes time might have made in Edward's appearance : now I was pained, if not surprised, to find him bearing a character of countenance sadly different from that I expected to see. ‡ Sorrow had stamped her iron seal upon all his features ; and so habitual were become the melancholy curling of the lip and the uneasy knitting of the brow, that, even when roused to gayety by any cause, the smile would vanish the moment the excitement ceased, and the gloom of discontent spread again its shadow over his countenance. He was still remarkably handsome, and one of the noblest looking men I have ever met ; but his beauty was of a kind rather attractive than pleasing.

"Edward," I could not help saying,— "you are much altered."

His countenance assumed on the instant a most painful expression, the lip quivering and the eye moistening. "Yes," he murmured, in so low a voice he could scarcely distinguish it,— "I have indeed seen trouble ;" then instantly brightening, he added, in his sweetest tones, "But — I am happy now ; am I not, Julia ?" The lady smiled upon her husband in a manner that showed he

* ————— O ego levius,
Qui purgor, &c.

† As writers say in this great age of fairy thought and magic invocation (*Anglicæ*, mystical apostrophe.)

‡ For we are never prepared for the changes which time may make in friends that are absent from us,— though we think that we are.

had nothing to complain of on the score of connubial felicity.—— “And you too are altered, my father.”

“Yes, my son, time and trouble have done their work on me, as on others; but I too am happy now.” A fervent pressure of the hand was the mutual assurance that all that was painful in the recollection of the past should henceforth be cancelled between us, and affection on one side, and affection and gratitude on the other, take the place of less kindly and less natural feelings.

“And shall I not have your history, Edward?”

“Not to-night, dear sir. Let us now look at your wound; — we have neglected it too long in our joy at meeting.”

“You need not worry yourself, Edward; it is scarcely skin-deep. — See, it was not worth while even to remove the handkerchief.”

“You have a servant with you, sir?”

“Yes, I left him at the inn.”

“I will send for him directly, and for your trunks; — you shall not leave us, dear sir. — Now, we will speak of to-night’s adventure; for I see my true woman of a wife is anxious to know what mean the bandage on your arm and this mysterious talk of wounds, and your little namesake here is longing to have his say. To-morrow I will tell you what has happened to me since we parted, and you, dear sir, shall requite me for my story by your own.”*

* Here ends the tale. If the work be already of too arrogant a size for a candidate, who, doubtless, according to ancient and classical usage, should present himself before the honour-giving public with as blank a *face* as possible, (*toga candida*), — few pages and a wide margin, it is not likely to shrink into a more modest compass by the addition of a narrative more pregnant with adventures than even mine own. Should, however, the Reader be so well satisfied with the flavour of *these* memoirs as to feel an appetite to dip into my son’s, prepared for digestion by the same hand, he knows how to express his wishes in a manner that my publishers will find quite easy and pleasant of comprehension.

CONCLUSION.

O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit ——— !

CATULLUS.

"O, what so sweet as cares redress'd,
"When the tir'd mind lays down its load !"

Translation (Lond. 1793.)

HAVING thus led the special subject of these pages, my proper self, through the closing act, I will take advantage of the very laudable, though not very dramatic custom, of giving, in what may be called a tail-piece, their "quietus" to those subordinate characters who have not genteely died, or been disposed of in some other summary manner, in the body of the narrative.

Imprimis of LADY MARY MAITLAND, (Miss Paynthurndley and Mrs. Snubbs that was.)— Her ladyship is still living, at the autumnal age of sixty-eight. If the Reader, in thinking of her now, cannot divest himself of the idea of caps, gray hairs, and wrinkles, let him couple with it the idea of every virtue that can render a woman beloved and respected, and I am sure he will find the picture not intolerable, if very unromantic.

LAWYER FOX—(that we should bring the crow into such proximity with the swan !) sleeps like his ancestor Bravo John.

His polished partner is fermenting with her father the brewer.

The two Misses Fox, thirty years back, having purchased with their wealth a change of name, were doing their duty in their generation by rearing up a numerous posterity to know "*what is what*,"— the youngest, pretti-

est, and most childish, "pleased," according to her nature, "with a Rattle," having accepted the hand of our boon companion the **LIEUTENANT**,— the other having been espoused by **PROXY** — not the proxy of imperial ladies, but something more substantial, in the person of our rosy-cheeked acquaintance and "*kind of cousin*."

MRS. BULLEYE lived to see her honest industry of no avail, by slipping out of life a week before her uncle.

SPLINT was found dead in his bed, with the last "Edinburgh" open on a table beside him and having the emphatic monosyllable "**Damn!**" written in large characters on the title page,— a sentence which most judges of common pleas have thought should have been passed upon it, as well as on its rival the *Quarterly*, long before that. However, some things seem to flourish under a bad name,— as your beetle fattens by rolling in filth.

TOM DRAMMER, soon after he had entered the workshop of the *Quarterly*, walked off the stage of life with a precipitation very unseemly in a hero of the buskin. For, having taken the liberty to compliment an author on the possession of a leaden intellect, the latter forthwith crammed some of his brains into the barrel of a pistol and fired them at Thomas; whereupon, our long-legged acquaintance, unable to stand so heavy a charge, fell down incontinently, and gave up the ghost.

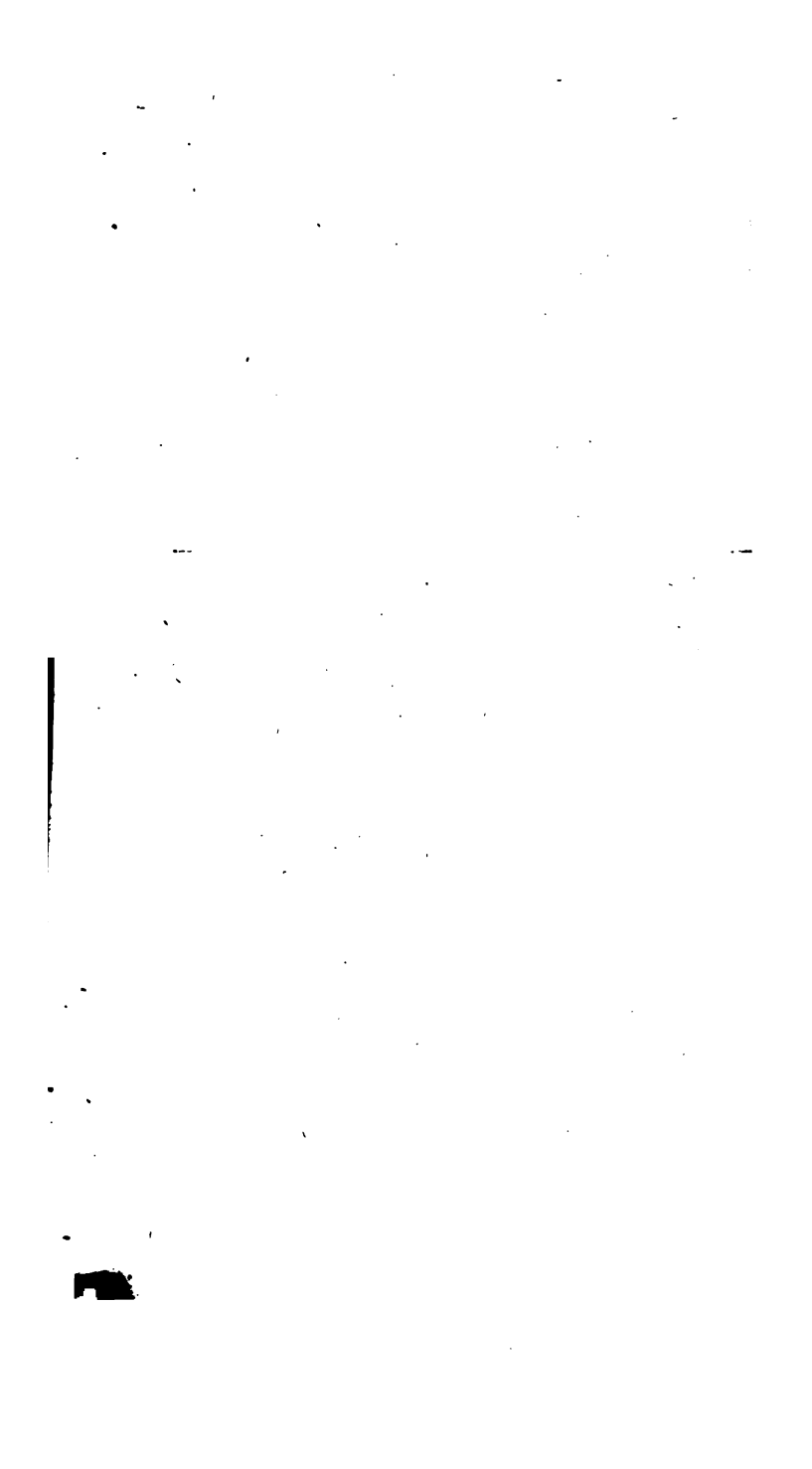
THE SPITSES, both, lie mouldering in one green churchyard,— though Katey still, a dutiful rib, keeps the same "*respectable*" distance from her Johnny as she did when in the flesh. Their "**Bull**," I believe, has taken in his horns, and, of course, holds forth no more accomodation for either man or beast.

Nor must we pass unmentioned the widow of fat Doctor Smith,— gratitude to the memory of that jolly friend obliging us to take some notice of his yellow relict. The lady is still living, and still a widow, though under another name; for the lawyer to whom the Doctor ordered his breeches to be offered, in order to let him pilfer what he

chose about them, delighted with their ample accommodations, and not thinking it worth his while to fumble in the pockets when he could step into the whole concern with equal ease, grasped the emblem of conjugal authority in the very face of Mr. Catheter, who was squirting amorous glances at the same, and made the happy LOTY Mrs. Catchem.

As for myself — (Will you not indulge me, gentle friends, in this brief peroration?) As for myself;—

I have laboured under sorrows; but they have not crushed me. I feel myself the better for their chastening. I can still laugh, when dance before my memory the merry visions of scenes that waked the laughter of my youth; and when I open the little drawer, where the tokens of friends now dead are treasured, and my eyes rest on the dark curl, still glossy and still soft as ever, and the little jet crucifix, and the box of tortoise-shell with the withered flower, I think of thee, Nannette, and of thee, Agata, and the tears course down my aged cheeks, as free as when those cheeks were in their bloom and the morning of life shone bright in my now dim eyes.



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Inveni portum _____

Nil mihi vobiscum _____

ANON.

Nil mihi vobiscum. The dearest friends must sometimes part,— and here, kind Readers, one and all, I press your hands. Yet, woman as I am in not a few respects, I find some words, still left unsaid, to keep me at the door. Not that I would apologize for any insufficiency; for what an impudent ass he is, that will thrust his presence into company for which he thinks it is unfit! but because there are, in the pages you have just finished reading, certain peculiarities that call for explanation.

“Discite, ô miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum.”

In the first place, you have noticed a singular difference in the style of the early part of the work from the rest. It seems as though the writer had set out on a certain plan, and then, disliking his own road, had strayed more and more from the track, till he abandoned it altogether. I allude to such interruptions in the narrative as occur, for instance, on page 28 of vol. i., where the

Reader is made to take a part in the scene, for the sole purpose of introducing a remark about as witty as it is novel. Such passages are, indeed, but "few, and far between;" yet I heartily wish they were reposing on the sheets of some boarding-school miss's common-place book — any where, but where they are.— To account for the appearance of these puerilities, when I affirm them to be so foreign from my own taste, circumstances forbid me at present. The reader may however believe that I can account for it, and in a manner which I hope he will have an opportunity of acknowledging satisfactory.

In the next place, from the satirical chapter imitative of the style of one of the most popular novels of the day, (I mean the 22d chap. of Bk. ii,) it would appear that the work was meant for an earlier date than figures on the title page; for now, that so long a time has elapsed since that novel made its first appearance from the press, the ridicule will prove almost pointless. The present work, indeed, is nearly eighteen months behind its time, having been intended for publication in the Spring of 1830. The causes of a procrastination so prejudicial to its interests it shall be my pride, at some future day, to make known,—that is to say, if you, sweet Readers, give the opportunity.

Remarking the above leads me to speak of my motives in writing the chapter there named. It may be asked, what can be my object in seeking to depreciate an author who stands so high in the public estimation as he

of "The D*****"? Is it to gratify the pique, which a writer that has no popularity seems to feel as naturally, against him that has, as a girl that cannot meet with suitors does against her more fortunate sister, whose charms are in greater demand in the marriage market? Or, is it merely to gratify that appetite for ridicule, which little reckes what animal it murders as long as it can get the meat "it loves to feed on"? Neither the one nor the other. For the first, thank God, I am too proud; and for the second, as I do not exactly wear petticoats, I trust I have too nice a moral feeling. My attack is directed merely against the author's style, as likely to exercise, nay, as actually exercising, a most injurious influence on the literature of the day,—which is corrupt enough already*;—for tastes in literature follow one another as in most things else. Thus an

* Perhaps the Reader would like to have the opinion of DRYDEN—(for the impassioned writers flourished in his day as luxuriant as they do in ours, as luxuriant as they will in the days of our great-grandchildren,—) taken from one of his prefaces, which, tumid as they are, would furnish figures for twenty writers of this figurative age. "But," he says, "when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly, nothing but a cold, dull mass which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling wit which lay gasping for

idle fellow gazes on the sky, fancying the speck he sees an eagle, and a multitude straightway turn their noses heavenward; and there is a propensity of dogs', which I will not mention.

Why, it may be asked, have I chosen this author in particular for the subject of my satire? The answer is easy;—He is the most extolled of his class, and therefore the more likely to have the injurious influence I speak of. Were he obscure, or already censured as he should be, I should hardly have touched him: I am not so odd a huntsman as to level at the vulgar herd when I can single out their antlered leaders*, nor so much a crow as to prey on carcasses. (The same remarks apply to the "Lines" on page 216 of the 1st vol.)

What influence the writings of the author I have twice mentioned have already had upon the general taste, the Reader should himself be able to say, since he cannot take up a paragraph headed *Accident*, or the descrip-

life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish." *Epist. Dedicat. of Spanish Fryar.*

Were the poet to rise from the dead, to give his opinion of the present state of literature, he could not do it with more exactness than he has done it in the above fine passage, applied to the corruptions prevalent in the writings of his own time. I was strongly tempted to put the whole in Italics — such being the fashionable mode of attracting attention to what is particularly good. Thank Heaven! we have the names of Scott, and the pure and elegant author of "The Sketch Book," and a few others, to redeem the literary character of this generation.

* *Ductoresque ipsos* *, *capita alta ferentis*

Cornibus arboreis —————

tion of a building, in an ordinary magazine or newspaper, without finding it inflated with the Nitrous Oxide of impassioned sentiment. Take, for example, the following sublime apostrophe to the steeple of the Cathedral at Antwerp, copied from the London Mirror :—
 “Model of splendour ! “from morn ’till dewy eve” how must thy elegant form be engraven on the hearts of the natives of the city thou overlookest !” *Whisper ! O delicate and fairy sound !* An apostrophe to a church-steeple ! At this rate we shall shortly have the advertisements, not only of perfumers and barbers, but even of sober merchants rivalling any thing that China could produce ; as thus :—

Delicious offspring of mother Earth ! from star-lit night e’en
 “till the dappled morn arise,”—in the streets where sound
 “the hum, the shock of men”—or mid the cushioned
 seats that fill the low *parterre** in front of Thespis’ fane,—
 how must thy twin kernels, wrapped in their ruddy sheets
 within the pod-like cradle, be cantered up and down the gastric
 regions of those that feast upon thee !

Landing this day, from brig Nux, 20 hogsheads pea-nuts, in
 prime order — and for sale by

Nuce, Nucibus, & Co.

I do not pretend to say, that in a city of infection I
 myself am walking free of all disease, because I am not

* None but vulgar people say *pit*. Glorious will be the day,
 when all such indecencies shall be expunged from the language,
 and a man of taste shall be as much ashamed of talking of his
eyes, his *ears*, his *nose*, instead of his *yeux*, his *oreilles*, his
nez, as of saying *whiskers* instead of “*favoris*” !

spotted with the plague. The author of "The D.," with all his faults, (which arise from his preference of present popularity to future fame,) is decidedly a man of genius; and as he has, withal, a tolerable wit and delicate sense of humour, (when he does not eject dog-grel and call the frothy drive verse,) I have been so magnanimous as to give him certain chances of returning my ridicule if he shall be so disposed, and, further, am willing to assist him by pointing out the passages which are broad enough for targets.

"Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

Though, to save trouble, he may take it as a general rule, that, where any parts are pronounced by the press to possess *a deep, and thrilling, and feverish, and uncontrolable interest*, those parts have undoubtedly been interpolated by the genius of impassioned writing in revenge for my contempt of her divinity.

But I wander from the rightful object of my P. S. scribbling, and must come to my third and last explanation, "*nucibus relictis*."

Lastly, then,—how comes it that, while my "Life" is published in America, I address its pages, throughout, text and comment, to my own countrymen, thereby displaying certain features which may not be altogether to the tastes of the worthy folk who are to have the first handling and dandling, fault-finding and charm-commending, of my offspring? Nothing can be easier

of answer. I had persuaded Edward to return with me to England in the Spring, and settle there with his family. I was, therefore, under the impression that my memoirs would be launched from the literary docks of London; but my son's wife happening to prove in a delicate situation, we agreed to defer our purposed return till we could carry with us an infant Anglo-American for the particular scientific inspection of Captain H***. To delay the publication, perhaps for months, would have been to let some portions of the work, that are of perishable nature, grow stale,—not to mention my chance of never seeing Jeremy *come out* at all; for when a man is standing, like a chicken, on one leg, with the other in the grave, (as the said chicken holds his under his wing,) I should say he maintains, notwithstanding the *animal bipes implume* definition of Plato, a tottering equilibrium altogether uncongenial to humanity, and is likely to grow sleepy and slip in altogether. Therefore,

My humble book claims notice in America, and must find its way to England as it can. Though it is highly probable that the Literary Gazette, the New-Monthly, and sundry other magazines, as well as writers, to whom I have paid due respect, may, acting from the rule established among sovereign powers, of reciprocity in honours, transmit a delegation to carry Jeremy across the Atlantic; in which case I promise to give him a suitable outfit and “hang a calf-skin on his recreant limbs,”—not so much from the respect which is due to *him*, in

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as much as his native dignity “needs not the aid of foreign ornament,” but in order to pay the above-mentioned powers that highest compliment — that compliment which the knights of old were wont to render the sovereigns of their affections — that of wearing their colours.

The explanations are all over. How goes the time? Past midnight; and all but us at rest, or ought to be. I could chat with you for ever, gentle friends;

“But lest you think I am uncivil,
“To plague you with this draunting drivel,
“Abjuring a’ intentions evil,
“I quat my pen:
“The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
“Amen! Amen!”

END.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.— P. 57, L. 10, for *begin* read *end*: P. 63, L. 5, for *was* r. *is*; and L. 6, for *had* r. *has*: P. 66, L. 6, for *saddled* r. *straddled*: P. 73, L. 9, insert *so* after *being*: P. 78, L. 19, for *s. c. r. sc.* (a contrac. for *scilicet* :) P. 87, L. 5, for *old wine into new bottles* r. *new wine into old bottles*: P. 93, L. 1, erase *blackened*: P. 96, L. 9, f. *brightly* r. *bright*: P. 168, L. 5, f. *whence* r. *how*: P. 184, L. 6, f. *lifeless* r. *prostrate*: P. 323, last line, insert *lest* before *his*: &c.— With others of less importance, as, P. 60, L. 17, Italicise *foramen occipitale*: P. 68, L. 3 fr. bottom, for *Edisit.* r. *Edisti*: P. 91, L. 6, for *noses* r. *noss*: P. 141, L. 14, f. *sesquiped* — *alia* r. *sesquipedalia*: P. 219, L. 23, f. *tantology* r. *tautology*: P. 260, L. 18, 24, for *in* r. *into*: P. 355, L. 28, f. *abominably* r. *abominable*: P. 380, L. 2 fr. bottom, f. *even tide* r. *eventide*: &c., &c., &c.

VOL. II.— P. 11, last line, erase the second *had*: P. 68, L. 5, f. *it had been* r. *the wine were*: P. 101, L. 7, fr. bott., for *mentioned* r. *mention*: P. 115, L. 8 fr. bot. before *make* r. *could*: P. 125, L. 8 fr. bot. erase *so*: P. 160, L. 10, for *was* r. *would be*; and L. 32, f. *afflicted* r. *affected*: P. 196, L. 6, f. *might* r. *may*; and L. 7, f. *had* r. *has*: P. 208, L. 23, f. *whole* r. *sole*: P. 232, L. 8, for *sigh* r. *lisp*: P. 238, erase the Note, (it having been left in by mistake for another on same subject). P. 256, L. 27, erase *shell*: P. 310, L. 6, between *Andronicus* and *say* insert *used to*: P. 316, L. 4 of note, f. *power* r. *rank*: &c.— With those which scarce need noting, as, P. 33, L. 3, for *affected* r. *effected*: P. 130, L. 2, for *into* r. *in*: &c.— P. 162, L. 13, f. *threw* r. *throw*: P. 174, last line, f. *my* r. *their*: &c.— P. 219, L. 12, f. *into* r. *in*: &c.— P. 320, in note, L. 7, for *differed* r. *differ*; and L. 8, f. *presented* r. *presents*: P. 344, L. 12, Italicise *tight*; and L. 15, for *lope* r. *slope*: P. 371, L. 14, 24, for *in* read *into*: P. 373, L. 15, for *pannels* r. *panels*: P. 382, L. 27, erase first *u* in *Bourdeaux*.— *Cum multis aliis — Vae mihi!*

H. G.













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